MAY 25c

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Coronet

TEACHERS COLLEGE
ONEONTA, N. Y.
WITHDRAWN

SEX ON THE CAMPUS?
CERTAINLY

THE FACTS ABOUT
CIGARETTES
AND YOUR HEALTH

440034

Studebaker Champion regal de luxe 4-door sedan White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings optional at extra cost

More for your money in Studebaker's smart styling!

ANYONE who knows cars can see right away that the new 1950 Studebaker has the right build to be a real money-saver.

That trim, sleek Studebaker design is free from burdensome excess bulk.

The result is your gasoline is able to give you amazing mileage.

What's more, the Studebaker Champion is in the lowest price field.

You save on its first cost—and you save on its operating cost every mile you drive it.

Stop in at a showroom, first chance you have. Arrange to go out for a convincing trial drive in a low, long, alluring 1950 Studebaker.

New 1950 Studebaker

Out ahead in style . . . in thrift . . . in value!

JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
SUC A. ONEONTA, N. Y.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Yours can be a healthier, more wholesome mouth—if you simply do what dentists advise: guard against *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

So get Ipana and get *double* protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome.

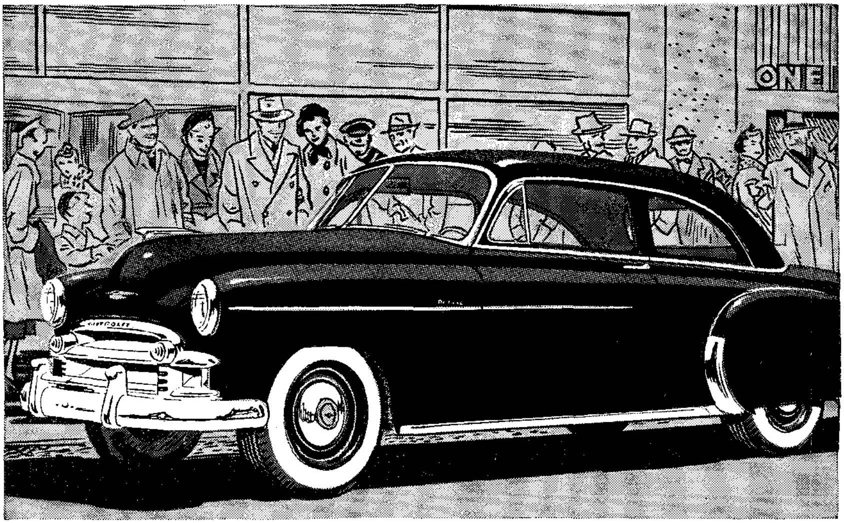
IPANA

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



The Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan

FIRST...
and Finest...
at Lowest Cost!

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation,* DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Coronet

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Salute to Spring . . . . J. FREDERICK SMITH

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Coronet Recommends . . .

"STAGE FRIGHT"

BECAUSE Alfred Hitchcock, with a stellar cast which includes Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd and Michael Wilding, weaves his own peculiar brand of suspense in a gripping story about a girl who shields a murderer from the police. Filmed against an authentic London background, the Warner Brothers movie features a traditional Hitchcock trademark. Look for the paunchy director in a rain-drenched scene.

"THE WHITE TOWER"

BECAUSE R-K-O-Radio's epic Technicolor photography in a story of six people on a mountain captures some of the elusive truth about man and nature. To Carla Alten (*Valli*), the White Tower is an angry peak. To Martin Ordway (*Glenn Ford*), it is an escape from reality. To all, it is an unconquered giant. Dialogue is subordinated to the camera: the scenery is so stark, few words are needed to underscore its basic meaning.

"CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN"

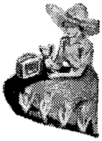
BECAUSE the hilarious real-life adventures of the 14-strong Gilbreth family (which had the nation howling as a 1949 best seller) has been brought to the screen by 20th Century-Fox without a single chuckle lost, and perhaps a few added. Myrna Loy and Clifton Webb play Mother and Dad Gilbreth in this uproarious account of the impetuous clan. "Twelve of them," Dad exclaims proudly, "and scarcely an idiot in the bunch!"

Brighten your Summer

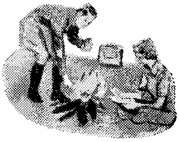
WITH A COLOR STYLED G-E Portable

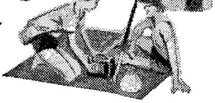
New, exciting, the smartest summer radios yet! Sparkling G-E 3-way portables in gay colors to complement your favorite sportswear. Fawn tan, marine green and a sleek maroon model specially built to get distant stations. All G-E engineered for tone, power, dependability. See them today.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.



Model 601, Maroon
Model 603, Fawn Tan
Model 604, Marine Green—
$29.95*





Model 650,
Warm Maroon—
$39.95*

Other G-E Portables
from
$19.95*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

**Eastern prices, less batteries*

Worn Spanish-style in the evening, this mantilla becomes a 'kerchief by day.

A handbag, bracelet, and necklace of metal mesh lend sparkle to teatime.

The butterfly bow, a Christian Dior creation, is held in place with hooks.

Gloucester fishermen will quickly recognize this matching hat and raincoat.

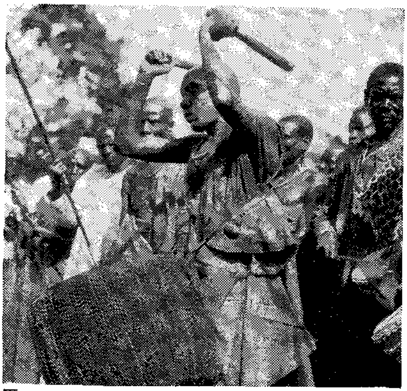
Fashion Extras

Many a man with a new car has been staggered by the cost of the shining accessories which make it more useful and beautiful. But any wise woman knows that the judicious choice of a costume accessory will often not only enhance the appearance of last year's dress or suit, but double its life span.

Now, bounded only by the limits of their originality, America's women are devising and wearing accessories which reflect their personalities, catch the eye, and make it possible to wear the same dress twice to the same place!

ACHIEVE THE NEW
EXOTIC EYE MAKE-UP
WITH Maybelline
PREFERRED BY REALLY SMART
WOMEN THE WORLD OVER —
EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA
Maybelline

Bagpipes are popular in the Balkans.



Tom-toms are still native telegraphs.

Eastern music is handed down by ear.

MUSIC FROM AFAR

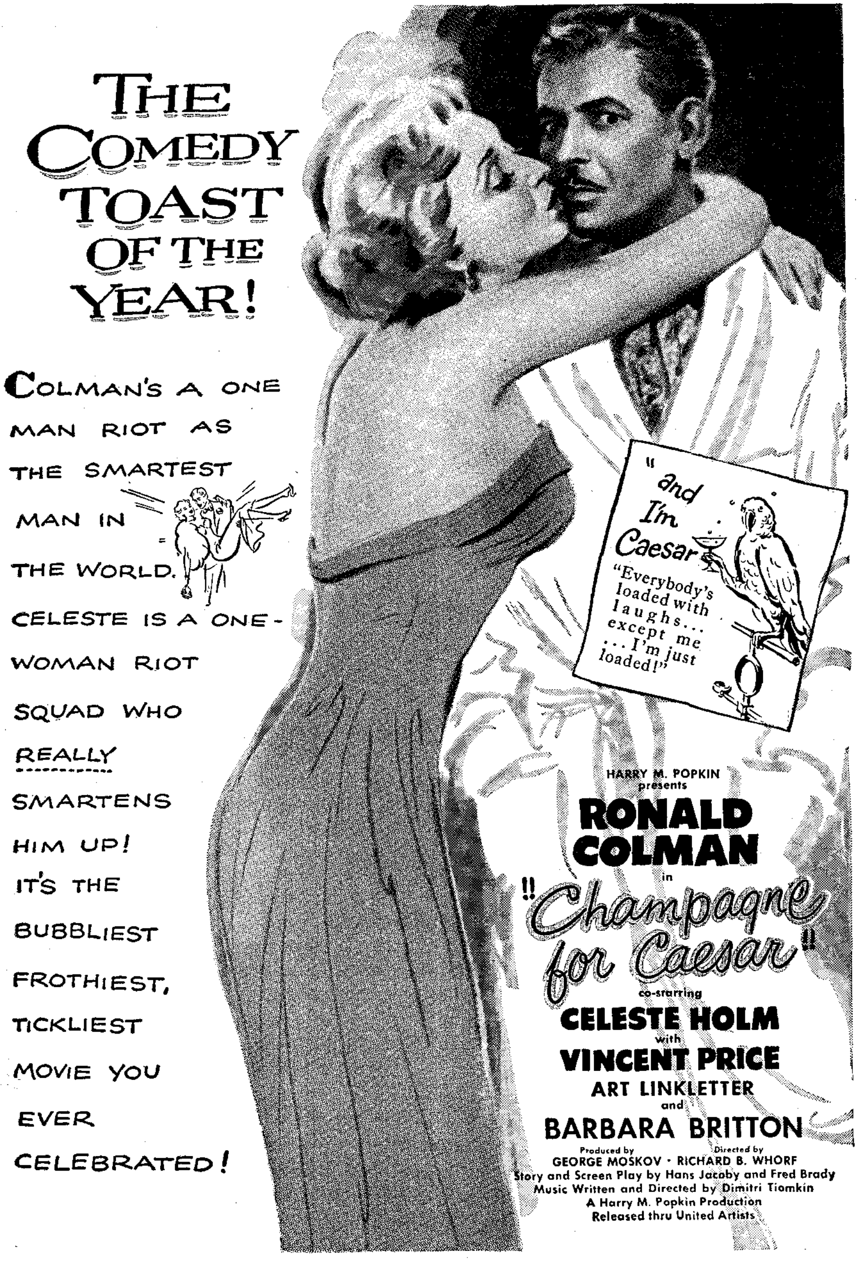
MUSICAL HISTORIES usually open with an account of Cain's descendant, Jubal, who was said to be "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Then, mythological origins are explored, and it is reported that Mercury devised the lyre when he found a tortoise shell near the Nile.

Unscientific as these approaches may be, they are considerably more rounded than are the purely scholarly studies on earliest musical history. Primitive man, unaware that he was planting the seeds of the first instrument, stamped on the ground or slapped his body with a definite beat, but left no written record of these rhythmic activities.

Crude rattles fashioned from gourds and hollowed-out tree trunks that produced an eerie, thumping sound were probably the earliest predecessors of today's traps and trumpets. We know this because even today, in the uncharted outposts of civilization, drums are still hand-carved and pipes that might have been blown a thousand years ago still set the tempo for native ceremonial dances.

More than just homemade music-makers, the drums of some African and South American tribes serve as remarkable instruments of communication, able to relay messages across thousands of desert and jungle miles with a speed that is matched only by modern man's telegraphy.

One story that illustrates the efficiency and dispatch of native communication concerns the death of a white trader 1,500 miles from his post on the west coast of Africa. That night, natives began thumping out the message on their tom-toms, relaying it from tribe to tribe, from village to village. By next morning, officers at the white man's trading post had been informed of the grim news.



THE COMEDY TOAST OF THE YEAR!

COLMAN'S A ONE MAN RIOT AS THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD. CELESTE IS A ONE-WOMAN RIOT SQUAD WHO REALLY SMARTENS HIM UP! IT'S THE BUBBLIEST FROTHIEST, TICKLIEST MOVIE YOU EVER CELEBRATED!

"and I'm Caesar

"Everybody's loaded with laughs... except me ... I'm just loaded!"

HARRY M. POPKIN
presents

RONALD COLMAN

in

"Champagne for Caesar"

co-starring

CELESTE HOLM

with

VINCENT PRICE

ART LINKLETTER

and

BARBARA BRITTON

Produced by GEORGE MOSKOV · Directed by RICHARD B. WHORF
Story and Screen Play by Hans Jacoby and Fred Brady
Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin
A Harry M. Popkin Production
Released thru United Artists

A Song in Her Heart

Drama of Real Life

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

As the slim girl walked to the microphone, a ripple of applause swelled to a tumultuous ovation. Then, Jane Froman, walking unaided for the first time in five years, sang again.

One day in 1943, Jane boarded a plane for Lisbon, Portugal. She was going to sing for those who were farthest from home and closest to the hazards of war.

Over the Tagus River, the plane dipped. There was a crash, then—silence. An arm and a leg crushed, Jane stayed afloat until First Mate John Curtis Burn swam near to help her. For hours they floated in the dark, talking of music and books.

Finally they were picked up, and the long years of recovery began for Jane. She walks today because she never doubted that she would. And the happiest steps Jane has taken were to meet John Burn at an altar, when she married the man who saved her life.

Susan Peters, semiconscious in a Los Angeles hospital, heard a doctor tell her husband, "Your wife will not live through the night."

They had been members of a hunting party on New Year's Day, 1945, when tragedy struck the young actress. Reaching for a rifle, she accidentally discharged it, and the bullet lodged in her spine. For weeks she hovered between life and death. Though paralyzed from the waist down, Susan wanted to live because "I still have too many things to do."

After she heard the doctor pronounce his somber judgment, she called to her husband, Richard Quine, and said, "Dick, I won't die!"

Though it is unlikely that Susan Peters will ever walk again, she has returned to the radio and movies, drives a car and flies a plane. "Doctors can do just so much," she says. "Then it's up to you."

Lovely lady...Lovely hair
She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

"Rayve Home Permanent is my wave from now on!"

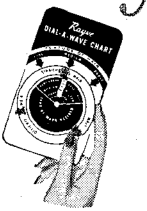
says Terry Thomas

PROMISING NEW YORK MODEL

"I'm ready for the camera any time since the day I had my Rayve Home Permanent. It left my hair so lustrous and softly waved right from the start. As natural as could be!"

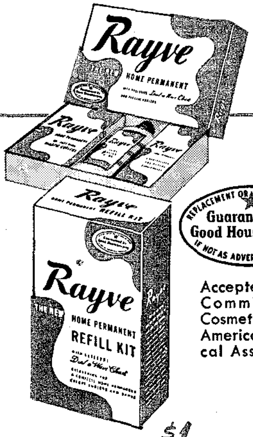
WANT TO TRY MISS THOMAS' HAIR-DO? Write Janet Wakefield, Dept. C, Pepsodent, 80 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y. for free, easy-to-follow instructions.

GET A LOVELIER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE WITH Rayve AND THE DIAL-A-WAVE



Only the Dial-a-Wave shows you the *fastest* waving time that's safe for your type of hair . . . insures exactly the amount of curl you want. With Rayve's *individual* timing and *gentler* waving lotion, your permanent is frizz-free, sparkles with highlights, practically sets itself from the *start*. Yet your wave stays lovely *weeks* longer!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

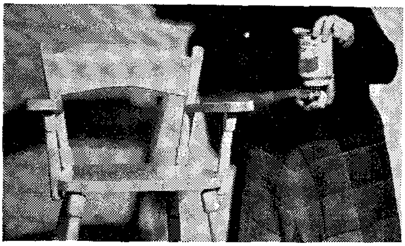
Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Association.

REFILL KIT $1

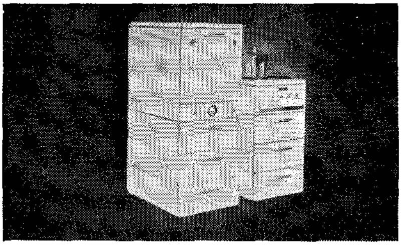
Use with any type plastic curlers

COMPLETE KIT $2

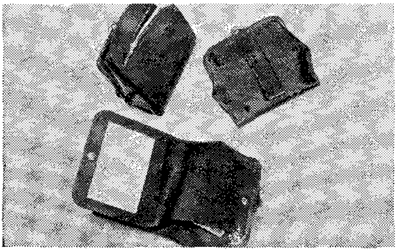
Coronet's Family Shopper



SPRAY ENAMEL in bright colors or aluminum on summer furniture and make it look as good as new. Just tip the container, open the valve, and aim the spray at area to be covered (item 37).

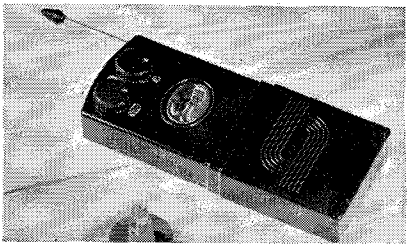


AN ELECTRIC RANGE with three basic units can be set up in 25 ways to fit any kitchen needs. The oven, supported by storage drawers, can be set at shoulder height or built in (item 39).

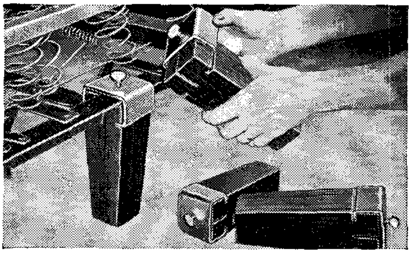


THIS FRENCH PURSE combines glamour and thrift to fit both sides of a modern mother's personality. A clever zipper makes it possible to extract bills without unfolding the wallet (item 41).

WARM BABY'S BOTTLE or jars of food right in the car. This heater plugs into the cigarette lighter, and makes it simple to follow diet schedules on long rides or shopping trips (item 38).



A RADIO WITH a pickup range of 50 miles weighs six ounces, fits in a pocket. Efficient as a mighty midget, it has a built-in antenna and tiny earphone, works on miniature batteries (item 40).



CONVERT A COIL SPRING into an extra Hollywood bed or divan in a few minutes by screwing these wooden legs in place. The simple process saves space and adds that modern look (item 42).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

PARIS

7th inning

STRETCH BELTS

by PARIS

"Tops" for your Trousers

There's a "plus comfort" feature in every one of these clever Stretch Belts by "Paris." Colorful, smart and practical too—they'll stretch for the extra comfort you need, when you need it. You'll enjoy them.

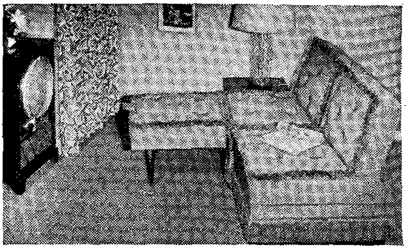
Illustrated—**1.** Half and Half design, 1″ elastic belt with selected Cowhide trimmings—$1.50. Tobacco & Jasmine—Garnet & Silver—Marine & Dark Cardinal. **2.** 1″ Gabardine Stretch style with ¾″ Ecrasé Cowhide trimmings and leather covered buckle—$2. Tan—Maroon—Navy. **3.** Nylon ¾″ Braided Elastic Belt, popularly styled in long-wearing nylon—polished gilt buckle—$2.50. Brown & White—Navy & White—Dark Cardinal & White.

See the "Paris" Belt styles at your favorite store today—$1.50 to $10.

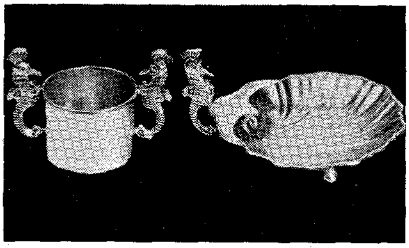
**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles*

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS

Coronet's Family Shopper

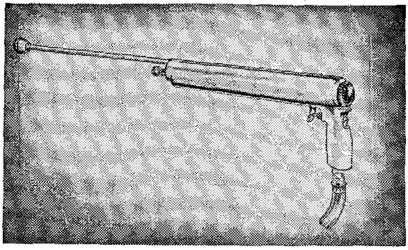


An upholstered multi-purpose chair with a concealed hassock has an adjustable back. When the back is down, the chair becomes a single bed. Two chairs form a love seat (item 43).

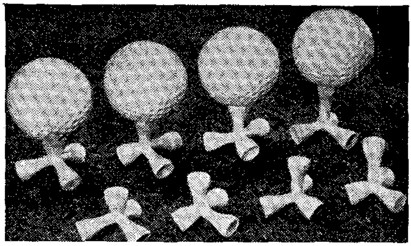


Shower a bride-to-be with this elegant cigarette urn and shell ash tray. Silver-plated, the skillfully designed smoking accessories have gay dolphins to add distinction (item 45).

Decorate glassware, fabrics, wood, metal—almost anything—with this easy-to-use paint. It won't wash off or melt when ironed, and makes it simple to individualize linens, dishes (item 47).



Protect gardens, fruit trees and shrubs with this sprayer, which works on a garden hose. Set dial for the right solution, and the chemicals and water are mixed in the gun (item 44).



You can tee off from dry, frozen or wet ground with this four-height Bakelite golfer's aid. Set it in place with the desired tee upward; the others brace it firmly on the ground (item 46).

Make snapshots from movie film with this camera-enlarger, and capture fleeting moments for your album. Just slip film in place, select frame to be reproduced, and push button (item 48).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

I Discovered How To

HEAR AGAIN

IN 20 SECONDS

I was in despair when I began to lose my hearing. Then one day—in just 20 seconds—I discovered how to hear again. Thanks to the Beltone Phantomold—a transparent, almost invisible device—NO BUTTON SHOWS IN MY EAR. Discover how you, too, may hear again. Mail coupon today for valuable, new FREE booklet that tells all the facts.

Beltone *Symphonette One-Unit*

HEARING AID

Beltone Hearing Aid Co., Dept. CT5
1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill.

ACCEPTED
COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL MEDICINE
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

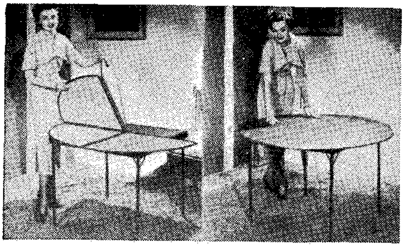
MAIL THIS COUPON *Today!*

Beltone Hearing Aid Company, Dept. CT5
1450 West 19th Street, Chicago 8, Ill.

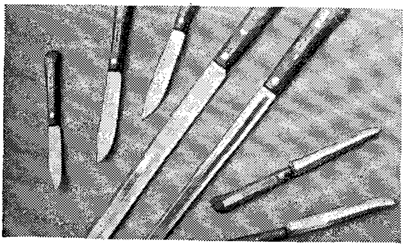
Please send me in a plain wrapper, without obligation, FREE booklet that tells how to overcome hearing loss without a button showing in the ear.

Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....

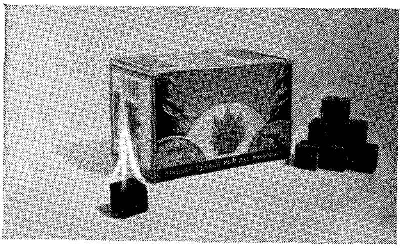
Coronet's Family Shopper



SERVE DINNER for eight on a card table with the aid of this round top. Unfold its four compact sections and fasten it to the table with elasticized bands. It stores in a small space (item 49).

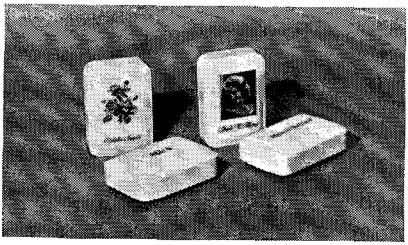


THESE KNIVES are guaranteed by the manufacturer to need no sharpening for three years. The steel used in the blade is given a special treatment which keeps the edges from dulling (item 51).

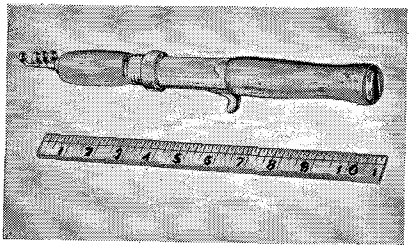


CARRY YOUR KINDLING with you on picnics or camping trips. These inch cubes are safe, unaffected by moisture, give long-lasting, concentrated heat, and won't deteriorate (item 53).

A PORTABLE electric dishwasher that requires no plumbing installation is designed to sit on the sink drainboard. It washes service for four quickly, costs comparatively little (item 50).



PERSONALIZED SOAP will make even a quick shower luxurious. The monogram lasts to the final sliver, and will flatter any hostess into inviting you again. Fine for gift occasions (item 52).



A FULL-LENGTH five-foot casting rod that telescopes within its handle to 11 inches can be carried in the glove compartment of a car. The rod sections and guides are noncorrosive (item 54).

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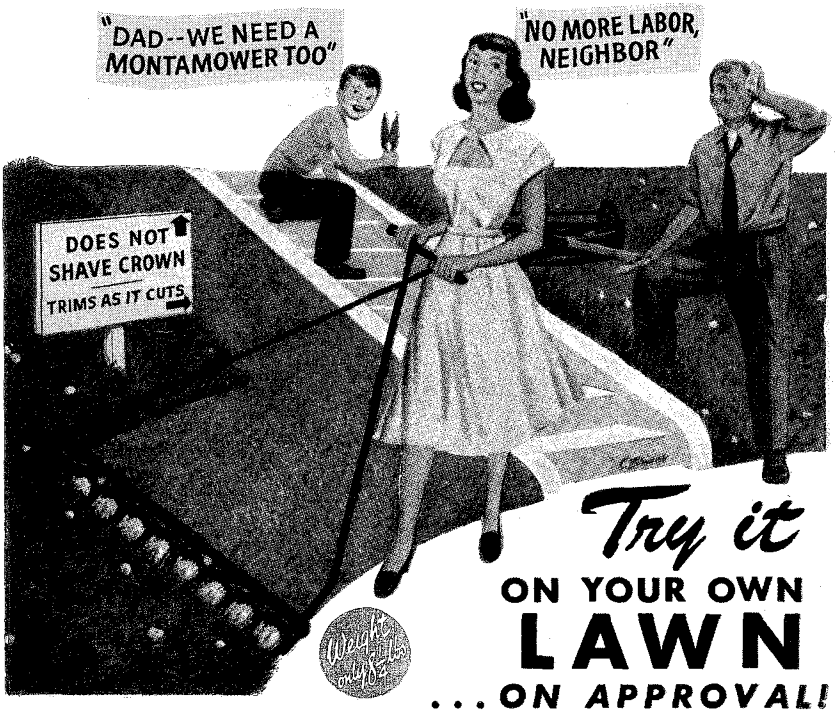

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Vol. 28, No. 1 Coronet May, 1950
Endless Variety in Articles and Pictures

THE FACTS ABOUT CIGARETTES AND YOUR HEALTH

by HENRY W. MATTISON & JOHN SCHNEIDER

WHETHER WE LIKE to admit it or not, we Americans fall too easily for startling rumors and alarms. On a national scale, we succumb to such scares as Orson Welles' famed broadcast of an Invasion from Mars, or we listen pop-eyed to reports of "flying saucers" and other sinister shapes in the heavens. There is, however, a simple explanation for all this.

Our newspapers, magazines, radio, and other means of communication spread information farther and faster than anywhere else on earth. That is why alarmists, seeking to promote their own or special interests, find it easy to thrive on sensation. Because of our sensitivity to the new and the startling, they can often cast a spell of fear across the country before sober facts catch up and repair the damage.

Currently we are being scared again—this time, about cigarette smoking. From all sides we hear warnings of the grim fate awaiting smokers. Fifty million Americans who enjoy cigarettes — half the adults in the country—are told that smoking will lead them to an early grave, induce ulcers and high blood pressure, bring on assorted heart ailments, and even encourage the incidence of that gravest of all diseases, cancer. Never before, in fact, have the prophets of doom so diligently exposed the alleged evil effects of tobacco.

Now what are the facts about cigarette smoking? What are the sources of the current crop of scare rumors? What do medical men and laboratory experts say about our national custom which is responsible for the consumption of 350 billion cigarettes a year?

To answer these questions, CORONET researchers examined some 50 pounds of medical books and journals, pored over reports of hundreds of experiments and studies. In this great mass of literature, one very significant fact stands out: no one can say, with the absolute accuracy demanded by scientific standards, whether cigarette smoking is bad for us, good for us, or whether it has any effect upon us at all!

What is the chief weakness in the alarmist case presented by the antismokers? It is simply this: that their findings are based on a type of research which is neither convincing nor conclusive. It is the kind of research which begins: "Dr. A. examined 100 smokers and 100 nonsmokers, and found that . . ."

Right there is a good place to halt and take account of facts. In the field of research, says Stuart Chase, author, economist, and an authority on survey methods, "the vital question always is: does the sample correctly represent the total?" Thus, in "Dr. A's" test, is a sample of only 200 people big enough to mean anything—even assuming that the 200 were scientifically selected? And who were these 200 guinea pigs?

Did they duplicate, on a miniature scale, the characteristics of the American population as a whole? Were they divided into the proper proportions as to age, sex, income, and occupation? By city, town, village, and farm? And most important, did the two groups—the smokers and nonsmokers—have similar habits aside from the use of tobacco?

The answer to all these questions is the same: a sharp "No!" Although medical studies and experiments may differ greatly on the effects of smoking, too many of them have a singular defect in common: they fail to meet the basic requirements of unbiased, scientific research.

With this grave shortcoming in mind, let us examine what has recently been reported about the use of tobacco. The first big question is: do cigarettes shorten life?

In 1938, Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins announced a study of 6,813 white men, divided almost equally between nonsmokers, moderate smokers and heavy smokers. His conclusions: between the ages of 30 and 50, almost twice as many smokers died as did nonsmokers; after the age of 70, heavy smokers lived as long as did abstainers from tobacco.

"Here is proof!" shouted the enemies of smoking when these findings were published. And they have been quoting it ever since as the basis of much of their argument against cigarettes.

Ironically, Dr. Pearl died without revealing important facts about the way he reached his conclusions. Research men found significant flaws in his research, and many scientists remain skeptical.

"It is a known fact," they say, "that persons who work at hazardous or high-pressure jobs tend to smoke to excess. Heavy drinkers often smoke heavily. Persons addicted to worry or other emotional stresses are likely to be chain smokers. Many of those who use tobacco excessively die at early ages from other conditions.

"Without knowing exactly the types of persons Dr. Pearl studied, we cannot ascertain whether they died from smoking, or perhaps from the causes that led them to smoke excessively."

In this connection, consider the

following case. New York publishing circles were shocked recently by the sudden death of a dynamic, 43-year-old executive. A seemingly tireless worker, he appeared to thrive on high-pressure problems. He ate ravenously, smoked three packages of cigarettes and drank as many as six cocktails daily. On rare days away from his office, he furiously rode horseback around his country acres.

One morning, at his desk, he complained of a blinding headache. In a few minutes he was dead.

What was the cause? A medical researcher seeking to prove a point might accuse cigarette smoking. Others might blame lack of rest, excess of food, drink or exercise, or even unknown factors of heredity. Actually, no one can decide with certainty. In the same way, the deaths of smokers reported by Dr. Pearl may have resulted from many other factors.

PERHAPS LEAST IMPRESSED by Pearl's study were the men to whom his findings should have been most meaningful—the men who decide what rates various types of persons must pay for life insurance. Insurance companies often refuse policies to alcoholics and drug addicts but, as a general rule, they do not even ask about the applicant's smoking habits!

Writing about the Pearl survey in the insurance publication, *The Spectator*, Walter G. Bowerman, a fellow of the American Institute of Actuaries and an Associate Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, says: "The results of Dr. Pearl's findings are so widely at variance with the judgments of common sense and the carefully developed practices of life-insurance companies in their selection of risks as to suggest that some serious error must have been made."

Since 1900, cigarette smoking has increased 50,000-fold in the U. S. "If Dr. Pearl's figures are to be believed," says Bowerman, "one would expect the general mortality to increase, especially so at ages 30 to 50."

What has happened? Instead of an increase in deaths, there has been a sensational drop! In 1940, only one-third as many 30-year-old men—mostly smokers—died as in 1900, when most were nonsmokers. In 1900, ten of every 1,000 men died at 40; in 1940, that number was halved.

The *Journal* of the American Medical Association, perhaps the country's most highly regarded medical publication, concludes: "Extensive scientific studies have proved that smoking in moderation by those for whom tobacco is not specifically contraindicated does not appreciably shorten life."

Does smoking injure the heart or intensify heart disease? Three workers at the Mayo Clinic took 1,000 records of men smokers, 40 or older. Then they compared 1,000 records of nonsmokers, to find the number of persons suffering from coronary disease in each group. The difference, they reported, was "barely significant statistically."

Now consider the findings of four doctors from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, and from the medical service of the Presbyterian Hospital. They gave 104 smoking tests to 48 subjects, ranging in age from 16 to 70. In their report to the A.M.A. *Journal* they said: "Most patients with a cardiac disorder, including those with disease of the coronary arteries, can smoke moderately without apparent harm. In fact, for many, smoking not only affords pleasure but aids in promoting emotional stability."

OPPONENTS OF CIGARETTES charge that smoking may cause ulcers. True or false? Again available research provides no *clear-cut* answer. One team of experimenters says smoking stimulates gastric secretion and acidity in the alimentary tract, setting up conditions under which ulcers thrive.

But *Gastroenterology* magazine reports that another set of researchers studying the effects of smoking "found no significant change in gastric acidity or secretion after cigarette smoking in 60 subjects, including a group of ulcer patients."

Recently, Dr. Garnett Cheney of Stanford University Medical School tried an unusual approach in treating ulcer patients. He took 13 men and women with long histories of ulcers and barred ice cream, nuts, and raw fruits from their diets. But then he fed them raw cabbage juice. Under standard treatment, ulcers require an average of 40 days to heal. In 11 cases treated by Dr. Cheney, ulcers disappeared in six to nine days, and the longest healing period was only 23 days.

What was particularly unusual about this promising new treatment? In every case, patients were permitted to smoke as they pleased!

The chief scare recently thrust upon cigarette smokers is fear of cancer. Dr. Evarts Graham of Washington University, St. Louis, examined 400 patients suffering from lung cancer. In a report, he termed it "very rare" to encounter a patient who had not smoked more than a pack of cigarettes a day for years. Was the cancer due to excessive smoking, or to other factors—like soot being breathed by residents of modern cities?

The American Cancer Society has carefully avoided an indictment of smoking, while research experts assert that a survey of 400 persons who are not representative of the population as a whole proves little or nothing.

Cancer experts of the U. S. Public Health Service decided recently to test tobacco's effects under ideal "control" conditions. They separated mice into two groups and treated them identically, with this exception: one group was exposed to tobacco, the other was not.

The government scientists set up an automatic smoking machine which smoked cigarettes in the way humans do. Then they took one group of mice of the strain most susceptible to lung cancer and exposed them to smoking for half their normal lives. They placed another chosen group in a smoke-free chamber.

For ten months the study continued. Then the mice were examined for effects. Dr. W. C. Hueper, chief of the National Cancer Institute's cancer-studies section, reported flatly that no lung tumors among the mice were induced by smoking, although other chemical agents induced lung tumors in this strain of mice within a few months. The conclusion—under conditions simulating human smoking habits as closely as possible, tobacco smoke is not a cancer-causing agent.

According to some scare stories, tobacco tars which enter the system through smoking may cause cancer. The Public Health scientists tried injecting tars into the cancer-susceptible mice. They painted some of the animals with tar, put it under the skin of others, dissolved it in the drinking water of others, injected it into the blood stream of still others. The result in all of the experiments: no cancer.

Says Dr. Hueper: "There is insufficient evidence to support the claim that the recent spectacular rise in the incidence of lung cancer is due to an increase in the smoking habit."

What does smoking do to your blood vessels? Some researchers say it raises the blood pressure and causes a drop in circulation in the toes. Other researchers report the same response from deep breathing. Still others find lower blood pressure in heavy smokers.

Says the A.M.A. *Journal:* "Persistent effects of tobacco on the blood vessels have been repeatedly reported, but these claims have been vigorously controverted."

The reactions of laboratory rats to heavy cigarette smoke were examined under conditions similar to the U. S. Public Health tests. When subjected to nicotine, the rats' blood pressure rose. But the condition was temporary: after smoking, pressure returned to normal, without harmful aftereffects.

Objectors to smoking make much of the fact that tobacco contains nicotine. A terrifying picture has been painted of the drug's potentially lethal effects. Place a small drop of nicotine on a cat's tongue, and the cat dies almost instantly. Take the nicotine in the cigarettes smoked in the U.S. in eight hours, and you have enough poison to kill every man, woman and child in the country!

Why, then, haven't all smokers perished? Simply because they never absorb nicotine in any such amounts. Of the nicotine in a cigarette, half does not get into the smoke. Of the remaining nicotine, one-quarter does not get into the body. And average smokers eliminate this amount one-fourth as quickly as they absorb it.

THE CURRENT SCARE over smoking is not a new phenomenon. Ever since tobacco's introduction into Europe in the 16th century, alarmists have cried out against it vociferously. Early writers thundered that it caused insanity and venereal diseases.

In 1637, a Dr. Venner published a *Briefe and Accurate Treatise of Tobacco.* Use of what some connoisseurs called "the divine herb," he said, "drieth the braine, dimmeth the sight, vitiateth the smell, hurteth the stomack, disturbeth the humors and spirits, induceth a trembling of the limbs, scorcheth the heart, and causeth the blood to be adjusted."

Fortunately, these dire charges failed to materialize.

Fears spread in more recent times have likewise been refuted. In 1900, when tuberculosis was the "Great White Plague" and a leading cause of death in America, many persons called cigarettes "coffin nails" that led to tuberculosis. Modern medicine largely discounts that theory;

despite the present widespread use of cigarettes, the death rate from tuberculosis has hit such a low point that many doctors no longer consider it a major menace.

"Tobacco will stunt your growth!" was another turn-of-the-century cry. Despite it, smoking became more and more common. Belying the old-time belief, young people today are considerably taller than those of 50 years ago.

When women began to smoke cigarettes, many persons feared the effects on pregnancies. Today, obstetricians and pediatricians agree: "Moderate smoking harms neither the mother nor the baby. Nursing mothers may be permitted to smoke, because the amount of nicotine in their milk is so small that it is almost impossible to measure."

Refuted on that count, foes of tobacco looked at the low birth rates of the '30s and the spectacular increase in the number of women smokers. They put the two statistics together and reached the terrifying conclusion that smoking causes sterility. However, more women than ever promptly took up smoking. What happened? The record-breaking boom in babies through the '40s!

All this is not to defend tobacco against justifiable criticism, or to suggest that cigarettes perform a curative action for certain human ills. In some cases, doctors advise patients not to smoke at all. Some people are allergic to tobacco, as others are to fruits and berries. Even the odor of smoke makes them violently ill.

While it has not been proved conclusively that smoking causes Buerger's Disease, a rare ailment affecting blood vessels in the feet and hands, Dr. Samuel Silbert of New York reported unvarying success in arresting the disease when his patients stopped smoking. In cases of respiratory infection, throat irritation, and under some other circumstances, many physicians also suggest that patients cut down or eliminate smoking, temporarily or permanently.

Also, doctors generally frown on "excessive smoking," which usually means more than a pack of cigarettes a day. Their reasoning is simple: human beings thrive on moderation, while excesses of any kind are usually harmful.

For example, consider exercise. We need moderate activity in order to keep functioning at top form. But a metropolitan newspaper selected at random reported these week-end casualties from overexercise: death from overexertion in gardening, two collapses on the golf course, a fatal heart attack while playing tennis.

To live, we must eat. But overeating causes overweight, and excess weight is often blamed for a host of degenerative diseases. Vitamins are necessary for healthy growth. But children overfed with certain vitamin concentrates have been poisoned and crippled.

Even the sun's rays—source of all our food and energy—are not immune to this rule of moderation. Too much exposure to them can produce agonizing, even fatal, sunburn. Thus, even the vital needs of life may harm us if taken to excess.

From the facts presented in this article, what may a reasonable person conclude about cigarette smoking? One thing is certain:

while propagandists seeking to present a one-sided case may use one set of experiments to paint a horrifying picture of tobacco's evil effects, research on an equal but opposite level refutes them. Since adequate scientific findings are lacking, no one can answer the alarmists with finality. But the unprecedented gains in the life span of the average American—paralleling our widespread adoption of cigarettes—clearly argue that moderate smoking is not harmful.

In any case of doubt, the authority as to whether you should or should not smoke is your own doctor. Because he knows your background, physical capabilities and limitations, he is in the best possible position to advise you. In all cases, his advice should be taken without question.

Perhaps the best statement of the average doctor's position on the subject of smoking was summed up in an editorial in the AMA *Journal*, which said:

"Actual surveys indicate that the majority of physicians themselves smoke cigarettes. From a psychologic point of view, in all probability more can be said in behalf of smoking as a form of escape from tension than against it. Several scientific works have been published that have assembled the evidence for and against smoking, and there does not seem to be any preponderance of evidence that would indicate the abolition of the use of tobacco as a substance contrary to the public health."

A researcher at the University of Cincinnati found that Americans smoke primarily for sociability, fragrance, relaxation, stimulation, and to steady their nerves. Since the claims of the scaremongers are without scientific support, there is no reason for normal and healthy persons to deny themselves such pleasures in moderation. Nor is there scientific reason for nonsmokers to adopt this custom if they fail to find it pleasurable.

In summary, the question of whether to smoke or not to smoke is a matter of free choice for the individual American. Scare-bearing zealots and alarmists to the contrary, it should be kept that way.

Invalid Invitations

The invitation to an annual barn dance in Iowa read: "Informal, except shoes are required." —*Tales of Hoffman*

In its opening announcement, a tavern in Westchester County, New York, promised prospective patrons: "Venetian blonds in every window." —PAUL FILLARD

Invitation mailed to bald men by a Broadway wig shop: "For that Collegiate Look—Try on Our New Crew-Cut Toupee!" —HY GARDNER

I married a Paraplegic

by **LULU LAIRD**, as told to **KATE HOLLIDAY**

What is it like to be the wife of a paralyzed vet? Here is the surprising answer

MY HUSBAND is paralyzed from mid-chest down. His legs are useless. He is one of 2,300 paraplegic veterans of World War II.

Before he went into uniform, Bob Laird was a huge, husky, outdoor man. He played football and basketball, spent his summers working as a placer miner, delighted in being physically active. He is still huge and husky, but now he lives in an aluminum wheel chair.

Bob and others like him want some wife to tell this story. For they believe that the spreading of honest information about paraplegics will stop the pity, the staring, and the questions they encounter now.

Every paraplegic case is parallel but individual. Depending on where the man was injured, there are things he can and cannot do. So this is Bob's story—and mine.

Bob was a paraplegic when we were married July 6, 1946, in the famous "Flyers' Chapel" of The Mission Inn at Riverside, California. On our wedding day he was still in uniform, lieutenant-colonel's leaves on his shoulders. Ours was an ordinary wedding, except that the groom was in a wheel chair as we took our vows. We were then, and are now, very much in love.

However, I had to face the fact that Bob was paralyzed, and that our marriage would be in some ways unusual. A paraplegic, wheel chair or no wheel chair, is still a man, still capable of working hard at a job, of enjoying himself, of winning a woman's love. Nevertheless, before marrying Bob, I asked myself: would I be nurse or wife?

Today, I am a wife—make no mistake about it. And I think the main thing I have learned is patience. I do everything a little more slowly now, because Bob does it that way. And the funny part of it is that I *like* ambling through life.

I have also learned courage—Bob's kind of courage. I have never seen my husband break down, never seen him indulge in self-pity. His courage is dramatic—simply because it is so undramatic. Sometimes I wonder if, under similar circumstances, I could conduct myself half as well.

We live in an ordinary ground-floor apartment in Hollywood, but having our own house is our fondest dream. We want a place with wide door-frames for his chair, with a room where he can exercise, with bars so he can get in and out of bed and the bathtub easily, with ramps instead of stairs.

But these gadgets are for the future. Meanwhile, we are showing that a paraplegic *can* live comfortably without special contraptions. Only the short ramp before our door makes our apartment different from any other. And the two things I *must* do for Bob are to get things from high shelves, and to help him in and out of the tub.

I am amused when people inquire if Bob is bedridden, for we live the most *un*-sedentary existence in the world. We fish and swim and loll in the sun; and we entertain a lot. Our friends are both paraplegics and non-paraplegics.

In other ways, too, my husband is as independent and active as any 31-year-old male. He belongs to several organizations; he recently bought and helps to run two dry-cleaning plants; he has just finished a second postwar year at UCLA, where he is majoring in geology with the idea of becoming a micro-paleontologist.

Thus, 8 o'clock every morning finds Bob lifting himself into his specially fitted sedan, pulling his collapsible chair in after him, and rolling off to school. He is home shortly after noon most days, studies hard through the afternoon, and is ready to go places and do things at dinnertime.

A 200-pounder with sandy hair, Bob is a native of Loomis, California. In 1943, he was sent overseas as a troop-carrier pilot. On March 24, 1945, his C-46 was hit by German flak, and Bob and his six-man crew had to bail out. As Bob was getting rid of his parachute in a French meadow, a sniper's bullet caught him. He did not lose consciousness, just quivered for a moment, then straightened and never moved his legs again.

During eight weeks in a British hospital it dawned on him what his condition really was. But being essentially a strong, optimistic sort of person, he was not too upset. It was, he has told me, just his particular break. There was nothing to do about it, so why make a scene?

But he was lucky. He got his injury in this war and not the last. In World War I, they *lost* 98 per cent of the paraplegics. In World War II, they *saved* 98 per cent of them by proper care and treatment.

A paraplegic can look forward to a normal span of life, if he takes care of himself. Bob must remember, for instance, that his tactile sense is gone, that the warning of danger given by pain will not come to him. He must guard against burns from a too-hot fire or hot water.

When anything does go wrong, Bob hurries to Birmingham Veterans Hospital in Van Nuys, one of seven paraplegic hospitals in the U. S., with some 200 paralyzed patients still in residence there.

You who stare should know that Bob and his fellows are unusual, actually, only in three ways. They cannot walk. Their injury destroys mature control over bowels and bladder, and they must relearn their functions as they did in childhood. And most of them cannot have children.

The government has set up various plans to support the paraplegics for the rest of their lives. They are allowed $360 a month for total disability, and $1,600 to buy a car when they have passed the state driving tests. They get free medical care, and a wheel chair, and may take advantage of the housing and educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Congress has also passed a bill which gives them $10,000 towards buying or building a house—this amount to take care of the special fittings needed.

Yet if I had thought this would be everything Bob would ever have, I might not have married him. A pension is fine—but initiative is a lot better!

I can truthfully say that my only moment of pure panic with Bob came one time when he fell while we were at the movies. As we were leaving, the chair turned just as he was lifting himself in, and he landed flat on the floor.

As one man, the audience gasped. I froze. But in the moment of shock before someone rushed to help him, Bob grabbed the backs of seats and whipped himself back into his chair.

And then—he threw back his head and shouted with laughter! In a second, I came out of my trance and joined him. And the audience thought we were crazy.

There is much laughter with Bob. And I hope you know by now that neither he nor the boys like him want your pity, or that girls like me feel sorry for ourselves. We count ourselves lucky, for our men have proven that they have character and courage, and are worth loving and fighting for. As Bob's wife, I am a very happy woman.

Hat Chat

IT WAS VERY WARM today, but for a couple of minutes it got quite chilly. Two girls passed each other wearing the same hat.

—HENRY MORGAN

A LITTLE GIRL came running up to her mother. "Father's lying unconscious out on the porch. He's got a slip of paper in his hand and there's a huge box out there, too."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the wife. "My new hat is here."

—CHARLES SANTOS

AT A NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE a lady turned to a young man sitting directly behind her. "If you can't see the movie because of my hat," she said, "I'll be glad to take it off."

"Oh, don't bother," replied the young man. "Your hat's much funnier than the picture."

—RALPH LEONARD

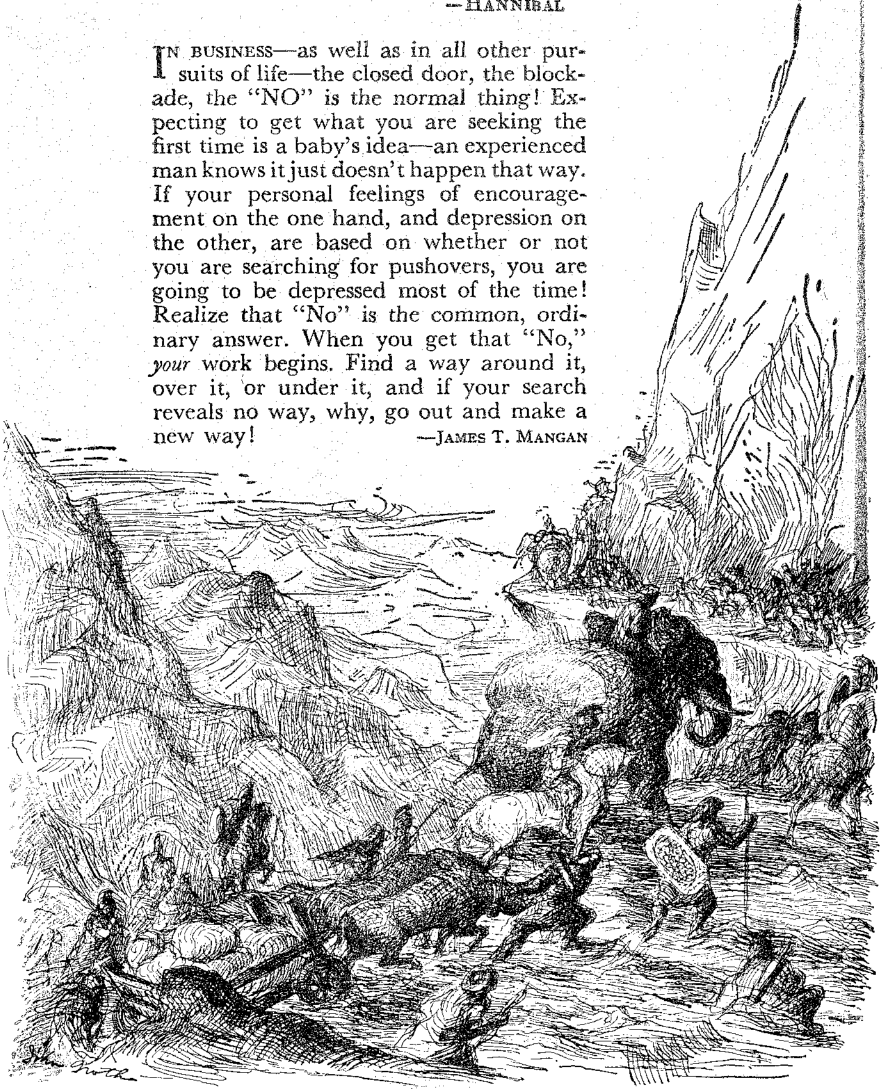
Take "No" as a Starter

"I will find a way or make one."

—Hannibal

In business—as well as in all other pursuits of life—the closed door, the blockade, the "NO" is the normal thing! Expecting to get what you are seeking the first time is a baby's idea—an experienced man knows it just doesn't happen that way. If your personal feelings of encouragement on the one hand, and depression on the other, are based on whether or not you are searching for pushovers, you are going to be depressed most of the time! Realize that "No" is the common, ordinary answer. When you get that "No," *your* work begins. Find a way around it, over it, or under it, and if your search reveals no way, why, go out and make a new way!

—James T. Mangan



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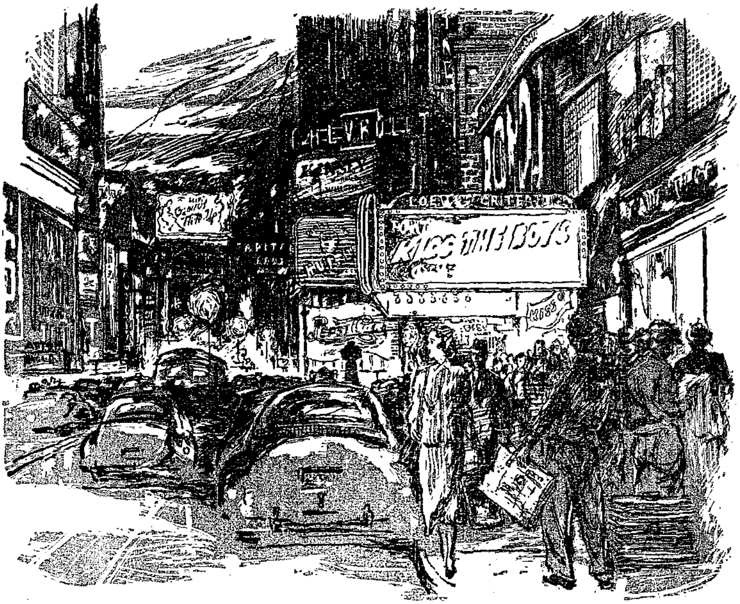


Why Envy New Yorkers?

by LADD HAYSTEAD

For most of its citizens, "glamorous" Manhattan is drab, exhausting and expensive

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, millions of Americans have the fixed but pleasant delusion that New York is a super-city, combining the schmaltz of old Vienna, the chic of Paris and the social tone of Mayfair.

In movies and best sellers, you see the same scenes of metropolitan high life: boy and girl, hand in hand, staring down from a penthouse at the glamorous lights of Park Avenue; beauties in low-cut gowns at the Stork or 21 Club; handsome men in white tie and tails bowing low in elegant Fifth Avenue salons. Here, it seems, are the beauty, wit, wealth and luxury of the world, all crammed into one exciting and dazzling package.

Actually, for more than 99 per cent of its pale, drab and not very well-to-do inhabitants, New York is a noisy, grimy, exhausting and expensive place. Also, it is rather boresome, once you get out of the overpriced entertainment belt and into the rows of tenements and apartment buildings where most New Yorkers burrow in at night.

Right now, along the crowded sidewalks and past the world's tallest buildings, strides a dapper New York pedestrian in knife-creased suit with padded shoulders. Ah, you say, but *there* is one of the fellows I mean! He's probably on his way to dine and dance with the world's smartest women in the world's most fabulous night clubs.

But look more closely. The fellow's lips are moving. He's talking to himself—and no wonder. Far from being a lighthearted sophisticate, he is in reality a man harassed on all sides by climate, cops, cabs, crowds, distances, a hurry-hurry way of life and a multitude of other snares, natural and man-devised.

Most anywhere else in the U.S., you have sun and fresh air, a reasonable security in job and home, a little yard for the children. But the New Yorker? Why, he has sacrificed virtually everything that *you* already have. For instance, let's take such trivial items as his climate or commuting problems.

The climate would appall a Bedouin with its muggy summer heat and an Eskimo with its damp winter cold. Of course, there are rare days in June when potted geraniums bloom briefly on fire escapes, and even rarer Indian summer afternoons when taxi drivers are too indolent to chase the stray pedestrian. But that is all. Nature simply doesn't fit into the mechanical civilization of the New Yorker.

Then consider the enormous distances that this man of *ersatz* glamour must travel between home and work. True, he rides at lurching speed on the fastest and cheapest transit system in the world. But it is also the most humiliating. Only Chinese refugee trains have mastered the strong-arm technique of forcing more passengers into each square inch of car.

And though the New Yorker's home-to-work route has an electric backdrop of billions of dollars' worth of real estate, 600 miles of water front and the craggy majesty of the Palisades, none of these can he see from the subway. And if he ventures to travel by the rickety El or the surface busses, he is too preoccupied with self-preservation to bother with scenery.

Despite all the speed, inconvenience and outright danger of travel, nobody seems to get anyplace—at least on time. In daytime Manhattan, there is the densest concentration of people in the Western Hemisphere. That is why it sometimes takes 35 minutes to go by cab from the Empire State Building to Rockefeller Center, a matter of 15 blocks.

BUT, YOU SAY IN PROTEST, the metropolitan man can enjoy superb entertainment, cultural and recreational facilities. Not exactly. Manhattan's playhouses would be dark if it weren't for the mail-order and tourist trade. The New Yorker simply can't afford $4.40 for a ticket, plus 90 cents at the broker's office, except on rare occasions. The out-of-towner is spending vacation or expense-account money; the native must dig into the rent fund if he journeys to Times Square more than once a year.

As for culture, he might go to one of the 66 free Public Libraries, with their 5,000,000 volumes. But if he tries to take a book home, he is likely to find it on reserve for weeks ahead. Or he might lose himself in the unequaled splendors of Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rockefeller Center, and in a

Even the Mayor Takes a Dim View

LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY is a dreary business, Mayor William O'Dwyer admitted frankly, not long ago, in an address to delegates to the Associated Police Communication Officers.

"As you travel around," he told the officers from all parts of the U.S. and Canada, "look on us not as a boastful city with wealth, but as a city where 5,000,000 out of 8,000,000 live in quarters for which they pay less than $50 a month. Yet these same people cough up more than half of the $1,200,000,000 it takes to run this city annually.

"We may have an occasional *Kiss Me Kate* or *South Pacific* to brighten our lives, but for 365 days, living in New York City is a pretty grim proposition."

slightly different sense, Chinatown, Broadway, Little Italy, the Bowery and Central Park.

But to reach any of the places he would have to travel by subway, bus and perhaps ferry. And if he picked a busy day at these cultural spots, he would have to wait outside in line, wait inside in line, and then soon find himself out on the street again, still in line—and somewhat dismayed at the prospect of shoving his way home.

In the matter of recreation, the difficulties the New Yorker faces are just as intimidating. In summer, Jones Beach and Coney Island should be delightful. But a successful day at Coney is reckoned by the *millions* of people that show up, by the dozens of lost-and-found children, by the scores of prostrations and rescues. Thousands just reach the sand and collapse there with little moaning noises, too exhausted to fight their way across the last 50 yards to the ocean itself.

For the New Yorker, there is no jumping into the family car and taking off on a Saturday afternoon. If he tries to reach the beaches or suburbs, he will find himself in crawling, hornblowing traffic that stretches for miles. And if he is a lucky and skillful fellow at the wheel, he may reach his destination just in time to turn around and join the incoming crush.

So the New Yorker just stays home on holidays or days off. He puts a pillow on the window ledge of his apartment and, stripped to his undershirt, stares stonily across the air shaft at his neighbor, similarly garbed and in similar mood.

The spectacle of 8,000,000 people living and working in such narrow quarters would give claustrophobia to a submarine crew. But more than mere inconvenience is involved. In the way a New Yorker *has* to live, there is a mass frustration which affects him from cradle to grave. Hence, to the outsider, he often seems too loud and aggressive, too quick and nervous.

One reason, perhaps, is that the city is basically a town of people who can hardly wait to make enough money to flee to the suburbs. In normal times, they lead nomadic lives, swapping apartments every two years to get a month's rent concession. Deep in their hearts, most of them are lonely strangers who want to go home, but haven't quite achieved the success that once seemed so close.

Yet each year thousands more of them stream in. Their pants show too much ankle, their coats too much wrist, but they are heartbreakingly certain that quick success is just waiting for clean-cut kids from the country.

At first, they are delighted by the "color" of the city. They stare at the Greenwich Village artists in their berets, and mingle excitedly with crowds outside Town Hall after a concert. Only later do they learn that the Village characters are fakes, and that the "cultural" crowd outside the hall was composed largely of friends, relatives and colleagues of the performer.

The newcomers must also learn their manners: that you don't take your hat off in elevators or give your subway seat to a woman; that it is proper to push and shove in crowds if you hurl a clipped "Excuse me" at your victim; and that first-yell, first-served is the correct etiquette to win the attention of grocery clerks, salesgirls, waiters and receptionists.

Days are spent looking for jobs, but the newcomers never get past the polite young lady who passes out application blanks. Nights, they wander around town, still a little wide-eyed but beginning to wonder. For a time, they write home enthusiastically, then the letters become infrequent. What has happened? How are they faring?

Consider the pretty little brunette who is earning $45 weekly as a secretary. Back home in Ohio, a man could marry on that salary. But in New York, she has found, things are different.

In the first place, tax and welfare deductions take about $5 weekly, and then $12 to $15 goes for rent of a tiny room (no cooking privileges; laundry done in the washbowl). For the crushing privilege of riding the subway from the room uptown to the office downtown—a 45-minute trip—she pays $1 weekly in ten-cent fares.

A drugstore breakfast, an automat lunch and a cafeteria dinner will cost her as much as her rent—when you count in tipping and the once-a-week "blue-plate special" at $1.50. And skimp as she may, her clothes will cost up to $5 weekly because she must be immaculate. In the metropolitan hurry-hurry, people are judged on the dead run, and clothes make the girl.

Undoubtedly she wouldn't mind so much if there were a boy around to admire the hard-earned effect. But that is the tragedy of the white-collar girl in New York: amidst millions of men—and the world's most lavish entertaining—she is a wallflower.

Unless she has church, college or social ties, there's practically no way for her to meet pleasant young company. That is probably why the average girl, cut off from the normal social contacts she would find back home, faces two perils. She may drift into the dubious life that revolves around her neighborhood bar-and-grill. Or, if she is shy or idealistic, she becomes a "putterer," killing her nights by fussing, old-maid fashion, around her room.

Finally, consider the New York

housewife attempting the gallant but impossible task of converting a \$100-a-month, 2½-room apartment into something that approximates a home. She cooks in a converted closet on a heating plate, and stores her utensils under the sink. And what about the social life she yearned for? Perhaps an occasional business acquaintance of her husband's or some equally lost newcomers to New York from back home.

THE BEST OVER-ALL indictment of the Big Town is contained in that magnificent cliché: "It's a wonderful place to visit, but I'd sure hate to live there." It has been uttered by all types of people in all periods of New York's history. In fact, I suspect it was coined some 300 years ago by the Indians as they slowly retreated northward, counting their \$24 proceeds from a very shrewd real-estate sale.

And yet, despite all the disadvantages, the town has *something*. After long study, I think I have discovered its secret. New York is not a city of substance; it is a dream, an illusion. However illogical that may be, it is a mirage that is renewed every day as trains pull into Manhattan from New England, the West and the South.

You can laugh at the eager, ambitious newcomers whose heads are in the clouds, but you can't pity them. Some day, one of them *will* star on Broadway, *will* write a best seller, *will* make a million.

But what of the rest of us? I had the dream, too, but as I get along into middle years, I feel more and more foolish being a New Yorker. Somehow, at my age and with my figure, chasing success seems a less appropriate occupation than, say, sitting on the front porch with my feet on the railing.

However, maybe I'm just tired or disillusioned. For I do know one indisputable thing. New York is an overwhelming phenomenon that will never grow up, never quiet down, never give you plain peace and comfort. Perhaps that is why, despite all my complaints, I wish I could again be that young newcomer, stepping off the train in the Big City with a catch in my throat and stars in my eyes.

Life Begins at 100

A 103-year-old farm worker applied to welfare officials in Texas, asking if he were old enough to receive old-age benefits.

A Brownhill, Ontario, spinster, 105 years old, announced recently that she would not be averse to accepting a marriage proposal "if the right man came along."

In Germiston, South Africa, a 118-year-old man cut off his beard because it made him "feel too old." —GLORIA WOOLMAN

DON'T THROW AWAY THOSE "WORTHLESS" STOCKS

There may be a small fortune in "obsolete" securities hidden away in your attic

by **HENRY LEE and FRANK BROCK**

SOMEWHERE IN THE CELLAR or attic, you probably have deposited and long since forgotten Father's optimistic stock purchases of bygone years in corporations that are now dissolved and legally dead. If you run across them during this year's house cleaning, don't throw them away! They may be worth a small fortune.

In the words of the country's outstanding expert on obsolete stocks, there are literally "hundreds of millions of dollars of unclaimed money available for supposedly worthless securities." A company may have forfeited its state charter of incorporation half a century ago, its officers may now be all dead and its assets long since scattered—but there still can be cash residual rights amounting to as much as $300 a share.

For example, almost 25 years ago a Connecticut woman settled her father's estate and, mostly out of sentiment, rented a safe-deposit box in New York for his old papers, dating back as far as 1837.

For 20 years, she never bothered to open the box: in fact, she didn't even keep up yearly rental payments. At the end of the 20 years, as provided by law, the box was opened and the yellowed papers were turned over to Robert D. Fisher for expert examination.

Fisher, who keeps at his fingertips the status of some 3,500 "obsolete" stocks and bonds with cash value, patiently checked the securities. As he suspected, most of them were "wallpaper." But one name, the Franklinite Steel & Zinc Company, had a familiar ring.

Through involved financial detective work, he determined that Franklinite had forfeited its charter more than half a century ago, that the company was extinct, *but* that the Chancery Court of New Jersey was still winding up the affairs of the long-dead metals firm. Finally, the court handed out $23,000 cash for the Connecticut woman's large block of Franklinite stock.

"I never dreamed that stuff was worth a penny!" she gasped.

A dignified, reserved New Yorker who numbers the Who's Who of the financial world among his clients, Fisher has often played the role of savior-in-distress. As a last resort, people in financial trouble turn over old "junk" to their banks for appraisal, and Fisher, called in as expert, sometimes can tell them the "junk" will more than pay off their mortgage and medical bills.

Unfortunately, he thinks, there are many other thousands who never realize on the potential wealth gathering dust in their tin boxes, for even large financial institutions often fail to appreciate the "sleepers" they are carrying.

Just recently, a Fisher institutional subscriber submitted 3,000 securities which had been written off as worthless. "Actually, many of them were valuable," Fisher says, "and on some we found additional liquidating payments that our client hadn't collected. But on others, the time had expired for filing claims and our client was barred from collecting. That's why people who have old stocks should not delay investigating."

Fisher got started on his stock-sleuthing career 20 years ago when one of the biggest banks in New York sent him its 400 most useless securities with this proposition: "We'll give you 25 per cent of whatever you can realize on the old paper."

Less than a month later, Fisher received a second letter from the bank, saying the officers were "embarrassed." He had turned up so many "sleepers" that his 25 per-cent cut loomed alarmingly large on the bank's statement of expenses.

Since then, he has built up the largest financial library of its kind in the world, with records dating back to 1832, and has published manuals of valuable and worthless securities listing more than 1,000,000 corporations. He maintains offices in New York but, unlike many financial "consultants," does not welcome inquiries from the public. He works only through banks and brokerage houses.

One of his remotest cases—both in space and time—came to him recently from an oil-field roustabout in Africa. About 30 years before, in a prudent moment, the roustabout had purchased 100 shares of Bigheart Producing & Refining Company and tucked it in his duffle bag. Then he promptly forgot it.

The roustabout traveled far and long, through Texas, Oklahoma and California oil fields, then on to Saudi Arabia and Morocco. In Morocco he remembered his investment and wrote to the U. S., inquiring about Bigheart. Eventually, his much-thumbed letter reached Fisher.

First, the stock detective traced Bigheart back to Massachusetts, where it had been originally incorporated. But all the authorities could tell Fisher was that Bigheart forfeited its charter in 1923 and had been legally dead ever since.

Next, a team of Fisher assistants dug through old financial statements till they unearthed the names of Bigheart's officers. But this slim lead seemed to peter out when all the officials who could be tracked turned out to be dead.

Finally, by checking the list against records of present-day oil companies, Fisher noticed one familiar name. The man was a director of the Barnsdall Refining Company and, sure enough, he turned out to be one of the ex-officials of Bigheart!

"Whatever happened to Bigheart?" Fisher asked him.

"Why, Barnsdall took them over 28 years ago," the director said.

Further checking showed that, with accumulated dividends, the roustabout's 100 shares were worth $1,500, and Barnsdall was only too happy to clear its books of the transaction.

NOT LONG AGO, a brisk young businessman visited the vice-president of a Midwest bank and showed him ten yellowed shares of a company quaintly named the American Speaking Telephone Company.

"I hate to take up your time with this," he apologized, "but my father-in-law always insisted the stuff was valuable and passed it on to my wife. It's junk, I'm sure, because I checked myself and found records indicating the company went into voluntary dissolution when World War I started. But my wife's still pestering me to double-check. I promised I would—and I also bet her the price of a new hat on it."

The banker made a more painstaking investigation of the stock and then called the businessman. "You lose the price of the hat," he said. "But you may be glad to know that your wife can get $2,675.40 for her ten shares. Western Union took over the old telephone outfit and is paying $267.54 a share for its stock."

Fisher does not pretend that his list of 1,000,000 corporations is complete. Every week he receives inquiries on obsolete companies he has never heard of, and must launch fresh research, which is complicated by the thousands of mergers, amalgamations and sometimes-peculiar court rulings of the past few decades.

For example, if you happen to have some stock of the old Commonwealth Hotel enterprise of New York, see whether it is the *large* certificate form or the *small*. If your stock is small-size, it's worthless. But if you're lucky enough to hold the big form, the Chancery Court in Wilmington, Delaware, will pay you $100 for each share of the preferred, and $19.43 for the common.

To trace any stock, three items of information are indispensable: the name of the company, date of incorporation and the state where it was incorporated. If you told Fisher you had a couple of shares of Franklin Mining Company and wanted to know what they were worth, he would ask, "Which one?" There were three companies of that name, all incorporated in Colorado before 1900 and now dead and gone, along with assets. But a fourth Franklin Mining, set up in Wyoming, is still alive and operating.

However, Fisher warns, beware of "fly-by-night" firms which proposition you to switch the securities in your portfolio before you have received an opinion from a reputable bank or brokerage firm. Many of them will simply disappear *with* your portfolio. And if the offer comes from Canada, doubly beware! Once a stock gyp gets a list of your holdings, he will swap the good stuff for his trash (worthless mining, oil and uranium ventures in Canada) and you can't do a thing about it. There is no extradition treaty to bring the gyps down here.

The only safe way to investigate is through your bank, which will relay the query to its New York corresponding bank if the information is not available locally, or through a reputable brokerage house, preferably one that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. In either of these cases, you will receive an honest appraisal.

Last year, without charge, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, largest brokerage firm in the country, answered more than 24,000 letters about stocks, good and bad, and reviewed more than 7,000 portfolios for its customers. In one case the firm was able to play Santa Claus on a prodigal scale to a timid, toil-bent widow who appeared at its Pittsburgh office.

Apologetically, she showed them a handful of yellowed certificates which had lain for years in an old trunk. "I hope they may be worth a few dollars," she said.

When the company notified her of their true value, tears poured down her careworn face. "God must have directed me here," she said. "I had to borrow 30 cents carfare to come—and now I'm rich!"

And she was—for her stock was worth $60,000.

Artless Alibis

HERBIE'S MOTHER caught him in an "act of violence." He had cut a worm in two.

"Why did you do such a cruel thing?" asked his mother.

"Well, Mom," explained Herbie, "he seemed so lonely!"

—BARCLAY BRADEN

SINGER GORDON MACRAE'S young daughter, Heather Allison, explained the loss of her favorite doll this way: "I guess I must have throwed it away when I wasn't looking."

—HAROLD HELFER

HUMORIST SAMUEL LEVENSON, while teaching school in New York City, had occasion to request a pupil to bring his father in to see him.

"I don't think my father can," the youngster replied doubtfully. "You see, he works in South Dakota and comes home very late nights."

—PAUL STEINER

Meat

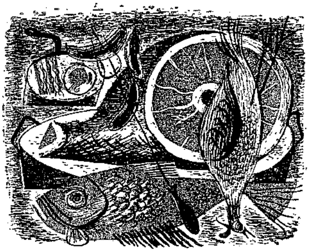
A MEDICAL MARVEL

by **J. D. Ratcliff**

A thick, juicy steak may be better for you than anything in your medicine chest

WE DON'T THINK of a slab of juicy steak or a chop as medicine. Yet the proteins they contain have as many accomplishments to their credit as any miracle drug.

Proteins are reducing the hazards of surgery, cutting complications of pregnancy, giving newborn babies a better chance at life. With one disease formerly regarded as being universally fatal—cirrhosis of the liver—proteins are changing the picture from despair to hope. To sum it all up, an amazing dietary revolution is now underway. The glamorous vitamins are giving up the spotlight to the even more glamorous proteins.



Until recently, the proteins—meat particularly—were regarded with suspicion. They were supposed to cause a vague distress labeled "intestinal autointoxication" and to lead to high blood pressure and kidney damage. Then research men looked to a people who subsist almost entirely on meat—Eskimos. None of these conditions was unduly prevalent among them. Observations like this started a reinvestigation of the whole question of proteins.

Meat was thought to be particularly dangerous for people with kidney disease. These organs have a difficult time disposing of protein wastes. Patients, therefore, should be maintained on diets high in carbohydrates—which were supposed to "spare" kidneys. In light of recent knowledge, it is little wonder that the patients did poorly.

A number of experiments upset the old thinking. In one, two physicians collected 300 children, sick with nephritis, a kidney disease. By all medical rules, they should have been fed low-protein diets. Instead, the doctors stuffed them with meat, eggs, fish and other protein foods. The response was immediate. Most of the youngsters brightened, kidney function returned, and expected death rates nose-dived!

Much the same situation obtained with surgical patients—who were often kept on "light" diets to prepare them for operations. Then a statistical study turned up some shocking facts. There was a direct relationship between presurgical weight loss—which usually represented loss of body protein—and postsurgical deaths! People who had lost most weight before surgery proved to be the greatest risks.

Observations of this sort changed medical thinking. Protein began playing a hero's role in surgery. Patients were ordered on super-rich protein diets in preparation for surgery; the result: fewer operative mortalities.

A similar situation existed in the treatment of ulcers along the digestive tract, and particularly stomach ulcers. At one time, they were treated with a "starvation" diet—with miserable results. Then physicians realized these people needed protein for tissue repair. They started feeding a milk-cream diet.

Then it became clear that these people needed all the protein they could consume. In addition to milk-cream, most ulcer diets today include chopped meat and other sources of protein. As a result, many ulcer victims are recovering in weeks instead of months or years.

THERE ARE A NUMBER of *complete* proteins, containing all the factors essential for life. Among them are meat, fowl, fish, eggs, cheese, milk. The proteins they contain are among the most complicated—and the most fascinating—of all chemical substances.

The proteins are composed of amino acids. There are 22 of these protein building blocks, and ten of them are essential to life. Give a research animal—and presumably a man—nine of the essentials but omit the tenth and death ensues.

The body is able to store most foods—sugar in the liver, fat in and under the skin, vitamins in various tissues. Curiously enough, it can't store proteins. When they are lacking in the diet, the body turns cannibal and starts consuming itself. Pictures of victims in Nazi horror camps told a vivid story of what happens when the protein deficiency is acute.

The proteins play a vital role in wound healing—hastening the process when they are available in quantity. Indeed, the new tissue in a healed wound *is* protein. This is one of the reasons why hospital patients are given super-rich protein meals in preparation for surgery.

In addition to using proteins to prepare patients for surgery, doctors now know that such food is vital *after* surgery. Patients may lose as much as a pound and a half of weight a day while eating the type meals that normally keep them in good health. Unless the protein loss is replaced, the healing process will lag. Knowledge of this is helping get patients out of hospitals in a fraction of the time once required for full recovery.

All of this new knowledge was put to work during the war—with dramatic results. By past standards, the recovery rates of men wounded in action were little short of phenomenal. At the time, it was popular to attribute this entirely to sulfa and penicillin. Now medical opinion gives much of the credit to the amount of protein in soldier diets. Army rations contained twice the protein considered adequate for good nutrition—well over a pound of meat a day.

Nowhere is newer knowledge of protein value being used to better effect than in treating burns. In extensive burns, the protein loss from seepage may be enormous—to a point where patients require as much as seven times the protein needed in normal diet! Recognition of this fact is saving lives which would have been lost a few years ago.

Proteins, plus the B vitamins, have completely changed the picture in regard to cirrhosis of the liver. Once regarded as being universally fatal, this disease is now readily controlled if caught in early stages. Under older forms of treatment, proteins were virtually denied to patients. This probably explains why the death toll was so high. Today, such patients get all the proteins they can eat, plus vitamin supplements.

A more generous use of protein foods (meat and milk consumption climbs each year) is helping to reduce the hazards of childbearing. At no time during a woman's life are proteins so vital as during pregnancy. In addition to normal dietary requirements, she must have protein enough to build tissues for her developing baby.

To clinch this point, three Toronto physicians not long ago studied a group of 400 pregnant women. Part of the group subsisted on a diet woefully lacking in proteins—under 90 grams a day. Another portion ate a protein-rich diet.

The poorly fed group had twice as many of the toxemias of pregnancy, twice as much hemorrhage, five times as many miscarriages, two-and-a-half times as many premature babies, five times as many stillbirths. There were three baby deaths among the poorly fed group, none in the well fed.

Besides safeguarding the business of childbearing, protein is playing a similarly important role in giving babies a better start in life. Until recently, most standard diets kept infants on milk and fruit juices until they were six months old.

Both foods are poor sources of iron—essential to blood building. Among such infants anemia was common. They were unduly susceptible to various diseases, particularly colds and pneumonia. Today's infants get scraped or strained meat when they are six weeks old. Under such management, "milk anemia" is disappearing.

Not long ago two Nebraska physicians, Drs. Ruth Leverton and George Clark, reported results of an experiment. They added supplements of strained meat to the formulas of six-week-old infants. Of the 33 infants in the experiment, 18 got this extra meat feeding, 15 didn't. The meat eaters slept more soundly, were in better physical condition. The improvement in their blood picture was striking. At the end of eight weeks, the meat eaters had a 13 per cent higher red-cell count than the others; a 24 per cent higher hemoglobin level.

Protein is similarly essential to growing children. Fats and carbohydrates will give them energy, but no growth can take place without protein. The starved children of Greece and other countries in post-war Europe gave ample evidence of this. These children had the puffed stomachs that go with low-protein diets.

At the other age extreme, proteins are playing a stellar role in maintaining the aged in good health. Once thought of as "heavy" foods, they were largely avoided by older people. Then the laboratory produced evidence that a diet poor in proteins *hastens* the aging process.

Every day, old people, weakened

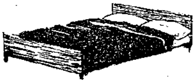
to a point of exhaustion by subsisting on tea-and-toast diets, are carried into hospitals. Placed on gradually increasing high-protein diets, they make amazing recoveries. New vigor returns to old bodies, new alertness to cloudy minds.

The list of diseases where protein must be limited in diet dwindles each year. People with gout must avoid certain types of meat—particularly sweetbreads and liver—and must eat sparingly of other proteins. In some types of severe kidney damage and some types of high blood pressure, proteins must be eaten with caution. But all present evidence indicates that there is no upper limit to the amount of protein the rest of us can consume.

In some reducing diets, the patient is greatly restricted in starches and fats, but is allowed all the lean meat he can eat. People have lost up to 100 pounds on such diets.

In a remarkable experiment conducted some years ago, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, was asked by a group of doctors to see if facts he had observed in the Arctic would fit city life. Living with Eskimos, he had subsisted entirely on meat for long periods. Could he do the same in the city? In New York, he and a friend ate nothing but meat for a year. At the end of the experiment, Stefansson's physical condition was as good as at the start; and his friend's health had greatly improved!

Until relatively recently, most emphasis in medicine was on *curing* disease. Emphasis has now shifted—with most effort being spent on *preventing* disease. The new concept of the vital role that proteins play in good health fits in with this new thinking. Meat is often better medicine than any bottle of pills on the bathroom shelf.



Mother Was Wrong

A LADY FELT that she had a problem on her hands with her ten-year-old daughter. The whole thing started a few days after the girl's teacher had announced to the class that she was about to be married.

"Madeleine," demanded the embarrassed mother, "did you ask Miss Larber whether she and her husband would use twin beds or a double bed?"

Madeleine admitted it was true.

"Well, darling," said her mother, "do you think that was any of your business?"

Madeleine said that she thought it very much her business. In fact, the other girls had appointed her a committee of one to find out. This reply occasioned a long and painful mother-to-daughter lecture, at the end of which the child seemed singularly unimpressed.

"Well," she said, "I *still* think it was a good idea to ask her. We decided to take up a collection to give her a wedding present, and everybody voted for a blanket. How were we going to know whether to get one for a double or a single bed if we didn't ask?"

—*Montrealer*

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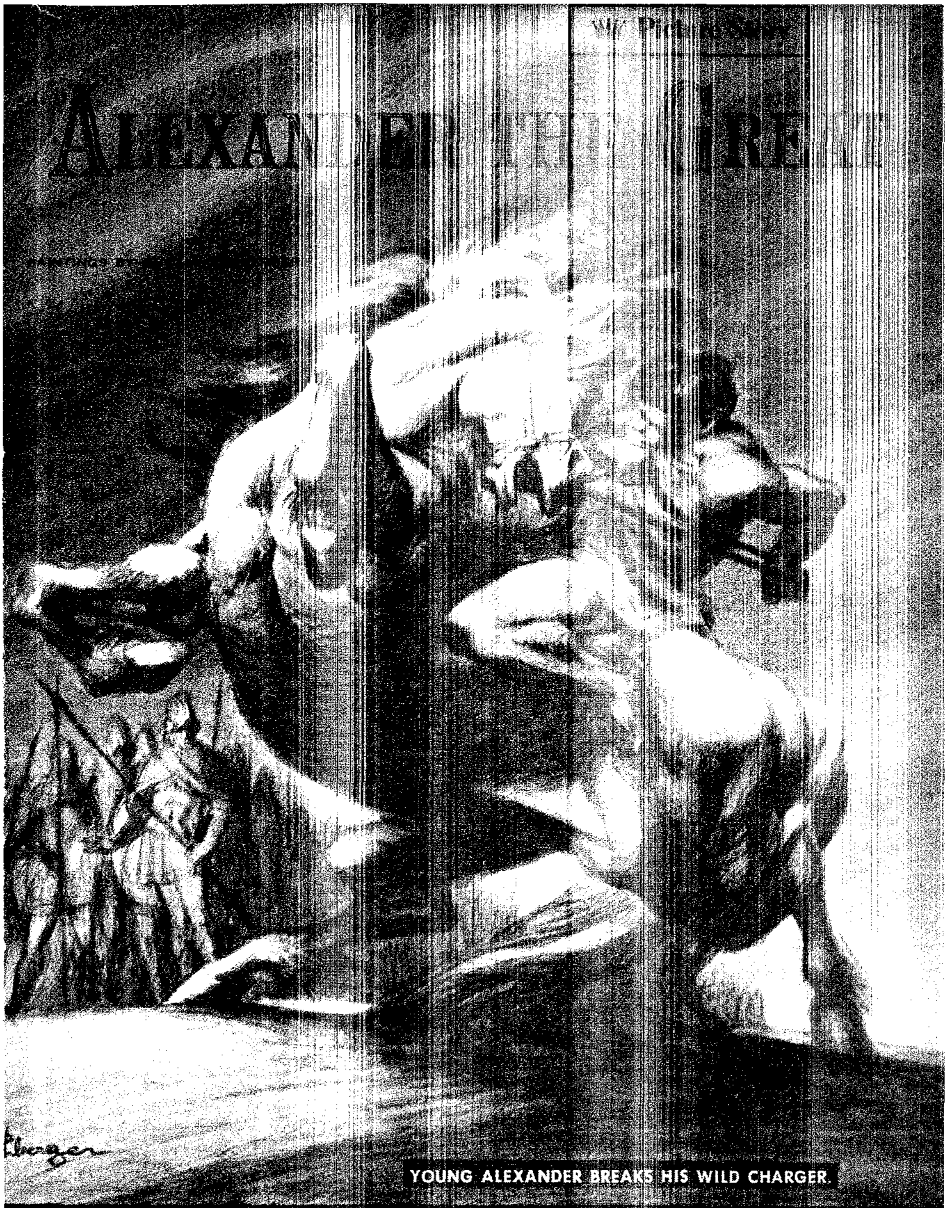
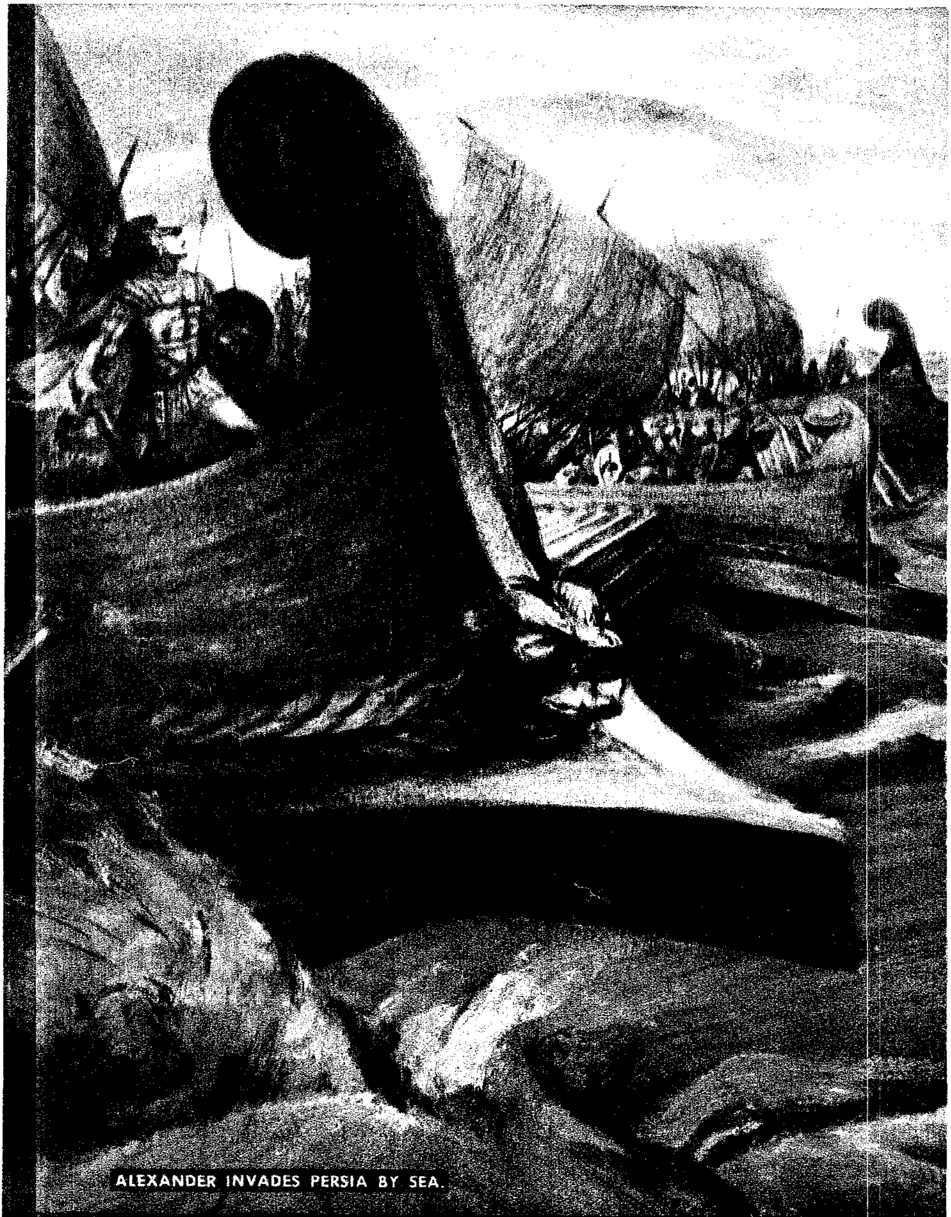
ALEXANDER THE GREAT

PAINTINGS [illegible]



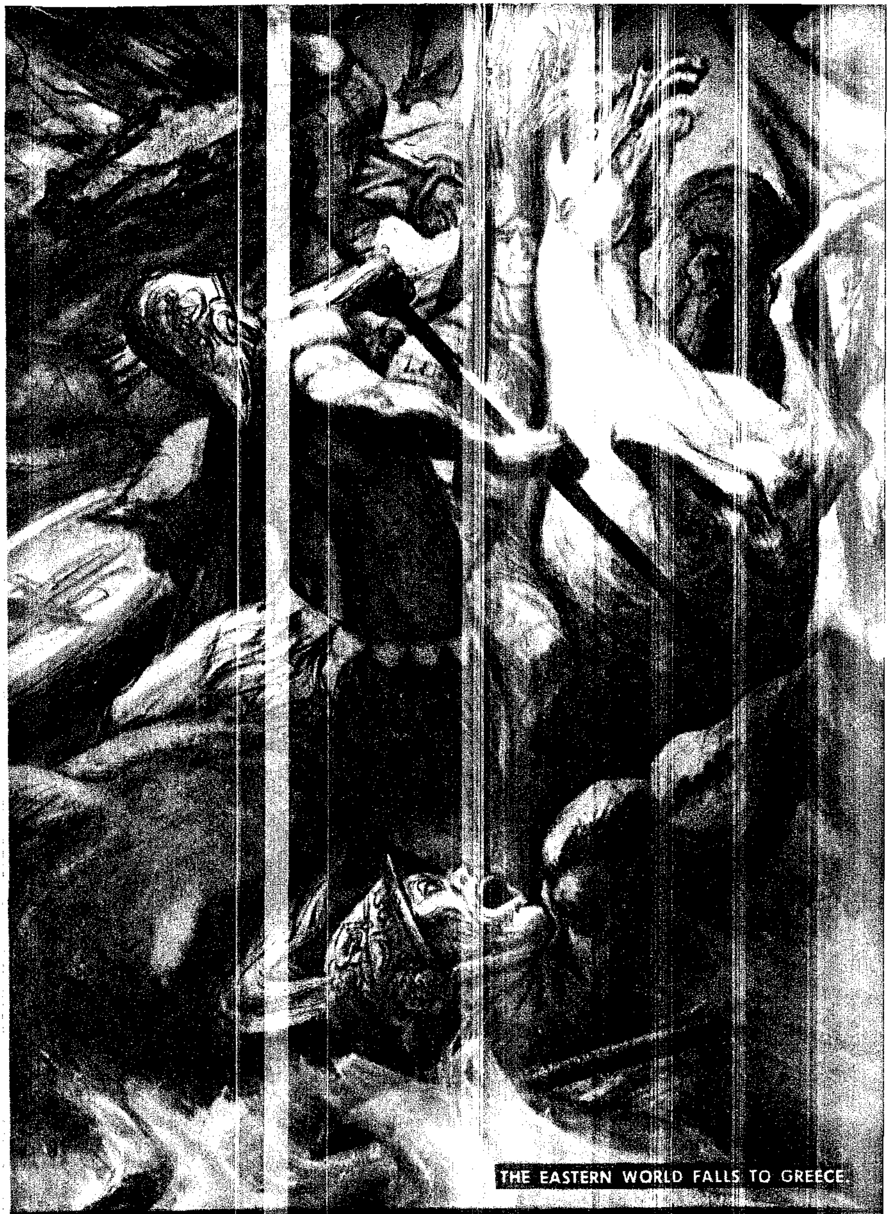
YOUNG ALEXANDER BREAKS HIS WILD CHARGER.

FOR 2,000 YEARS, the fame of Alexander of Greece has blazed with undimmed glory. In his brief 33 years, the fiery warrior, who first took command of the armies of Greece as a stripling of 16, became a symbol



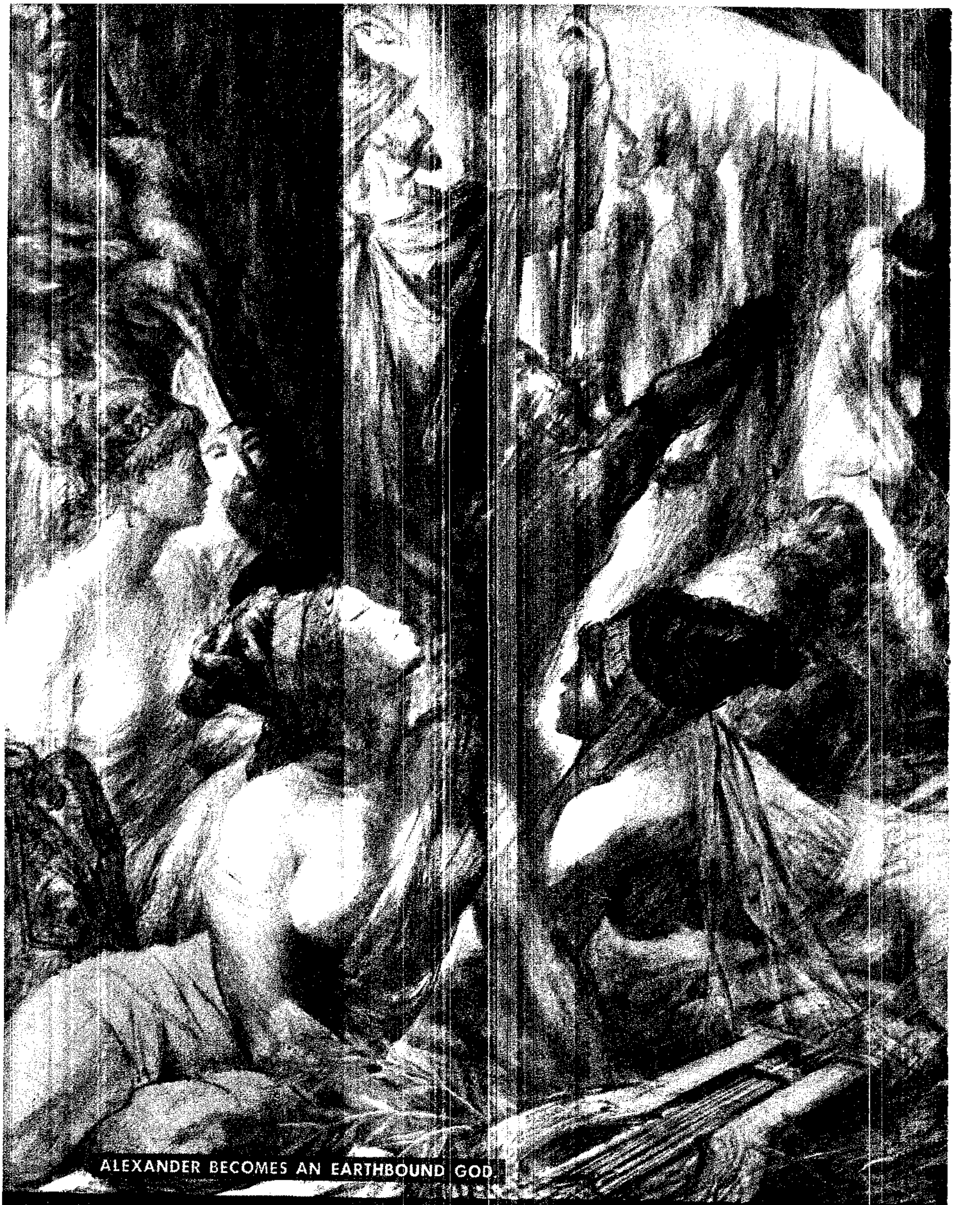
ALEXANDER INVADES PERSIA BY SEA.

Crowned King of Macedon at 19, the imperious youth dreamed of a world bowed beneath his sword. Storming through Greece, he conscripted a mighty army. Surging with the blood of conquest, he



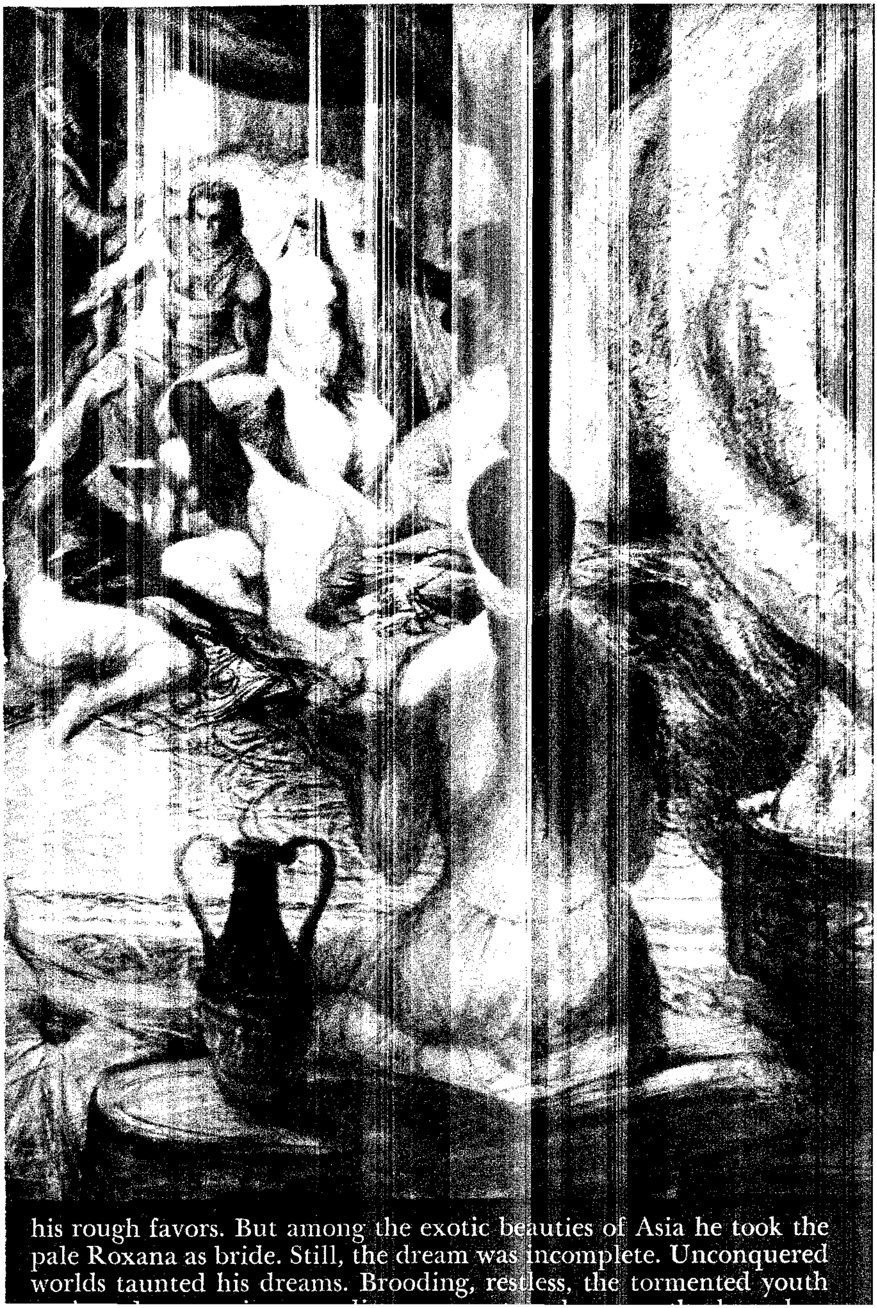
THE EASTERN WORLD FALLS TO GREECE.

From the bloody beachhead at Granicus, the Macedonians engulfed Asia Minor in a furious tide of battles. Ravaged by wounds, gaunt

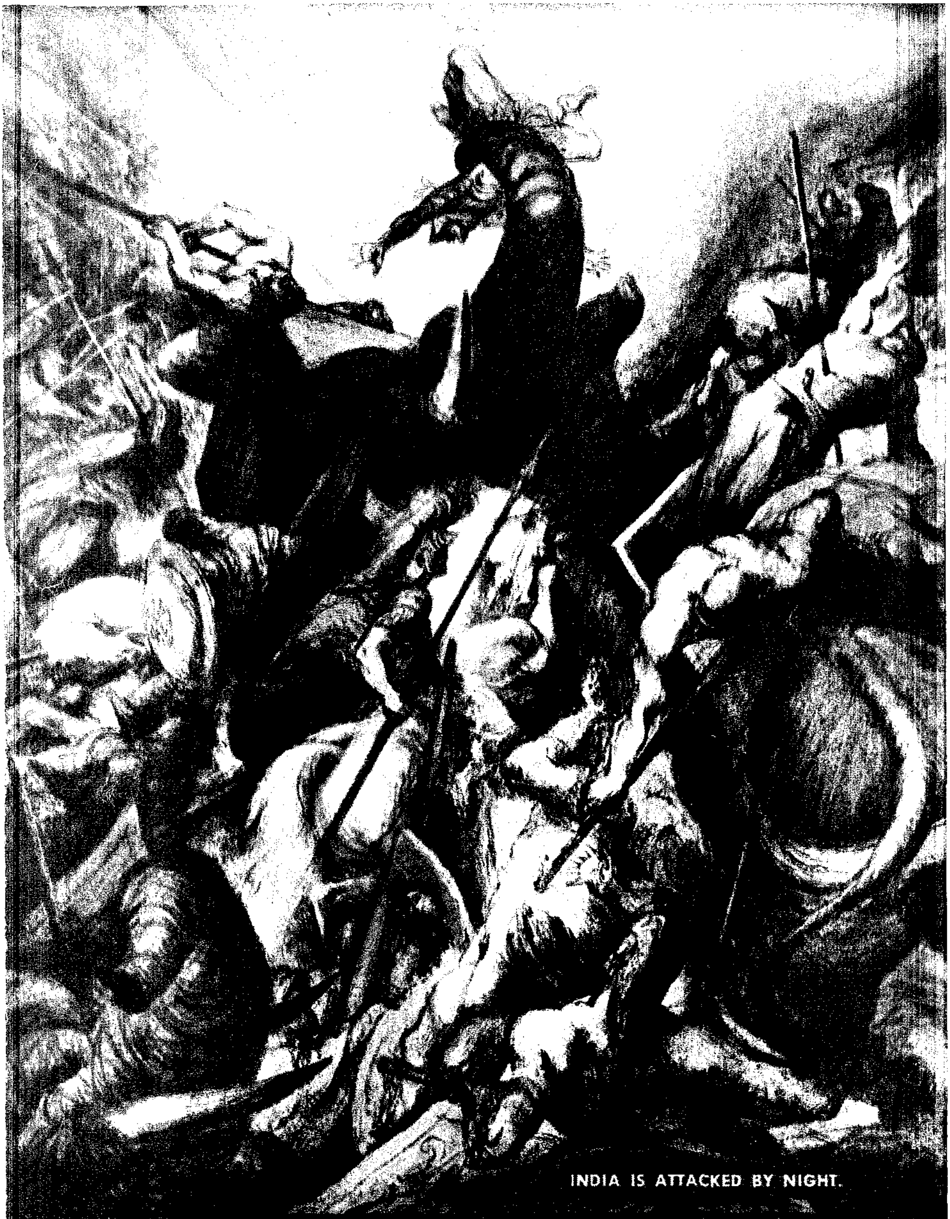


ALEXANDER BECOMES AN EARTHBOUND GOD.

In a few savage, thunderous years, Alexander—now convinced he was born of the gods—strode across the fabulous lands from Greece to India. A conquering colossus, intoxicated by the spell of the East, he turned the opulent Persian court into a temple for his own deification. Monarchs paid tribute to his terrible

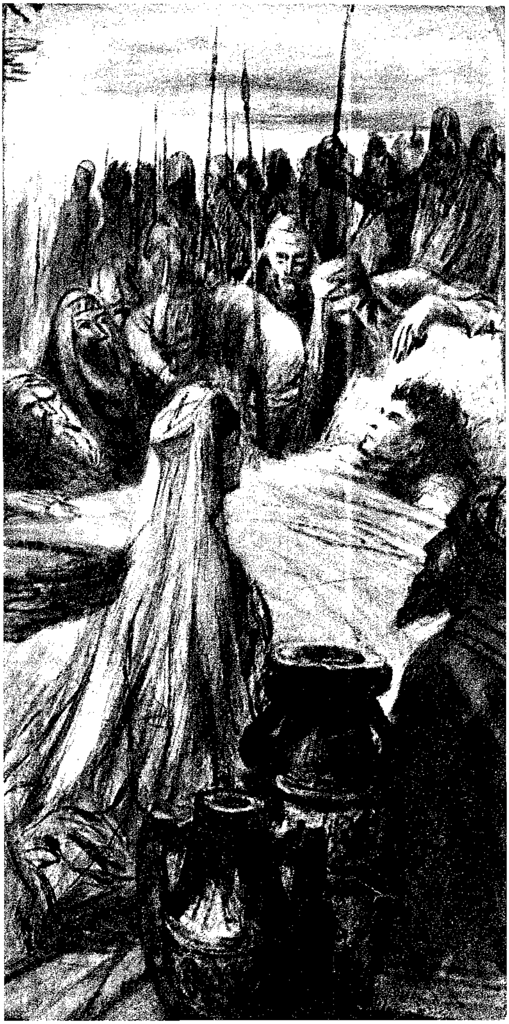


his rough favors. But among the exotic beauties of Asia he took the pale Roxana as bride. Still, the dream was incomplete. Unconquered worlds taunted his dreams. Brooding, restless, the tormented youth

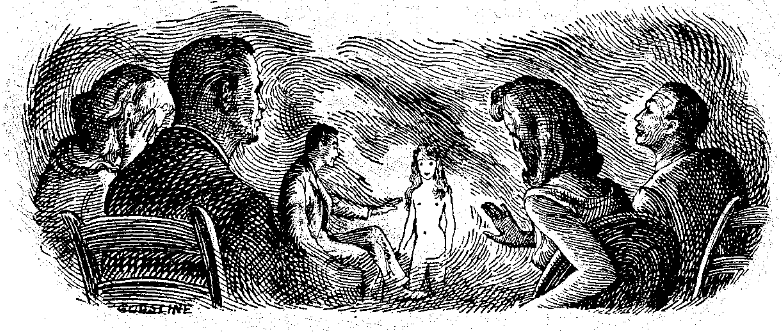


INDIA IS ATTACKED BY NIGHT.

Again an exultant conqueror, Alexander led his troops down the fabled River Indus. War elephants were marshalled against him. Again and again, the power mad youth attacked. India began to crumble. Victory was within reach. Then, on the brink of world conquest, his war weary soldiers rebelled. Alexander turned back.



The Only "Real" Ghost I Ever Met



Can man pierce the veil to the other world? This eerie story may help you decide

by HARRY PRICE

I HAVE SPENT most of my adult life investigating psychic phenomena and exposing the fraudulent practices of so-called spirit "mediums." I have attended thousands of séances—many in my own laboratory—in a sincere attempt to pierce the veil that separates this world from the next.

Objects not propelled by visible hands have flown about my head in ghost-infested houses. I have watched crude, limb-like ectoplasms materialize before my eyes. And I have shivered as I saw the thermometer fall during a séance in a heated room.

But only once have I seen a "real" ghost—a solid, three-dimensional spirit which I could actually touch. Unquestionably it was my most thrilling experience in a lifetime of debunking spiritualist charlatans.

On the morning of December 8, 1937, I was telephoned at my office by a lady who told me she could "guarantee a ghost" of a much more objective nature than any I had experienced. Every Wednesday evening, she and her friends held a "family séance" at her home, at which a "little girl spirit" known as Rosalie *always* materialized. My informant (whom I shall call Mrs. Reeves) invited me to join the circle the following Wednesday. She was certain I would be convinced of the phenomenon of materialization.

And now came the surprise. If I accepted her invitation, I would be allowed full control of the room and the sitters up to the beginning of the séance, but once the sitting had begun, I was to ask permission if I wanted to do anything.

The following Wednesday, I made my way to the Reeves' residence in a better-class London suburb. There I was greeted by Mr.

and Mrs. Reeves and their 17-year-old daughter. Together they told me the story of "Rosalie" and her mother, Madame Wilson.

Madame Wilson was of French extraction and had married an English officer at the beginning of World War I. Her husband was killed in action in 1916, leaving his wife with a baby, Rosalie. At the age of six, the child died of diphtheria.

In the spring of 1925—according to my hostess—Madame Wilson was awakened one night by the sound of her dead girl's voice crying, "Mother." This occurred so frequently that Madame Wilson got into the habit of lying awake waiting for the "voice." One night her hand was clasped by that of her little girl.

Madame Wilson became intimate with the Reeves family, and it was they who suggested regular séances in their house to encourage "Rosalie's" visits. Toward the end of 1928 the sittings began, but it was nearly six months before there was any sign of "Rosalie," though she still visited her mother's bedroom.

In the spring of 1929, however, "Rosalie" materialized without warning, and thereafter appeared regularly. Gradually a little light was introduced into the séances, and finally "Rosalie" began to speak, usually to her mother, answering simple questions. Rarely did she say more than "yes" or "no."

ON THE EVENING I went to the Reeves' home, I met Madame Wilson, a pleasant lady of about 50. The other sitter was a cheerful young bank clerk whom I shall call Jim, a friend of the Reeves' daughter. Having assembled all the sitters, I decided that the ornaments, clock, pictures and workbasket in the drawing room were not wanted, and these were removed.

Next I sprinkled starch powder in the hall outside the séance-room door, locked the door, put the key in my pocket and proceeded to affix my seals. Then I stuck four strips of adhesive tape across door and lintel, and initialed them. I treated the windows similarly.

My last act before switching off the lights and the electric heater was to sprinkle starch dust in front of the door, after directing the sitters to their seats.

Mrs. Reeves sat on my left, Madame Wilson on my right. Next to her was Miss Reeves, then Jim, and finally Reeves himself. Four mirrors, the glass covered with luminous paint, had been handed around, and they rested on the floor, face downwards. I could see the sitters distinctly. Madame Wilson appeared to be crying. A little later I heard her softly whisper, "Rosalie." This was repeated at intervals for 20 minutes.

It was a few minutes after I heard the clock in the hall strike 10 that Madame Wilson gave a choking cry and murmured something about "my darling." Mr. Reeves leaned towards me and whispered, "Rosalie is here—don't speak."

At the same moment I realized there was something quite close to me. I neither heard nor saw anything, but the sensation was an olfactory one—I smelled a strange, not-unpleasant odor. All was silent except for the rather distressing emotion of the mother, and I sensed rather than knew that she was fondling her child.

The next sound was a sort of shuffling of feet on my left; at the same instant, something lightly touched the back of my left hand. It felt soft and warm. I sat very still.

Madame Wilson continued to whisper to the "child," and her sobbing lessened somewhat. After a few minutes, Mrs. Reeves asked the mother if I might touch the "materialization," and permission was given. I stretched out my left arm. To my amazement, it came in contact with, apparently, the nude figure of a little girl.

Her flesh felt warm. I laid the back of my left hand on her right cheek; it felt soft and warm, and I could distinctly hear her breathing. I then placed my hand on her chest and could feel the respiratory movements.

Her legs and feet were the limbs of a normal six-year-old. I estimated her height at about three feet, seven inches. I touched her hair, long and soft, falling over her shoulders.

I had not bargained for anything so wonderful (or so clever) as this. But if I had been tricked, so had the mother, and that was unthinkable. She, at least, was not acting a part.

I asked if I might hold "Rosalie." I was told that I could move my chair nearer to the child, and did so. With my right hand I felt "Rosalie's" pulse. It appeared to be too quick, and I estimated a rate of 90 to the minute. I put my ear to her chest and could distinctly hear her heart beating.

I then took both her hands and asked Mr. Reeves and his daughter and Jim to speak, in order to prove their presence in their respective seats. They did so. I knew that Madame Wilson and Mrs. Reeves were on either side of me, as I had only to touch them.

At this juncture I asked permission to use the luminous plaques. It was agreed that both Mrs. Reeves and I should shine our plaques on "Rosalie," the stipulation being that we should begin at the feet and then illuminate the upper part of the child.

I picked up my plaque, turned it over, and a soft, fluorescent glow flooded Rosalie's feet. They were the feet of a normal child.

As our plaques traveled upwards, they revealed the face of a beautiful child. Her features were classical and she looked older than her alleged years. Her face appeared very pale, but the fluorescence would tend to "kill" any coloring in her cheeks. Her eyes (they appeared to be dark blue) were bright with intelligence. Her lips were closed, with rather a set expression.

Madame Wilson said the examination now must cease, as "Rosalie was wanted." As a special favor, I requested that I might put some

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Founder and director of England's famed National Laboratory of Psychical Research, "ghost-hunter" Harry Price devoted his life to exposing spiritual "phenomena" wherever he found them. On one occasion, he said that 99 per cent of supernatural happenings were faked—but that the other one per cent could not be explained. He published the results of his investigations in many books, among them *Leaves from a Psychist's Case Book* and *Confessions of a Ghost Hunter*. Before he died in 1948, Price presented his library of 20,000 volumes on magic and spiritualism to the University of London.

questions to "Rosalie," and this was granted.

If the reader was suddenly faced with an alleged spirit, what questions would he ask it? I found myself asking "Rosalie" what I should ask any other little girl who had come from some strange place.

"Where do you live, Rosalie?" (No answer.)

"What do you do there?" (Again no answer.)

"Do you play with other children?" (No answer.)

Then I asked her a final question: "Do you love your mummy?"

Her expression changed, her eyes lit up. "Yes," she lisped.

"Rosalie" had barely uttered this single word when Madame Wilson gave one pitiful cry and clasped her "daughter" to her breast. Mrs. Reeves placed our plaques on the floor again and asked for complete silence—rather difficult, as all the women in the circle were crying. I must admit that I was rather affected myself.

In about 15 minutes I realized "Rosalie" had gone. I neither heard nor felt anything of her leaving, but as the hall clock struck 11, Mrs. Reeves informed me that the séance was over. Reeves switched on the lights and invited me to make any search I liked.

I examined all my seals; every one was intact. I again removed the furniture and examined the floor, sideboard, settee, and found everything normal. The starch powder was undisturbed. I made another tour of the house, and everything seemed to be in order.

I remained with my hosts until nearly midnight, when I took leave with many thanks for an extraordinarily interesting and puzzling evening. A few weeks later I phoned Mrs. Reeves and asked for a sitting in my own laboratory, with different observers. This was promised.

But before it could be arranged, Madame Wilson decided to visit Paris to see her old home. This was at the end of August, 1939. She was apparently engulfed by the war, as no news has been heard of her since.

On the Fairway

MRS. BENSINGER had become a golf-widow—and she didn't like it! The inevitable explosion came the evening Mr. B. arrived home two hours late for dinner.

"Well," challenged Mrs. B., "I suppose you have a good excuse for showing up here after the dinner is cold and the cook gone home! What is it?"

"Lost my ball," Mr. B. groaned.

"And it took you two hours to find it?" his wife snapped impatiently.

"Oh, no," explained the weary golfer, "I found the ball in a little less than an hour."

"Then why the extra hour getting home?"

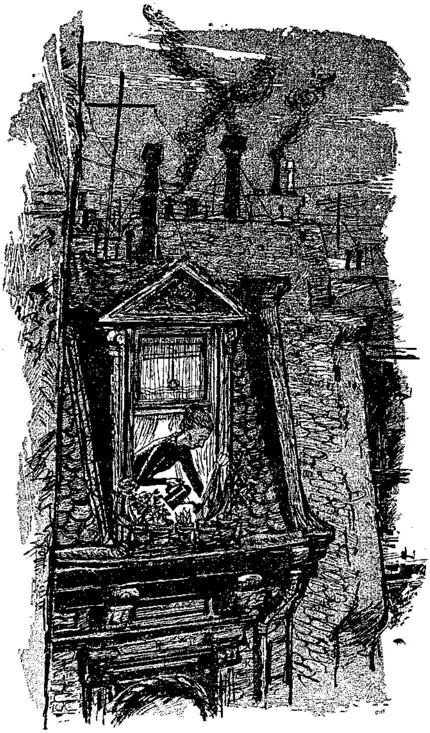
Blushing painfully, Mr. B. mumbled, "By the time I found the ball, I discovered I had lost the golf course."

—*Wall St. Journal*

Samaritans to Shut-ins

by **WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**

Chicago's Friendly Visitors see to it that the city's house-bound and needy old people are not entirely forgotten



THE LITTLE OLD LADY lived in the dark lonesomeness of a city tenement. Family and friends had long since scattered or died. Even her memories mocked her—memories of a comfortable cottage, brightened by relatives and neighbors coming and going.

Her barren room was hardly better than a prison cell—until a Friendly Visitor came. The latter, a bookkeeper in her late thirties, had enlisted in Chicago's new movement to seek out and cheer up the hidden shut-ins of blighted areas.

One assignment took her to the tumbledown structure where the feeble woman was enduring a living death. "Good morning," said the Friendly Visitor cheerfully. "I've come to get acquainted."

The only response was a look of suspicion. The newcomer tried several approaches — the weather, memories, children, religion, sympathy. Nothing helped. Three more calls proved just as fruitless; she couldn't break through the wall of hostility. Then she decided on a last try. It was a spring day, and as the Visitor hurried along she spotted a flower peddler's stand. A notion struck her—she would try flowers. Picking out a bunch of violets, she again climbed the shaky stairs, walked to the shut-in's chair and pinned the bouquet on her shabby dress.

Suddenly the lusterless eyes lightened. "You *are* a friend!" the shut-in cried. "I didn't think there was such a thing any more."

The barrier was broken, for gardening had been the old lady's hobby in earlier years. When the Friendly Visitor called next time, she brought slips from several plants. Soon the old woman had a window garden which, in the drab slum setting, was an oasis of color.

Before long, children began knocking timidly at the door, asking if they might smell the flowers. Begrimed workers and stoop-shouldered mothers climbed the dark stairs to ask about the plants, and soon other tenement windows began to bloom. At last, the shut-in had found friends and a renewed spirit of youth.

The Friendly Visitor was one of 165 volunteers enrolled by the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago to bring cheer to the city's 15,000 aged shut-ins. Old-age assistance or retirement pensions enable them to eke out existence in cheap rooming houses—but, for many, life means only loneliness and despair.

One visitor found an elderly woman who hadn't been out of her room for 17 years. Motor rides through city parks did more for her than any medicine.

Another Visitor discovered a 90-year-old man living a hermit's life. In the same neighborhood for six decades, he had been a successful storekeeper earlier. But the passing of time had brought deterioration to the district. Business had vanished, and the man became a recluse.

The Visitor penetrated his shell by encouraging him to tell of the neighborhood in its palmier days. Then he talked about his family—developing a clue to a son whom the recluse had not seen for years. A search soon located him and reunion followed. It proved to be a new lease on life and happiness for the aged man.

The Friendly Visitors are a mixed group: old and young, rich and poor, native and foreign-born, Negro and white, Protestant, Jewish and Catholic. Out of the Stevens Hotel came a wealthy retired executive, who sought release from boredom by doing a turn for the underdog.

Down into Skid Row he went, finding old men in haunts of wretchedness. Into charity hospitals he journeyed, cheering ailing people who couldn't name a living relative or friend. He found rooms for convalescents on discharge, and jobs for them when ready for work. Later, he moved to Texas, but made regular trips back to Chicago just to visit his aged "pals."

A woman office-worker makes a hobby of calling on the blind and reading to them. An immigrant housewife, fluent in European languages, is a Visitor in Chicago's foreign-born section, where she talks to old people in their native tongues. A Negro nurse visits the aged sick, bathing them and cleaning their dingy quarters.

A salesman and his wife, volunteering as a team, found in a dingy rooming house a despairing old man who had once been an artist. Their calls helped restore his confidence and he began to paint again. Then they bustled around to sell his canvases, giving him a measure of self-support.

HOW DOES A FRIENDLY VISITOR get that way? What incites busy people to spend five to ten hours a week caring for unknowns? A cross-section query at a training class brought varied answers.

"I want to fill a void due to a death in my family," said one young woman.

"I feel I have an obligation to those less fortunate than myself," replied a middle-aged businessman.

"I want to get away from monotony," asserted a society girl.

In the beginning, the plan to aid shut-ins originated with two groups in the Chicago Council of Social Agencies—the Committee on Care of the Aged and the Volunteer Bureau. Headed by Mrs. Evelyn S. Byron, the Council enlisted workers for social service. They established the Friendly Visitor program, which later was expanded to a new Community Project for the Aged, with Mrs. Elizabeth Breckinridge as director.

Training classes were established and applicants were screened. Only those who evinced an eagerness to help others, good judgment and tact, a kindly and cheerful spirit, and a capability of poise under any circumstances were accepted.

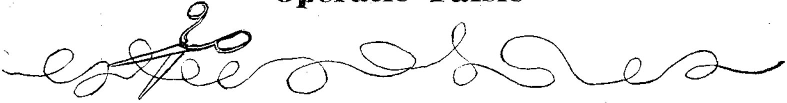
In winter, when snows were deep, the accepted volunteers plowed their way from all parts of the city to classes in Chicago's "Loop." They were tempered in the fire of reality. They would have to accept suspicion, hostility, even rejection; they must expect failure in some efforts and be satisfied with occasional success and gratitude.

Today, Friendly Visitors operate more or less by a code formulated by Mrs. Florence Karras of United Charities, one of the faculty of the visitation school program. "A fine art can be made of visiting needy old people," she says, "and it will be as much enjoyed by visitors as by recipients. Complaints can be channeled into cheerfulness, and despair turned into hope. Human warmth and friendliness are their greatest need, and these qualities will often stimulate the aged into better mental and physical health."

The more the Friendly Visitors do, and the harder they find the work, the more they seem to like it. One blind woman with a Seeing Eye dog was assigned to call on a sightless person. She was so stimulated that she asked for more names. Soon she was visiting six blind people weekly. But still she called, "More names!"

The agency had exhausted its blind list—all it could do was give her names of people who could see. So she called on them, and succeeded in giving them a "new look" on life!

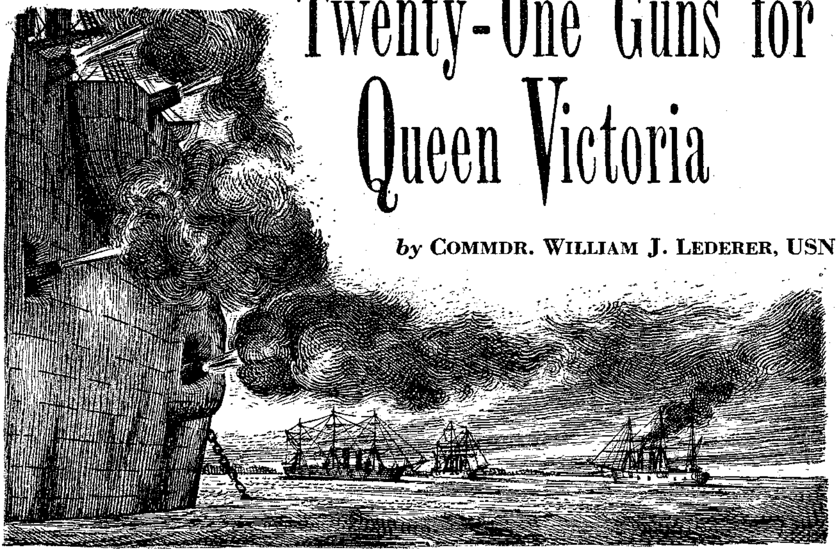
Operatic Falsie



THE METHOD by which radio recording tape is edited and performances are improved has become an art closely rivaling the technique of editing movies.

ABC once recorded a Metropolitan Opera performance for delayed broadcast and found that the star was flat in hitting a high C. Consequently, a true pitch by the same singer was taken from another portion of the aria and spliced into the tape where the note had been flat.

—VAL ADAMS (The New York *Times*)



Twenty-One Guns for Queen Victoria

by **COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER, USN**

When a Yankee salute misfired, it nearly resulted in an international incident

IN MAY, 1881, the flagship of the North Atlantic Station, the *USS Tennessee*, Capt. Joseph P. Fyffe commanding, sailed into Queenstown, Ireland, with almost a full head of canvas. Exhibiting extraordinary showmanship, Captain Fyffe ostentatiously moored the ship in a spot where people on the beach could watch her.

"We'll show these Limeys a thing or two about seamanship," he muttered, remembering his instructions from the Secretary of the Navy:

"You will proceed to Queenstown and enter that harbor on Queen Victoria's birthday. Make pains to conduct your arrival and stay with impressiveness. Observe all protocol to the highest degree: look to traditions. Your mission is to let the officers and men of Her Majesty's Navy know that the United States Navy is a sea power second to none, and that it is officered by proud men who are seamen as well as gentlemen."

The First Lieutenant approached the captain and saluted. "We are ready to render honors, Captain."

"Very well, sir. Stand by to fire a 21-broadside salute to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The First Lieutenant walked aft, mentally rechecking details. In those days a salute was an important ceremony. Observers judged the efficiency of a ship on how honors went off. If only one gun fired at a time, saluting was easy. But if a loud salute—two or more guns fired simultaneously—were used, greater skill was required; a ragged series of explosions showed the skip-

From *All the Ship's at Sea* by William Lederer. Copyright, 1949, by the author and published by William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York, N. Y.

per to be lubberly. Most conservative captains fired only one gun at a time.

The excellence of a salute also depended upon the interval between firings. Gunners normally obtained proper timing by calling out a doggerel, "If I weren't a gunner I wouldn't be here. Number two, port, fire!" *Bang!*

"If I weren't a gunner I wouldn't be here. Number three starboard, fire!" *Bang!*

Captain Fyffe, intent upon giving Queen Victoria the biggest and best salute ever rendered, decided to fire an entire battery simultaneously, to give Her Majesty a salute of 21 broadsides. For weeks his gunner's mates practiced rapid reloading, until they were able to do so within ten seconds—a remarkable feat for that day.

The old gunners' doggerel system wouldn't work for broadsides, however, and Fyffe soon learned that his own vocal cords were the only ones on the ship powerful enough to reach all hands for simultaneous firing.

Word of the de luxe ceremony mysteriously reached Queenstown before the *Tennessee* arrived, and many famous naval personages arrived to witness the important event. Thousands of spectators lined the shore, eager to hear the salute for themselves. The newspapers sent representatives.

Six bells sounded. So far, everything was on schedule.

Fyffe walked down the gun deck, playing with the 21 beans in his pocket. He wasn't speculating on making an error in the number of broadsides. Twenty-one red navy beans lay in his right pants pocket. When a broadside went off, he planned to transfer a bean from the starboard to the port pocket. When the starboard pocket had no more beans, the salute would be completed.

The First Lieutenant said, "We're ready, sir."

The captain shouted loud and clear, "Starboard battery stand by!" He raised his hand, paused, and then roared, "Starboard battery—*Fire!*"

Boom! Eight nine-inch muzzle loaders, one eight-incher, and two 80-pounders fired in beautiful synchronism. Fyffe took a bean from his starboard pocket, dropped it into the port. He bellowed, "If I weren't the best man on this man-o'-war I wouldn't be here, port battery—*Fire!*"

Boom! All the guns fired in unison. The third boom came off perfectly, and the fourth and so on. Listeners on the beach and on British ships anchored near-by wondered how such beautiful saluting could be accomplished. But no one knew, not even Joe Fyffe, that some time during the salute one of the beans in his starboard pocket had lost its outer skin and split in half.

Result: 22 broadsides, instead of 21. New protocol had been made. British tongues buzzed. The American ambassador retired to his room in Queenstown, pretending illness. Shortly thereafter, the officer of the deck on the *Tennessee* reported to Captain Fyffe that "a British boat flying an admiral's flag is headed this way."

The barge came alongside. A British admiral disembarked and, after receiving due honors, accepted the captain's invitation to come to his cabin.

After polite chitchat, the admiral came to the point. "Captain Fyffe, what is the meaning, sir, of an American ship rendering a 22-gun salute to Her Majesty?"

"I beg your pardon, Admiral," said Fyffe somewhat gruffly, "but this command rendered Her Majesty a 21-gun salute, as prescribed by rules and regulations."

The admiral started to splutter. "I myself, Captain, personally counted 22 broadsides. My aide counted them, too, and so did the American ambassador and his naval attaché."

"I fired 21 broadsides, each perfectly timed and in accord—I dare say the most magnificent salute Her Majesty ever received . . ."

"Twenty-two, I assure you . . ."

"Twenty-one!" said Fyffe, placing his left hand in his pants pocket and methodically dropping the beans through his fingers.

The admiral removed a glove, "Are you calling me a liar, sir?"

"Her Majesty received 21 and no more. . . ." Joe Fyffe's left hand continued to count beans.

The British admiral shifted the glove to his right hand, "For the last time, I say, 22 . . ."

"Twenty-one!" shouted Capt. Joe Fyffe, shaking his fist under the admiral's nose. "And I'll thank you, sir, not to try to teach an American naval officer his business. You heard 22 perfect broadsides all right, each in perfect synchronism and accord . . ."

By now, the sinews were standing out like wires in the admiral's red neck. "What kind of Yankee quackery is this . . . ?"

"Quackery, did you say?" said Fyffe, placing a hand on his sword hilt. "Twenty-one of those perfect broadsides were for your Queen. The last one—and the loudest—was for my wife, Her Majesty, Mrs. Joe Fyffe, by God!"

Menu for Milady

Uncle Lew Sells, owner of the old Sells Brothers Circus, had a reputation for being none too free with luxurious food items for his animals. One day his chimpanzee trainer came to him and said, "Mr. Sells, we have the smartest chimp in captivity. She's smarter than Ringling's Johanna, but she can't match her because her diet is improper and as a result she's peaked and mopey."

"Well, what does Ringling feed Johanna?" the old man demanded.

Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, the trainer read: "Dozen eggs every day, beaten up in heavy cream. Fancy grapes, bunch a day. Selected red-skin bananas. Hearts of lettuce, three a day. Twice a week, fresh breadfruit."

Uncle Lew shuddered, then he snarled, "Okay, give the same things to ours. But I'll bet that chimp had a hard time of it finding a guy to buy all those things for her when she was swarming up and down the trees in Africa."

—Irving Hoffman

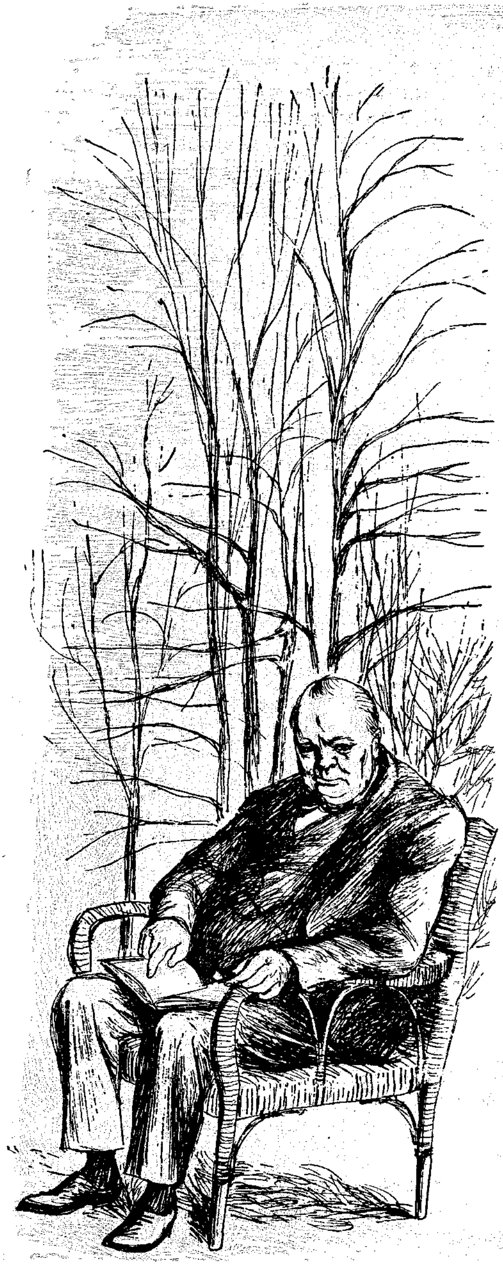
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

KINGS and Lovers

In this quiz, kings have lost their countries . . . true loves have been torn apart. Can you reunite king with kingdom, sweetheart with lover? Count five points for each correct answer. A score of 80 is excellent; 70 is good; 60 is fair. Answers are on page 145.

1. King Alexander the Great
2. King Nebuchadnezzar
3. Mark Antony
4. Robin Hood
5. King Herod the Great
6. Li'l Abner
7. President Andrew Jackson
8. King Alfonso XIII
9. Adonis
10. King Louis XV
11. Napoleon Bonaparte
12. George Washington
13. King Kamehameha
14. Tom Sawyer
15. Emperor Haile Selassie
16. John Rolfe
17. King Arthur
18. King Haakon VII
19. Emperor Montezuma
20. King Christophe

Hawaii
Cleopatra
Spain
Mexico
Becky Thatcher
Norway
England
Venus
Martha Custis
Macedonia
Babylon
Madame Pompadour
Rachel Robards
Maid Marian
Ethiopia
Haiti
Jerusalem
Empress Josephine
Daisy Mae
Pocahontas



BOOKS IN YOUR LIFE

by **WINSTON CHURCHILL**

The following remarks are from a speech which Mr. Churchill gave in London recently when, as the author of two impressive volumes of war memoirs, he received the *Sunday Times'* annual award for "an outstanding contribution to English literature."

WRITING A BOOK is an adventure; to begin with it is a toy, then amusement, then it becomes a mistress, then it becomes a master, and then it becomes a tyrant, and the last phase is that just as you are about to be reconciled to your servitude, you will kill the monster and strew him about to the public.

But readers—I venture to say a word to them, and I would say how important it is to read books. Now, of course, someone once said—whenever a new book appears, read an old one! Well, that is a principle which, as an author, I would say has to be applied with certain moderation and respect, but it is a great mistake to live entirely in the present.

There are dangers in the

modern world which grow continually. We have our daily newspapers which present us with the latest news literally from hour to hour. They offer us a selection of all the murders and tragedies which take place all over the world, and many unthinking eyes are fixed on these. But perhaps as time goes on and we come out of the shocking strains and stresses to which we have been exposed, the newspapers will take a graver tone and aim at choosing events in their true proportion to world issues.

Then there is the radio to which we listen and which we use when good and when convenient with great satisfaction. And there is just now television, and I am told whole families spend their whole evenings listening and watching together, and that no doubt is a very good thing. But it ought not to be the only way they sustain impressions.

This is where books come in, and it is of the utmost importance that everyone should try to devote a certain portion of every week to reading.

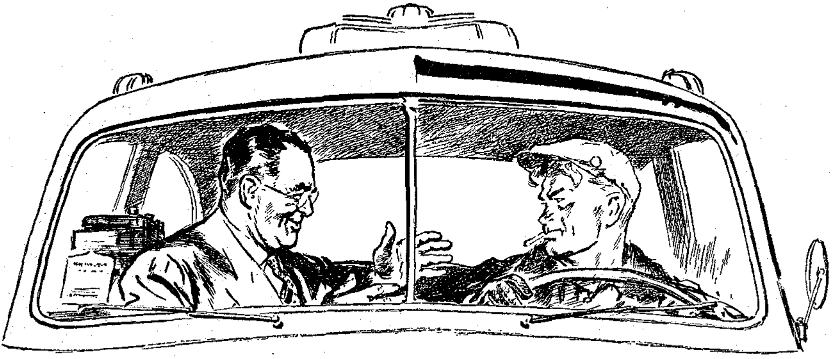
You must refresh the mind. You feed a cow—why shouldn't you feed your mind? You cannot expect the poor animal to work unless it is refreshed by nourishment. And my advice is to make sure that you read the great books of the English language. And my advice to the young is not to begin to read them too soon. It is a great pity to read works of classical value hurriedly or at an immature period of development.

Above all, schoolmasters should be careful not to set famous books as holiday tasks to their pupils. It is astonishing what aversions are bred by that. I asked a man the other day, "Have you ever read so and so?" and he said, "Yes, I read it as a holiday task 40 years ago and I've never been able to open its pages since."

The English language, its great writers, the great riches and treasures which it possesses—among which, of course, the Bible and Shakespeare stand alone on the highest platform—this literature is one of our greatest sources of inspiration and of strength. The English language is the language of the English-speaking people, and no such combination, so powerful and so fertile and so living, exists anywhere else on the surface of the globe.

Thus, by being lovers of the English language, admirers of it and all its strength and variety, we shall not only improve and elevate and preserve our literature, but we shall make ourselves more intimate and effective members of that great English-speaking world with whom, if it is wisely guided, the future of mankind will largely rest.

ILLUSTRATED BY NETTIE WEBER



GE Calls Him Charlie Wilson

by KENT SAGENDORPH

The industrial genius who heads General Electric sees himself as "an average man"

THE PHONE RANG in the home of a famous Detroit production man whose services were being sought by several big companies.

"This is Charlie Wilson," said the crisp voice. "Have you made up your mind yet? We'd very much like to have you come with us."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson," the Detroiter replied, "but I've decided to go with General Electric."

"Gol-dang it!" the voice on the phone exploded. "This *is* General Electric's Wilson!"

"Oh, excuse me," sputtered the production man. "I thought you were General Motors' Wilson."

The country is full of successful people named Charlie Wilson and, to make matters more confusing, two of America's outstanding industrial leaders are named Charles E. Wilson. Charles Erwin Wilson is president of General Motors. Charles Edward Wilson is president of General Electric.

GM's Wilson is a reticent man who seldom appears in the news. GE's Wilson is a six-foot-two, rugged, pleasant man who can't help making friends. "Golly!" he grins. "There's nothing unusual about me. I am as close to the average citizen as could be imagined."

In his own estimation, he is just that—a fellow named Charlie Wilson. But to his 175,000 or more fellow-workers in GE, he is a 63-year-old genius who has kept his world-wide organization increasingly successful through a continuous crisis that began a decade ago and is still in progress. To industrial statesmen, he is a many-sided person who understands the social role of big business and keeps it in tune with the times.

Wilson is a man of simple tastes, who shows indifference to what people say about the need of "living up to his position." He is just one of 60,000 Westchester commuters who arrive at Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal every business day. He is not a millionaire, not even a wealthy man. The Wilsons live in a comfortable house in Scarsdale, just like other well-to-do families.

In the garage is a single car in which Mrs. Wilson goes shopping and drives her husband to the train and to Westchester County Airport, where he is forever taking off on some business trip. Their daughter, Margaret, is a student at Syracuse University.

During his few evenings and week ends at home, Wilson usually takes it easy, reads the paper, goes to the Baptist Church at White Plains on Sunday. His golf game is better than fair and, whenever possible, he plays handball.

In his plainly furnished office at GE headquarters in New York, Wilson sits behind a desk which once belonged to Thomas A. Edison. There, he radiates energy like a radio transmitter. His hands are never still, waving up and down as he expounds his belief in the common sense of the American people.

At the moment, Wilson is engaged in an energetic campaign to publicize, and popularize, the American way of doing business. With GE pioneering a new road to better understanding between employees and management in industries throughout the country, the company president is a member of various government commissions and top-level planning boards.

"Some people assert that Charlie is just as important a statesman as he is an industrialist," says a GE executive. "But he can't see that these honors make him different from other company employees."

Wilson's personal working methods are somewhat unique, but match the rest of his personality in simplicity. Since his accession to the presidency, the company has set up a series of departments which have control over the products they make—turbines, air-conditioning units, appliances, radio and television sets, and light bulbs. Each department has a vice-president who is really the operating president of an independent business. The committees, which include these department managers, sales chiefs, and perhaps another vice-president or two, often include Wilson himself.

He likes to listen to the discussions, see the graphs and charts, look at models of new devices, and study the way the other members defend their arguments. The final authority rests with him, but he seldom decides what to do until everybody has had his say.

More than anything else, these sessions of the GE "planning team" keep him away from home. Meetings may be held in Erie, Pennsylvania, today, and in Fort Wayne, Indiana, tomorrow, and in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the day after. The effect on the company brings it as close to a democracy as a great industrial organization can get.

IN THE FIELD of government service, Wilson is a member of the National Labor-Management Panel and the Taft-Hartley Advisory Board. With his GE and government commitments, he spends an average of two days a week in the Capital.

An important Wilson function in Washington, which he dislikes, is his inevitable position as spokesman for industry before legislative committees. It is usually Wilson who makes the public statements, voices management's feelings, represents that group in the public mind.

Despite his dislike for the role of spokesman, Charlie Wilson is probably the best-qualified man in America to advise the government on basic questions of human rights and opportunities. His own story is that of the typical Alger hero. He got to the top from the humblest beginnings after 50 years of hard work, and anybody who tells him that the little fellow has no chance any more is in for a lively time.

That very thing happened not long ago in New York, where a cab driver complained that he didn't have a chance to better himself. Wilson harangued the astonished driver for half an hour about the manifold opportunities that still surround everyone in this country.

Wilson was born in the "Hell's Kitchen" section of Manhattan in 1886, son of an invalid father and a remarkable mother. His father died when Charlie was three, and Hanna Wilson, his mother, went to work as a practical nurse to support herself and the boy. At six, he was big for his age and well able to take care of himself in any schoolboy scrap. But Hanna Wilson wisely switched his fisticuff talents from the schoolyard to the boxing ring at near-by Christ Church House.

When he was 12, Charlie quit school, and that was all the regular education he ever received. "I wanted to do something—anything—to earn a few dollars to help out at home," Wilson remarks.

He got a job as office boy in the neighborhood shop of the Sprague Electric Company. This was in 1899, when GE was just getting started. A few years later, it bought the Sprague company and acquired Charlie. He had risen to assistant shipping clerk—salary, $8 a week.

Wilson's rise in the company was anything but sensational. Year after year he attended night-school classes at the YMCA, training himself in basic academic subjects, in shop practice, and in accounting.

On his 21st birthday, he married his childhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Maisch, who, like himself and his mother, was a loyal Baptist. The young couple were seen every Sunday at church, where Charlie also taught Sunday school.

In 1922, Wilson had worked for GE for 23 years, and was assistant general manager of two plants. That year, an event occurred which was to start him toward the pinnacle he occupies today. The president of GE, making an inspection tour of all plants, encountered Wilson at Maspeth, Long Island. The president was Gerard Swope, probably the most famous man in the electrical industry at that time.

Wilson was in the plant when the GE wizard came down the floor, observing everything with his fiery, penetrating glance. Somebody introduced Wilson. He stuck out his great paw and took Swope's small hand. Then he looked right into Swope's eyes, as if curious to see what a tycoon looked like.

Wilson promptly forgot the meeting, but the impact of his personality stayed in Swope's memory for 17 years. During that time he often saw Wilson in various plants, and soon discovered that the two of them thought alike. Moreover, Wilson was just as hard-driving in sales as in manufacturing. The GE president began to centralize and coordinate. He introduced new appliances, and found that Wilson was selling them faster than the plants could turn them out.

ONCE ON THE LADDER to success, Wilson climbed rapidly. He was assistant to the Bridgeport works manager when things really started to move. So many duties and titles were added to his department that in 1930 the GE directors elected him a vice-president and a charter member of the new "Appliance Sales Committee."

All this time Wilson was attending the First Baptist Church of Bridgeport every Sunday, teaching a huge Sunday-school class, and keeping fit on the handball court. He became one of Bridgeport's most famous personalities. "Hi, Charlie!" was the friendly greeting to Wilson from executives in the company, workmen in the plant, merchants in the stores and folks on the street.

Nobody knew, however, that Wilson's name was coming up more and more frequently at GE directors' meetings. Swope never told Wilson that he and Owen D. Young, famous board chairman, had a problem which they felt only Wilson could solve.

That problem was a complete manufacturing reorganization of the company, but it would have to wait. The world, in the mid-1930s, was hurtling toward war. Swope was nearing retirement age. Reorganization was a problem for his successor.

In 1937, when military contracts were becoming a burden, the directors elected Wilson to a brand-new post, "Executive Vice-President." He was called to New York and given a free hand to pick his own staff. He became a sort of general manager of GE's global organization. Then, on November 17, 1939, both Swope and Young resigned by writing a little memo to the directors on one of Young's desk pads.

"We took up this burden together," they said, "and we wish to lay it down together. The policy of retirement around 65 is one we formulated, and it is now time to apply it to ourselves."

Thus, two of America's greatest industrial figures stepped into retirement. The directors elected Wilson to the presidency at once, and 39-year-old Philip Reed, Swope's erstwhile executive assistant, replaced Young as board chairman.

Swope wanted everybody to know why Wilson had been chosen. At a meeting of executives in Schenectady, he said: "One very interesting thing, and I glory in it, is the fact that Charlie is not a college man. It shows that it is the man himself who is coming through."

Thus put on a spot, Wilson had to "come through." In his first years in the presidency, he succeeded in gearing the company almost completely to war work. Soon after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt appealed to Wilson to become vice-chairman of the War Production Board. After some hesitation, Wilson accepted. He resigned as president of GE, sold all his stock, cut every tie that had held him to the business, and phoned his wife: "It took me 43 years to become president of GE—and only 43 seconds to resign from it!"

Later, it was estimated that this

patriotic gesture cost Wilson tens of thousands in cash, besides a fortune in lost salary and stock dividends. For about two years he dashed about the U. S., locating and curing production bottlenecks in aluminum, in aircraft plants, in the building of combat vessels for the Navy. In the fall of 1944, Wilson saw the end of the war approaching and felt it was time to step out. In accepting his resignation, Roosevelt said: "You have rendered outstanding service to your country."

Hardly had Wilson returned to the presidency of GE than President Truman began appointing him to postwar boards and commissions. To date, Wilson has accepted every governmental task thrust upon him.

World-famous, an outstanding American honored by the people of the nation and his own tremendous organization, Charles Edward Wilson today finds himself at the pinnacle of success. What kind of a man is he? Has his great fame and authority changed him? The answer lies in a recent incident in the GE Building in New York.

An office girl came into an elevator with a heavy load of mail. She saw a big fellow standing there, so she asked him if he planned to get off at the 45th floor. Yes, said Charlie Wilson.

"Would you mind lugging this load of mail in there?"

"Not at all," smiled Wilson. He took the load, and got off.

"You know who that was?" demanded the operator. "Just Mr. Wilson, president of the company!"

The girl almost had hysterics, but Charlie Wilson enjoyed one of the best chuckles he had had in weeks.

Dr. Jim and God

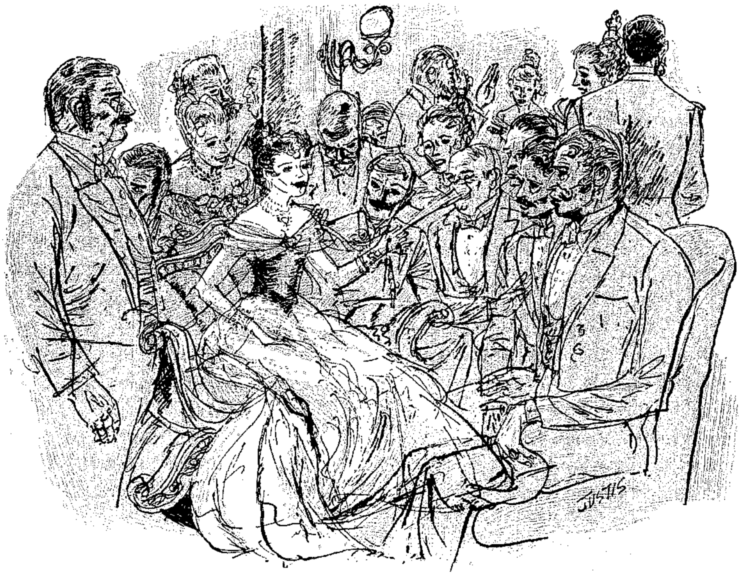
MY GREAT-UNCLE, Dr. "Jim" Biggerstaff, practiced medicine all his life in the best horse-and-buggy tradition. His jolly bedside manner was famous far and wide, and it was said of him that he had many an "ailing" woman up and dancing before he left the "sickroom."

When, finally, at the age of 82, he was ready to die, he took to his bed and held cheerful reception for countless friends who trooped in to pay their respects. One of his callers was a neighbor somewhat too much on the gloomy and pious side for as merry a soul as Uncle Jim. He tried his best to lighten up the conversation but she continued in the solemn vein she obviously considered appropriate to the occasion. Finally she came out with what had been topmost in her mind all along.

"Doctor," she demanded sternly, "have you made your peace with God?"

A gleam came into Uncle Jim's eyes. "No, sister, I haven't," he remarked blandly, and lay there enjoying her look of horror a full minute. Then: "You see," he explained softly, "*we* never fell out."

—EDITH ROBERTS



CLEVELAND'S QUEEN OF SOCIETY SWINDLERS

by **DR. DAVID DRESSLER**

Banks closed, businesses failed when her career of fraud and blackmail was exposed

ON A WINTER EVENING in 1904, a glittering dinner party was at its height in the dining room of a luxurious New York hotel. Casual diners cast envious glances at the candlelit table, and especially at the lovely hostess whose scintillating personality dominated the room.

Among themselves, waiters whispered that she was the enormously wealthy Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick of Cleveland. She had arrived from that city in a private railroad car, accompanied by six servants and a host of friends—merely to attend a performance of the opera *Parsifal.*

The hotel manager was most apologetic as he interrupted the dinner to say that two gentlemen urgently wished to see Mrs. Chadwick.

In her suite, Mrs. Chadwick smiled inquiringly at her visitors.

"We have a warrant for your arrest, charging fraud and forgery in violation of federal banking laws," she was told.

"Gentlemen," the dainty little woman whispered, "you are making a terrible mistake."

Society was incredulous, then enraged at such stupidity. Everyone knew Mrs. Chadwick—the kindest, most genteel, most lovable person anyone could imagine. People recalled her marriage, seven years before, to Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, wealthy Cleveland dentist. At first, they had been a little provoked that the handsome doctor had married an out-of-towner. But when they called at the family mansion on swank Euclid Avenue, they thawed.

Cassie, a woman of 40, was so breath-takingly beautiful, so gracious and charming, that men were enchanted. Even women found her a rare and exciting personality. Before many months, she had become the pace-setter of Cleveland society.

Obviously accustomed to luxury, Cassie spent money lavishly. Her clothes were imported creations; her jewels were museum pieces; and she loved to give unexpected presents. On one occasion, she had visited a showroom to buy a piano, and on sudden impulse had purchased the remaining 27 instruments to be sent to friends with her compliments.

MRS. CHADWICK'S ARREST came as a bombshell. Newspapers treated the story gingerly, barely reporting the salient facts. Then Herbert Newton, a banker of Brookline, Massachusetts, gave them a story that put Cassie's name in headlines.

Newton testified that he had loaned Mrs. Chadwick $190,000, with the understanding he was to receive a handsome bonus. As security, she had exhibited a receipt for rental of a safety-deposit box, indicating contents valued at $5,000,000. But what had impressed him even more was a postdated note for $500,000, made out to Cassie and signed by Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate.

When Newton had begun to press for return of his money, Cassie had put him off. The securities in the box, she had explained, were a legacy. This would fall due soon, the box would be opened and all obligations paid. Worried that other creditors might be paid off first, Newton had begun a civil suit.

Her friends were stunned. Was this possible? Yes, Cassie admitted, she owed Newton the money. But she would make payment in full within 48 hours.

The 48 hours came and went. Then another bombshell burst. Wasn't she, the police asked, the Mme. Lydia Devere who had served a prison term for forgery in 1890? Fingerprinting was not in general use then, and positive identification was difficult.

"Ridiculous!" cried Cassie. "All my friends who have stuck by me so faithfully will see their confidence was not misplaced when my safety-deposit box is opened."

But when the box was opened, it contained only worthless paper. An officer of the bank reluctantly admitted that when she rented the box Mrs. Chadwick had waved a sealed package before his dazzled eyes saying it contained $5,000,000 in securities and that he had given her a receipt without checking!

Now the storm really broke. One by one, humiliated and frightened bankers confessed that they, too, had loaned Cassie hundreds of thousands of dollars! The president of one institution had loaned her four times the amount of the bank's capital stock, plus $100,000 of his own savings. Three banks closed their doors. A dozen business houses went to the wall. A newspaper, excoriating the bewitching swindler, stated: "The suicide of more than one man, and the impoverishment of probably hundreds of families, may be laid at her door."

As the fantastic story unfolded, it became clear that she had also employed a more sinister technique. One man, who had refused to loan her money, accepted an invitation to dinner at the Chadwick mansion. There he found only his hostess and a pretty young girl whom she introduced as the daughter of a New York physician.

The dinner was elaborate, the wine delicious, and the guest awoke next morning on the living-room floor, remembering nothing of the night's events. Enter Mrs. Chadwick in tears. His behavior, she said, had been appalling. She had been forced to take the doctor's poor, innocent daughter to a hotel for the night. What would the police think when the girl lodged a complaint?

The man was genuinely grateful when Cassie reluctantly agreed to take his $10,000 check to the girl—to help her forget the incident.

On another occasion, a costly carriage drew up to a banker's door. With impressive dignity, a richly gowned lady entered, and asked for a stupendous loan. The astonished banker courteously asked what security would be offered.

"Oh," said his visitor, "I am Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick. I presume you have heard of my uncle—Mr. Andrew Carnegie." Opening her purse, she extracted some papers. "Here are two notes signed by him. You can see that at maturity they are worth $750,000. Perhaps they will be sufficient security."

Tactfully, the banker indicated that, "just as a matter of form," he would like to have some responsible person attest the Carnegie signature.

"The gentleman who delivered the notes to me this morning is still in town," Mrs. Chadwick said. "As he is Mr. Carnegie's New York attorney, I think he ought to know my uncle's handwriting."

The "lawyer" attested the signature, and assured the banker that he had been present when the notes were signed. Cassie got the loan.

Sometimes, Cassie varied her story by hinting subtly that she was the illegitimate daughter of the steel tycoon. On the strength of her brazen claims, banks held more than a million dollars' worth of notes bearing "Carnegie" signatures.

As the evidence against Cassie mounted, friends wondered how Dr. Chadwick could have been so completely oblivious to his wife's actions. Investigation indicated that he knew little about her background, nothing of her swindles. He did realize that she was not living on his income, but Cassie had bedazzled him, too, with the old $5,000,000-inheritance story.

AT MRS. CHADWICK'S TRIAL, which began in March, 1905, the prosecutor mercilessly solved the mystery of her past. He informed the court that she had been born Elizabeth Bigley, in Eastwood, Ontario. Her father was a struggling farmer whose poverty galled Elizabeth. In books, she read about great ladies, and to join their ranks became the dominating passion of her life.

When she was 20, she got merchants to cash bad checks simply by presenting a visiting card reading:

Miss Bigley
Heiress to $15,000.

Soon the adventurous Elizabeth left home. Her beauty attracted many men. She forged a check on one wealthy acquaintance's name, and was promptly arrested.

But in court the slim, alluring girl looked so helpless that the judges acquitted her. Elizabeth had learned that beauty was power.

Posing as the daughter of a British general, widow of an earl, niece of an ex-President of the U. S., she ensnared men, then coolly blackmailed them. At 25, she married Dr. W. S. Springsteen, borrowed on his name and property; he had to sell his home to settle the claims. A year later, they were divorced.

As Mme. Devere, a Toledo clairvoyant, she brought James Lamb to the slaughter. He mortgaged his house to give her money. When he innocently cashed her forged checks, both were arrested. Lamb went free, but Mme. Devere drew a nine-and-a-half year sentence. Three years later, she was paroled.

Her next appearance was as Mrs. C. L. Hoover, widow. This time she was out for the biggest possible game—a man who could give her the wealth and social position she craved. When Dr. Chadwick offered her both, she accepted, and set out to jam into her life all the excitement, luxury and adulation her frustrated ego demanded. Then her glamorous bubble burst.

Listening to the prosecutor, she remained the grand lady. She was indeed, she admitted, the widow who had married Dr. Chadwick. All the rest was a fabrication of lies.

But Cassie was convicted and sentenced to ten years. In prison, she deteriorated rapidly. Two years later, on her deathbed, she expressed no remorse for the lives and reputations she had destroyed.

Little mystery concerning her past remained. But when the news of her death was published, a new mystery was born. She was due to be buried in a pauper's grave. But at the last moment an anonymous man paid to have her body shipped to Canada for burial, in final testimony to the fascination and power of a woman who had destroyed herself in one of the most fabulous flings of all time.

The Motorist's (Improved) Dictionary

Cautious Driver—a motorist who is not sure whether his automobile insurance policy has lapsed. —Martin A. Ragaway

Drive-in Theater—a lover's lane with ushers. —Irving Hoffman

Split Second—the amount of time it takes the fellow behind you to honk his horn after the light turns green. —Herb Shriner

OUR HUMAN COMEDY

IT HAPPENED IN my husband's one-chair barbershop in a dusty little Arizona town. A lanky cowboy meandered in and seated himself uncomfortably on the padded foot-rest of the barber chair.

"What do you want?" Ray asked him curiously.

"Ha'r cut," was the laconic reply.

"Well, what are you doing down there? Climb up in the chair."

The cowboy eyed the chair suspiciously, then asked, "Whar *you* plannin' on sittin'?" —MRS. R. L. SPENCE

JASCHA HEIFETZ was once giving a concert in a European capital. Watching from the royal box were the King and Queen.

At the conclusion of his first selection, Heifetz noticed that the Queen was smiling at him in approval. He smiled in return and bowed. When he had finished his second number, the Queen smiled at him again, and again he smiled back. This business was repeated at the end of each selection.

When he returned to his dressing room after the concert, Heifetz found a court attendant there.

"Mr. Heifetz," said the attendant stiffly, "the King commands you to appear at the royal palace!"

Heifetz paled. "I assure you, sir," he gasped, "the Queen smiled at me first." —IRVING HOFFMAN

THE GANG FOREMAN was talking with a laborer who had just announced that he was quitting.

"What for?" demanded the foreman. "Aren't the wages okay?"

"Oh yeah, the pay's okay," the laborer replied sarcastically. "It's just that I hate to keep a horse out of work." —*Twaddle*

AN UPSTATE New York veterinary got a call from a local store. A farmer there wanted him to look at a sick cow. The doctor picked up the farmer and drove over winding country roads. As they pulled up to the farmer's house, the farmer opened the car door and said:

"You can let me out here, Doc. I haven't got a sick cow. You see, you charge only $3 for a visit while a taxi would have cost me $5."

—*Capper's Weekly*

IT WAS A PENETRATING wisecrack that first got Wendell Willkie's name linked with the presidency. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson wrote in his syndicated column that if Willkie were nominated he would make a powerful candidate and, if elected, a great president.

When a reporter phoned to ask his reaction to this remark, Willkie retorted: "If the government keeps on taking my business away at its present rate, I'll soon be out of work and looking for a job. Johnson's offer is the best I've had yet."

—IRVING STONE, *They Also Ran* (Doubleday)

BOB WATERFIELD, former UCLA backfield star and now mainstay of the Los Angeles Rams, surprised an interviewer from a fan magazine by asserting that he, rather than his talented wife, Jane Russell, did the cooking in their home.

"I don't want Jane endangering her career by bending over a hot stove," was his startling explanation.

—MAC DAVIS, *Great American Sports Humor* (Dial Press)

WHILE THE PREACHER berated all kinds of sin, Aunty Lucy punctuated his sermon frequently with, "Amen . . . praise d'Lawd!" She echoed his disapproval of lying, card playing, dice, and drinking.

When the preacher turned his denunciation upon petty gossip, Aunt Lucy eased back into the pew and muttered, "Now he's done quit preachin' and started meddlin'."

—*The Furrow*

DURING THE LAST May Day Parade, a policeman shoved past an onlooker who became very angry. "Don't you push me!" he snapped, "I'm an anti-Communist!"

"I don't care what kind of a Communist you are—move on!"

—WALTER WINCHELL

HE WAS CALLED JOSÉ. He was a little Filipino boy who attached himself to our outfit while we were stationed at the port of Batangas in a very rural but luxuriant tropical wonderland, about 60 miles south of Manila. He was always serving us: shining shoes, working in the mess hall, or entertaining us with native folk songs. He loved American food and supplies, and the American way of life.

Someone gave him a toothbrush, his first, and he seemed to take great pride in using it. He kept it on a hook in the shed where we all took our showers. Then I noticed the toothbrush was missing for a few days. When it returned, I observed a little sign painted over the toothbrush hook:

"Please do not use without my permission. Thank you—José."

—JAMES E. STOKES (*Christian Science Monitor*)

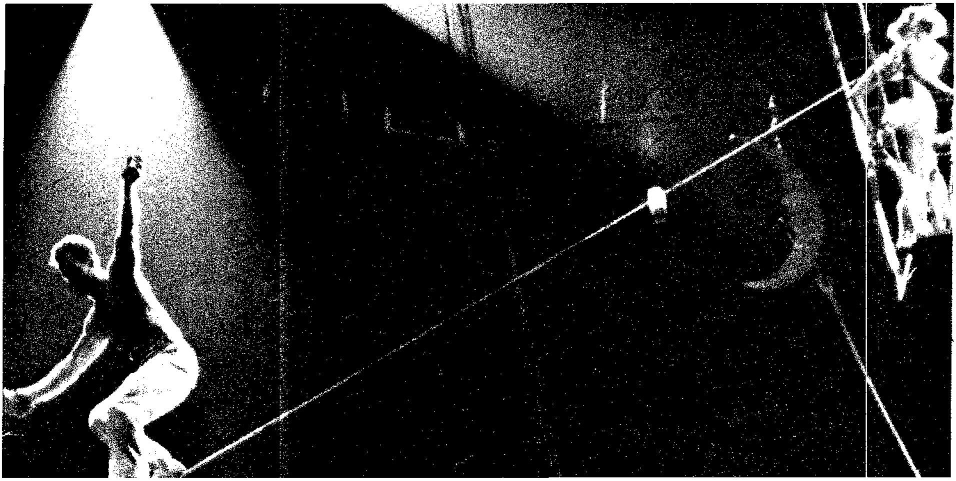
ON HIS VISIT TO NORWAY, a friend of mine was impressed with the unpretentiousness and democratic conduct of members of the royal family. When he saw a photograph of the King carrying his suitcase to the train while the adjutant who followed him carried nothing, he remarked to a Norwegian, "Can you imagine! The King even carries his suitcase himself."

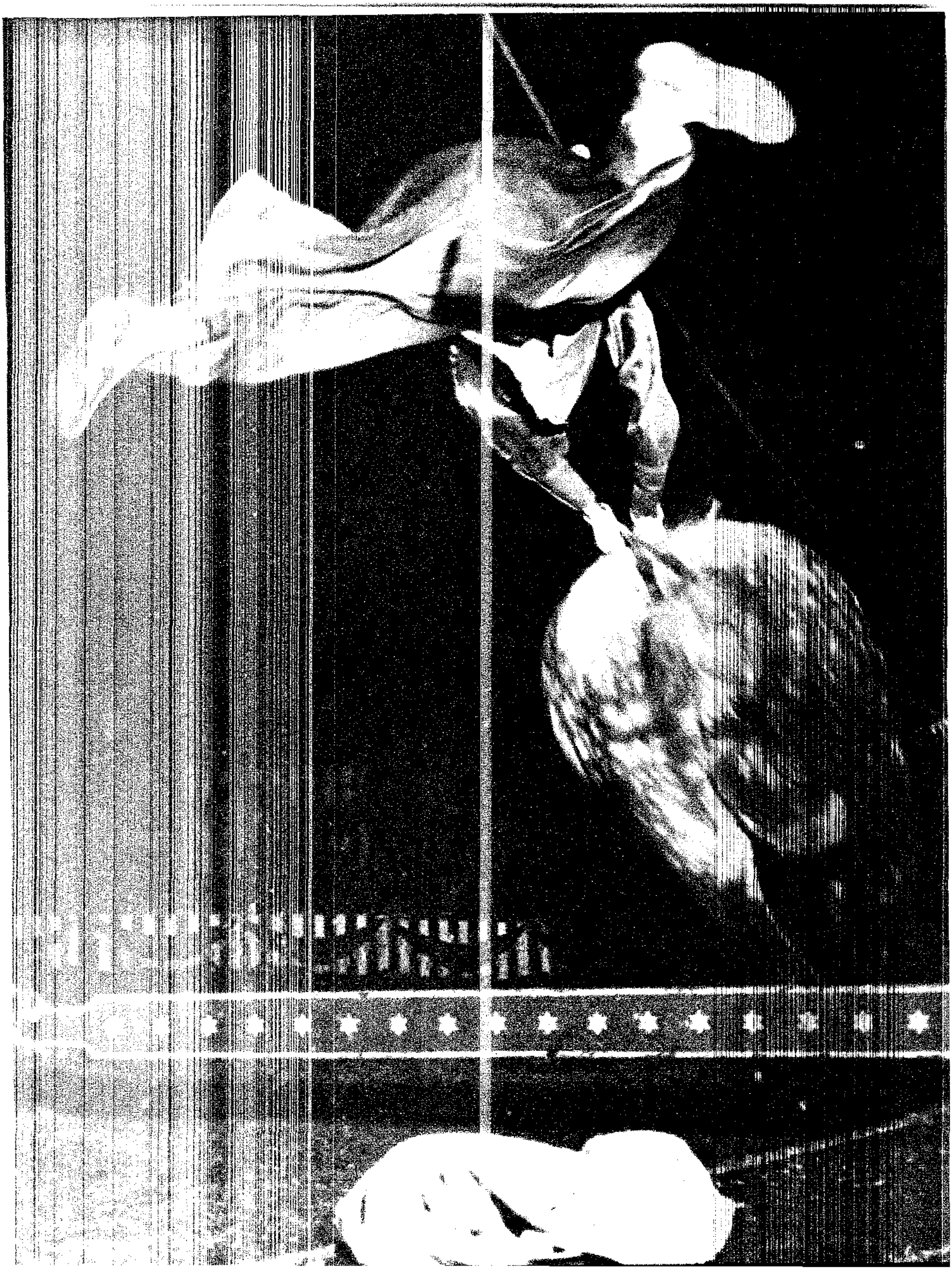
"So what?" replied the Norwegian. "It's his, isn't it?" —ERNEST MAASS

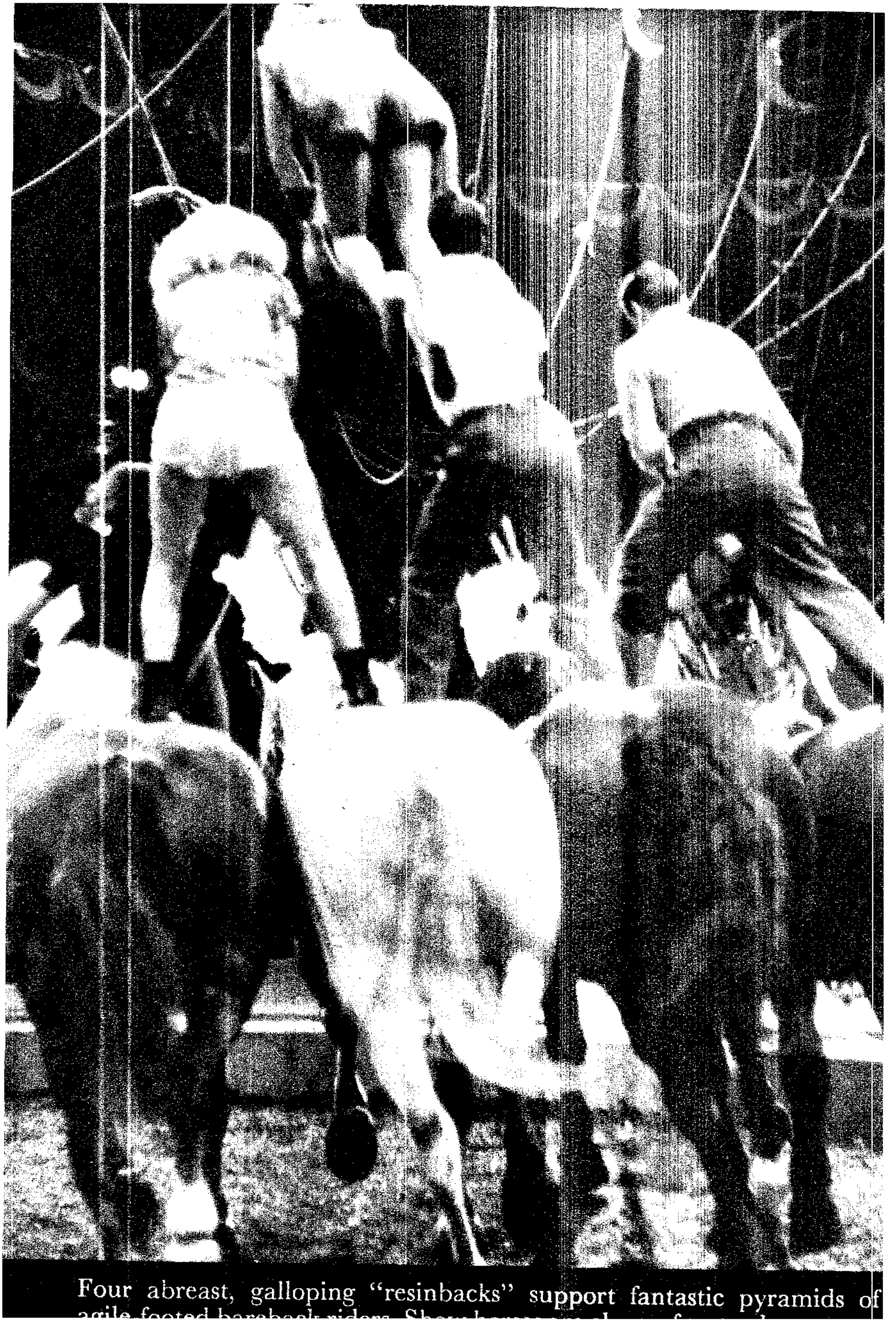
. . . it may be that every girl sees herself a glamorous Queen, mounted

Thrills are a Circus trademark. Difficult feats are acceptable, but

Extravagant nonsense keeps the Circus alive with glittering spectacle. From the moment trumpets herald the start of The Biggest Show on Earth, the audience is never allowed to catch a breath.



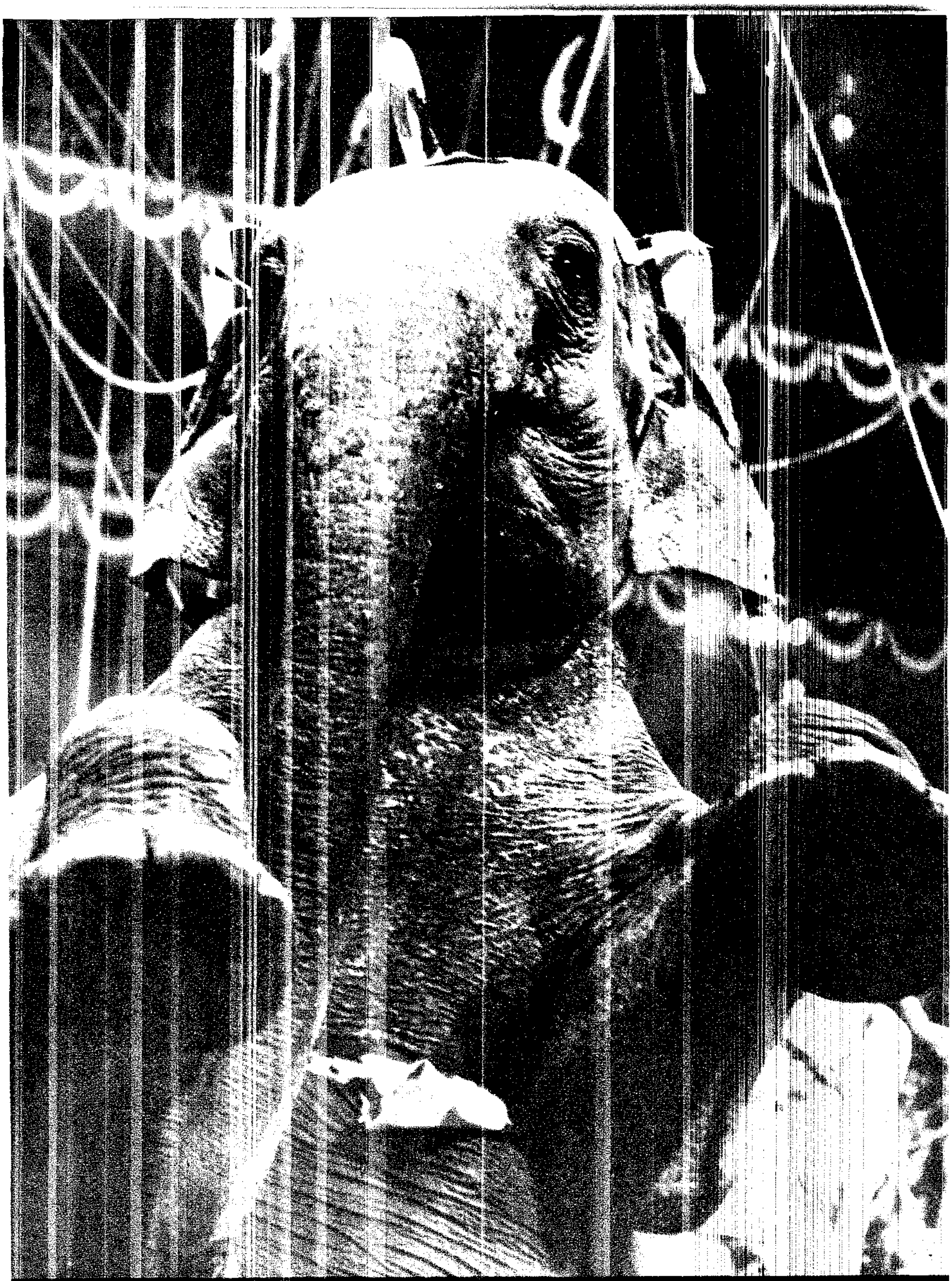




Four abreast, galloping "resinbacks" support fantastic pyramids of

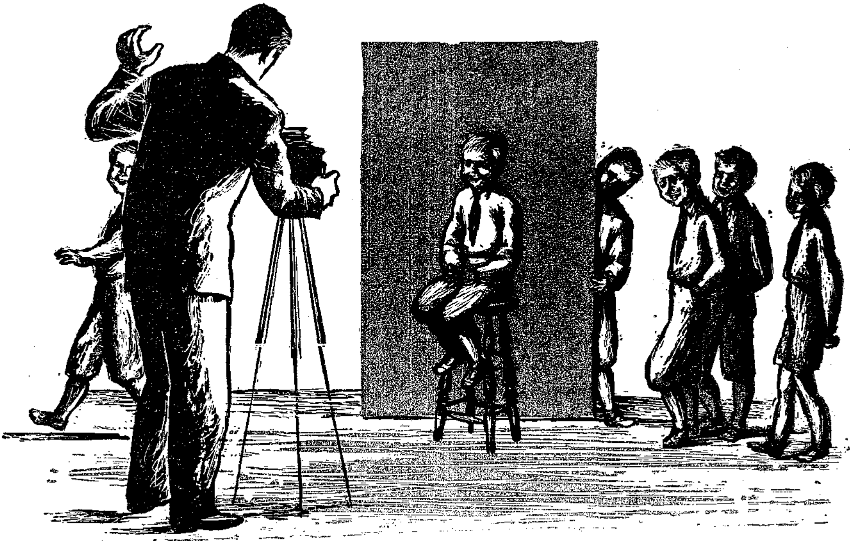
Animals, too, catch the star-spangled spirit of the ring. Bears and seals

Under the intoxicating spell of music and lights and endless motion, the audience is whirled into fairyland. Even a rollicking Donald Duck springs to life—man-sized and utterly believable—



Calculated by the pound, Circus elephants are loved more than any

Clowning has been called the highest comedy art. Without these beloved Pagliaccis of Clown Alley, no Circus could come to life. Sad or merry, they are masters of illusion, tears and laughter.



The Camera King of Texas

by **JOE WHITLEY**

With a simple idea and an inventive brain, Clive Henington turned failure to success

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, when Clive Kirkstall Henington arrived in the little town of Wolfe City, Texas, the town did not encourage him to stay. Today, Clive Henington is one of Wolfe City's richest and most respected citizens. He runs a business that chalks up sales of $400,000 a year, and employs 70 citizens at salaries higher than Wolfe City ever dreamed of in the past.

There are two morals to the amazing story of Henington and the town he has made wealthy. The first is: never judge a man by first impressions. The second: if you have a dream, never let public opinion discourage you.

Clive Henington, better known as "Doc," was always a dreamer—a self-educated tinkerer, gadgeteer and inventor. As a result of inventive imagination, he has become one of the biggest mass-production photographers in the entire South, if not the world. Up to the start of the present school year, Doc and his assistants had photographed 10,000,000 children and made more than 100,000,000 prints.

During the school year, he will have 20 photographer-salesmen on the road in 17 states, covering the South from Florida to Texas and then moving up through New Mexico into West Coast states. They expect to take pictures of at least a million children in thousands of schools.

Back in Wolfe City, Doc's darkrooms will keep 50 people busy. These people, thanks to the mass-production methods that Doc invented, will be able to turn out more than 600,000 prints a week, possibly a total of 16,000,000 for the school year.

The whole business—from the cameras to the darkroom techniques—sprang from Doc's fertile brain. He built the cameras himself, except for the lenses, and they are so simple a child can use them. Many of his photographers are ex-farmers, barbers and teachers who never had any photographic training. Yet, with Doc's equipment they turn out perfect negatives.

All the photographer has to do is set up the camera on a tripod, measure off three and a half feet and place a stool in position. Behind the stool he unrolls a backdrop, something like a home movie screen, which Doc invented.

After these three simple steps, the school children line up and take turns on the stool. The photographer snaps the shutter—and another Henington photo has been made. The process takes exactly six seconds!

Until recently, Doc's cameras had to be set up in a sunny place. Then he figured that his photographers were losing too much time on cloudy days. So he stepped into a Dallas camera shop which was displaying stroboscopic lighting—a sort of flashlight bulb that can be used over and over again. "Hmmmm!" thought Doc. "Here's the answer!"

A salesman wandered over. "This is the most wonderful thing you ever saw," he said. "You can take a perfect flashlight picture and in 15 seconds the unit recharges itself."

Doc's face fell. "Fifteen seconds?" he repeated sadly. "Haven't you got one that can recharge itself in five seconds?"

"Sir," said the salesman haughtily, "*that* would be impossible!"

Doc went home and began thinking. His mass-production business was based on getting a picture every ten seconds. That schedule enabled his photographers to promise a school superintendent to photograph the student body in a morning or afternoon, without interfering with classes. And yet, a strobe unit would certainly save time on rainy days.

Why shouldn't a unit recharge itself in five seconds? Why was the salesman so sure it was impossible?

Doc boned up on the theory of stroboscopic lighting, then locked himself up in his informal, dusty workshop. Soon he had his plan on paper. And today he manufactures his own strobe units, which are ready for action every five seconds!

This was typical of Doc's inventive genius. His darkroom contains gadgets, looking as if they were fashioned from old cans and hairpins, that would make the average studio photographer laugh his head off. Yet they add up to one of the most efficient photographic operations in the world.

Henington has not only become rich himself but has also brightened the lives of millions of children and their families. His prices are amazingly low—a dozen small photos and three postcard-size enlargements for a dollar—and within the reach of almost anyone. Many a small-town family would have no picture record of its children were it not for Doc.

His business also helps the schools themselves. Henington works on the principle of mass production, small profits and sharing the wealth. All his pictures are offered "on approval." The photographer-salesman collects no money, and no student is obligated to buy unless he and his parents like the prints.

When students do want pictures (and almost all do) they pay their teachers. Out of the money collected, the school is permitted to keep 25 per cent. One superintendent has managed to buy additional equipment for a gymnasium with the commission, and another has used the money to furnish hot lunches to poorer pupils.

WOLFE CITY HAS BEEN almost completely transformed by Doc's success. His salesmen, all local residents, get 40 per cent of the money from the schools, and thus are enabled to earn nearly $15,000 a year for nine months' work.

Among his salesmen is a graduate engineer who found he could make more working for Doc than at his own profession. Among his darkroom staff, who also get good pay, is a Baptist minister who works in his spare time.

The volume of mail to Doc's darkroom has helped raise Wolfe City's post office to second-class status. The town now has a large oil mill and a big tag- and label-printing plant.

In the old days, Wolfe City was chiefly dependent on the vagaries of the cotton crop. Today it is one of the most prosperous little towns in the nation. Yet Doc has been unspoiled by success; he is still a tall, muscular, silent man with unruly graying hair. He keeps his books in old pads, and when he is preoccupied with work, his wife often has to remind him to come home for meals. For amusement, he likes to play checkers with his barber after having a haircut.

But the townspeople now think of Doc as an authentic genius, and they praise him as much today as they were inclined to laugh at him when he arrived in Wolfe City as a young chiropractor. Doc set up an office and waited for patients. None came—except a few farmers who offered payment in produce instead of cash. His new bride baked pies and sold them from door to door to keep the family going.

Then Doc tried his hand for a time as a carpenter in the Oklahoma oil fields, living with his wife in a tent. Then, in rapid succession, he failed at the practice of chiropractic in Ringling, Oklahoma, and in Lufkin, Texas. Finally he had to admit defeat and ask his family for assistance. A brother-in-law who was a photographer gave him a job carrying equipment.

Any ordinary man, having gone broke at regular intervals, would have settled down to this well-fed if undistinguished job. But Doc was no ordinary man. He felt an irresistible desire to get into photography on his own—and, of all places, in Wolfe City.

One day, he borrowed an ancient camera and some plates and set out for Wolfe City. There he rented a room with a bathtub in which he could wash prints! He had a good idea—he would go to village schools, take pictures of the children without obligation, and then sell the pictures for an absurdly low price if the families liked them. His first call was at the tiny hamlet of Oyster Creek.

Unfortunately, Doc had reckoned without his own bashfulness. Sitting outside the school in an old Ford, he suddenly realized that he was not suited either by experience or temperament to sell his services to a stranger. He was afraid to go in!

But it was now or never. Finally he entered—twisting his hat nervously. "I'm a photographer," he announced.

"You certainly don't look like one," the teacher said.

"I've got all my stuff in my car," he stammered. "I'll take your picture free. Won't cost a cent unless you like it. Anybody who likes his picture can buy it for a quarter."

"I ain't gonna buy one," cried a boy in the front row. "But I'd sure like to see how I look."

"Me, too!" cried another boy. "Let us do it, teacher."

Doc ran to get his equipment. But by this time his hands were shaking so badly that he was unable to trip the shutter. He might never have managed to take the pictures had not the rural mail carrier chosen that moment to enter the schoolyard.

The mailman, who had known Henington from earlier days in Wolfe City, remarked: "I do declare, Doc. I never knew you were an artist, too!"

Everybody laughed heartily; the tension was broken, and Doc snapped the pictures.

Next day, to his surprise, the children were delighted. They ran home to show the copies to their parents. From the 16 pupils he got six orders!

The profits were tiny—three children bought their pictures with quarters, the rest with sacks of potatoes and jars of pickles. But Doc knew what subsequent events have proved—he was finally on his way. And since that day no one in Wolfe City has ever laughed at Doc Henington's imaginative brain.

Finished Beauty

"A YEAR OR SO AGO," Oscar Hammerstein recalls, "I saw a picture of the Statue of Liberty. It was a picture taken from a helicopter and it showed the top of the statue's head. I was amazed at the detail there. The sculptor had done a painstaking job with the lady's coiffure, and yet he must have been pretty sure that the only eyes that would ever see this detail would be the eyes of sea gulls. He was artist enough, however, to finish off this part of the statue with as much care as he had devoted to her face and her arms and the torch and everything that people can see as they sail up the bay. He was right. When you are creating a work of art, or any other kind of work, finish the job off perfectly. You never know when a helicopter, or some other instrument not at the moment invented, may come along and find you out." —IRVING HOFFMAN

Just a Housewife

by EDWARD PRAGER

HERO WORSHIP is one of the commonest viruses in American life. Many if not most people—secretly or openly, unconsciously or consciously—yearn to be Montgomery Clift, Dinah Shore, an All-American star, Sonja Henie, Howard Hughes, Lily Pons, or a four-star General.

But one of the chief troubles with this hero-worship business is its tacitly accepted implication that nobody who isn't famous or at least strikingly successful is a genuine success at all. That burns me up!

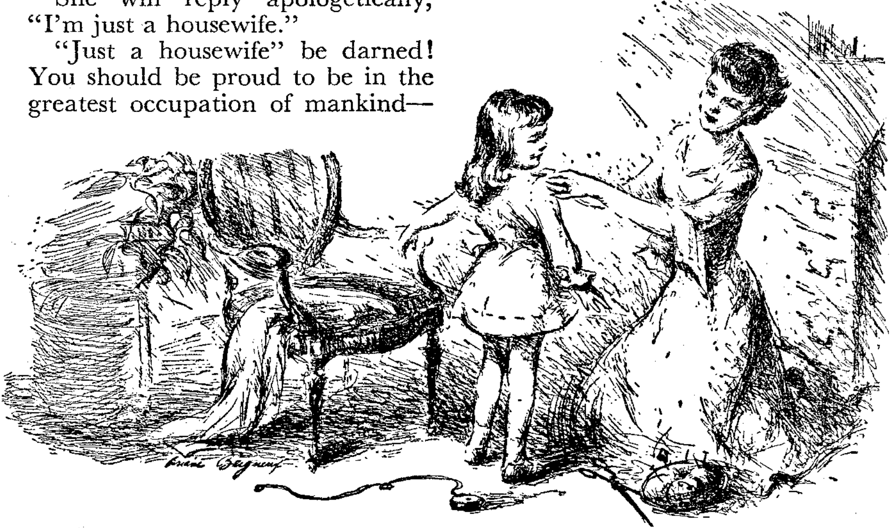
You can spot the notion everywhere—as when a woman contestant answers on a radio quiz this question: "And what is your occupation, Mrs. Smith?"

She will reply apologetically, "I'm just a housewife."

"Just a housewife" be darned! You should be proud to be in the greatest occupation of mankind—making a home, building a marriage, bearing and rearing children, giving America and the world new life and strength! Don't ever say "just a" again, Mrs. Smith.

That same silly notion as to what constitutes success in life afflicts millions of clerks, telephone operators, salesmen, stenographers, milkmen, truck drivers—people who have got that canker idea in their system that in order to be a success, you have to have your name in bright lights, in bronze letters on a building, or in gold paint on a door marked "Private."

Making the grade can be delightful, no doubt about it—but trying one's best is the real measure of human worth and success.



ILLUSTRATED BY ARIANE BEIGNEUX

SEX ON THE CAMPUS?

by **ROBERT STEIN**

Don't believe the lurid headlines; our colleges are *not* hotbeds of immorality

THIS IS THE STORY of a vicious slander against a group of America's finest young men and women. The victims are our 2,500,000 college students, who have been pictured as a band of wild joy riders, roaring full speed down the road to sex immorality.

Their accusers? Scandal-seekers, alarmists, rumormongers, and other self-appointed watchdogs of the public morals—not one authoritative voice among them. Extensive research reveals that most of their lurid stories are a weak mixture of hearsay, half-truths and fiction.

To uncover the facts behind this smoke screen of gossip, CORONET has enlisted the experience of those who know our college students best—outstanding educators, college officials, sociologists and students.

The response to queries to 250 of our institutions of higher learning has been unanimous and wholehearted. Their verdict: college students are as moral as any other group of Americans. *In fact, these experts supplied forceful evidence to show that sex standards on our campuses are among the highest in the U. S.!*

It is impossible, of course, to put the sex life of any group under a microscope. Here, however, are a few links in a strong chain of circumstantial evidence that exonerates our college youth from charges of immorality.

Officials at large institutions like the University of Illinois take intense pride in their undergraduates' sex conduct. "The moral life of our students is on a very high plane," says Dean Fred H. Turner. "It is not noticeably different from what it was 10, 15 or 20 years ago."

Sex is no problem among 8,300 students at Marquette University in Milwaukee, reports the Rev. M. G. Barnett, vice-president. And a student counselor adds: "Incidents of misconduct among students here are fewer and less serious than those in any ordinary parish."

A similar situation prevails at the City College of New York, third largest institution of higher learning in the U.S. Lester M. Nichols, assistant to the president, declares: "We have found that our 34,000 students are sober and intelligent in their attitudes toward sex."

President Frank A. Beu of Western Illinois State College sums up the experience of hundreds of college officials in all parts of the country: "During the war, we had a military camp only 20 miles from our college. Fifty to 100 girls, chaperoned by faculty members, attended dances at the camp nearly every week end. Since the war, from one-half to one-third of our 1,400 students have been ex-GIs. We have had no sex problems on our campus, either during the war or since."

Many other college officials are amazed that there has been no moral letdown on the campus in the hectic postwar period. "Considering the pressures that students have been under," explains John W. Bartram, assistant to the president at the University of Colorado, "it is surprising that there isn't more evidence of moral laxity among them. Our student body is as hard-working, serious-minded and forward-thinking as any group we have ever had on the campus."

Every available set of facts stands solidly behind these enthusiastic testimonials. Of the complaints against students at the University of Minnesota in a recent five-year period, only seven per cent involved sex misconduct—and many of these were dismissed for lack of proof.

How, then, do accounts of campus orgies gain such wide circulation? One obvious reason is that a story about one student guilty of misconduct makes better headlines than the activities of 10,000 well-behaved undergraduates. And even in the case of offenders, all the facts seldom reach the public.

In one of our staid colleges recently, one male student was expelled and two others suspended after a wild party. Newspapers smirkingly reported that the three undergraduates had lured a 17-year-old girl, who was *not* a student, to a bedroom in their fraternity house. There, an assistant dean discovered them at 3 A.M.—all drunk.

From these bare facts, it would be difficult to defend the three young men. A careful investigation, however, revealed that the "seduced" girl had been guilty of repeated sex delinquency on other campuses. In fact, her parents confessed that she had been under treatment by a psychiatrist. But to protect the reputation of the college and the girl's family, the dean was forced to take disciplinary action against the students.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, the coolest heads in the controversy over sex on the campus belong to the students themselves. Unlike their accusers or defenders, they do not go to either extreme in describing their own conduct. Instead, they label their morals as "average."

Typical of their frame of mind is David R. Luce, student editor at Dartmouth College, who believes undergraduates as a group have no special brand of morality. He says: "We are just citizens, representative of all America, whose business happens to be learning."

This feeling is echoed by Bruce Ferguson, social chairman at the University of Kentucky. "There are a few individuals at each extreme," he declares. "But most students' morals are average."

Because they are frankly outspoken about sex problems, students are often misunderstood. Undergraduates talk more freely than they used to, explains Dean of Women Louise Troxall of the University of Wisconsin, and people get the impression that their conduct is as loose as their conversation.

Only the blindly optimistic, however, will tell you that any campus is entirely free of illicit sex activity. And eager critics of our college youth are armed with a dozen reasons for these breaches of morality—none of them founded on fact.

Current target of the carpers is *sex education.* "You teach our young people the facts of life," they charge, "and arouse their interest. Once they know all about sex, they are tempted to experiment with it."

Logical? Perhaps. But authorities like Dr. Freda L. Kehm, director of the Association for Family Living in Chicago, have destroyed this notion with actual facts about sex education. Scientific studies show that most youngsters begin to get sex information between the ages of six and 12. In a group of 1,364 college men and women, two of every three said they were fully informed about birth control and abortion before leaving high school!

Significantly enough, it is not the young people with sex education who go astray. Case histories of promiscuous girls—such as those compiled by the San Francisco City Psychiatric Clinic—show a pitiful lack of basic knowledge about sex and female hygiene. As in every other field of human activity, it is ignorance—not education—that leads to sex delinquency.*

Another familiar complaint: our colleges fail to hold rein on the private lives of students. Yet, records show that most institutions enforce detailed codes of conduct. American Council on Education figures show that three of every ten colleges bar students from smoking. One of every five prohibits dancing on the college grounds. Others do not allow their undergraduates to play cards, attend movies or leave the campus without a chaperon!

Keeping abreast of the times, however, many colleges have been overhauling outmoded regulations. Not long ago, officials of one small Western college were alarmed by a mounting wave of student disorders. For weeks, they searched vainly for an answer. Then an alert young dean stood up at an emergency faculty meeting.

"Three months ago," he said, "we passed new regulations for student social affairs. We fixed a 12 o'clock deadline for parties and dances, and set up restrictions about inviting dates who aren't students. As a result, our young people have been going to off-campus 'hot spots' instead of college dances. Proprietors of these places aren't fussy about serving liquor to minors—and there is no curfew."

After a heated discussion, older

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*See *Sex Education, Please,* CORONET, Jan., 1949.

members of the faculty finally gave in. They appointed three popular professors and three student leaders to draw up new regulations—without curfews, red tape or outdated restrictions. Within a month, the upsurge in misconduct fell off.

DOES THIS MEAN that most college officials are not aware of the real reasons for irresponsible sex behavior on their campuses? Not at all. One all-important factor, however, remains beyond their reach—the sex training of students before they come to college.

Officials like Dean Francis R. B. Godolphin of Princeton University point out that young people are "home products" until they reach maturity; no college can undo in four years the moral havoc wrought by irresponsible parents during childhood and adolescence.

Of the sex offenders who come before disciplinary deans, many are from homes where fathers have openly bragged of amorous adventures, where mothers only halfheartedly concealed their own sex dissatisfaction, where divorce or desertion eventually shattered the security vital to a growing child.

Against such powerful forces, college officials stand virtually helpless. But they have been attacking the more immediate causes of sex delinquency on a wide front. One of these is the tight social system that prevails at many schools.

Storm centers of national controversy have been the fraternities and sororities on college campuses. Reliable evidence has shown that many of these groups discriminate against a sizable segment of America's student population. As a result, hundreds of young men and women become social outcasts.

What becomes of them? Dr. Clements Collard Fry, professor of psychiatry and mental hygiene at Yale University, reports that many turn to taverns for consolation. Drinking answers their need for companionship, he explains. Other solutions to the problem of loneliness turn out to be even more tragic.

At a large Southwestern university recently, a 19-year-old sophomore was brought before the dean of women. During a routine medical examination, the college doctor had discovered that the pretty, brown-eyed coed was pregnant. Now, encouraged by the dean's sympathetic interest, she sobbed out her story.

When she arrived at college, she immediately became one of the most popular freshmen. She was rushed by the school's most exclusive sorority. Then it was learned that her father owned a small-town bakery. The pledge bid never came.

Her pride hurt, the girl set out to win social laurels in spite of the snub. Before long, she earned a reputation as a "willing date." At the price of sexual looseness, she won the attentions of the "important" men on the campus—fraternity leaders, athletes, college politicians.

This girl's case is not an isolated one. While most snubbed coeds do not go to such an extreme, they all pay a bitter price in heartache and loneliness at being "left out."

Still another important stride toward improving campus morality has been the gradual disappearance of the "hush-hush" attitude toward sex and dating problems in the classroom. Virtually every college now conducts classes on marriage and family life. Some have gone even further.

Institutions like Bowling Green University in Ohio have started courses on the immediate sex problems of students—dating, marriage relationships, and the family. By forming their ideas on these subjects through intelligent discussion, young men and women are less likely to be caught off guard when they suddenly realize the strength of their own sex desires.

Students at other colleges also emphasize the need for frank discussion and guidance. "It is during talks about boys and dates," explains Margaret Plunkett, member of the Student Senate at the University of Connecticut, "that the coed determines her code of ethics. She relies on what is being done by her friends and governs herself accordingly. And she tests these decisions by asking her parents and others for their opinions."

Do the facts set forth in this article sound like the attitudes of a reckless, degraded group of young men and women? Obviously not. In spite of the wild charges of viewers-with-alarm, America's students are going about the business of learning with calm assurance and serious purpose. As with other complicated problems of living, they are facing the challenge of sex with high ideals and level heads.

Danger—Housewife Inside!

THE NEIGHBORHOOD had been suffering a rash of door-to-door salesmen, each determined to make a sale, when my sister's bell rang one morning to announce another salesman.

She answered the door resignedly, hoping to be rid of him in short order, but hardly expecting it. To her surprise, the young man stared at her almost in disbelief, stated his business briefly, and appeared relieved when she told him she didn't care to buy.

Usually, at this point, the salesmen were trying to get into the house to show their goods, but this puzzling young man backed nervously toward the porch's edge now and then, and clearly had no intention of pushing his wares.

Her bewilderment increased, when—from behind the living room curtains—she saw him glance uneasily over his shoulder a time or two as he walked away. Then she caught a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror, and she doubled over in understanding laughter.

Earlier that morning, she had been idly experimenting with an eyebrow pencil. Just for fun, she had drawn her brows together in a heavy black line across her forehead, and, impulsively, had added a sophisticated little curling mustachio to her upper lip.

Just as she was ready to clean her face, the baby had cried out. After she had cared for the baby, she had done a task or two in the kitchen, where she had been interrupted by the doorbell's ring.

Perhaps, someday, in a salesman's memoirs, she can read what the young man thought when he was met at the door by a neatly dressed, polite young housewife, who sported one Cyclopian eyebrow and a dashing little black mustache.

—MRS. VIRGINIA L. CRABTREE

BLUSHFUL MOMENTS

THINGS HAVE BEEN considerably enlivened around a certain metropolitan office building lately by the employment of several attractive and charming elevator girls. One of them seems to find it necessary to pause frequently at the fourth floor to consult a young male receptionist there.

Two of the building's regular tenants were riding in this charmer's chariot the other day, when she brought the conveyance to a halt on the fourth floor.

"That girl's really got it bad," one of the passengers remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," the other rejoined. "Maybe you're taking too much for granted."

"Wait and see," warned the first.

Returning to her post, the young woman blushed prettily, and inquired: "Pardon me, but was I going up—or down?" —*Wall St. Journal*

AT THE CAB STAND in the railroad station of a Midwestern city, a woman stepped into a taxi and gave the driver a suburban street address. "I'm sorry, lady," he said, "but there's no such address—the numbers don't run that high."

Incredulous, she replied, "But I've been writing to my daughter at that address for years—and I've gotten answers."

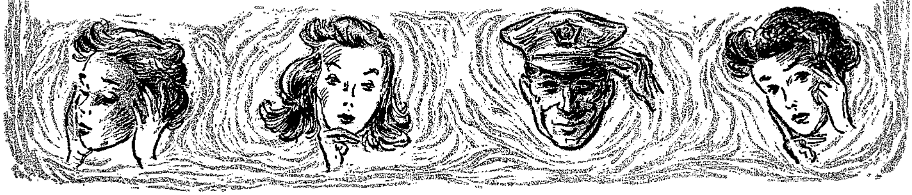
"We'll go out there and you can see for yourself," the driver said. They arrived and drove the length of the two-block street. "You see, lady, there's no such number. Have you anything from your daughter we can check on?"

The passenger produced two letters from her purse. As the driver studied the postmarks, a look of utter disbelief crossed his face. "But lady," he said, "you're in Cincinnati."

"What!" she exclaimed. "Take me back to the station. I thought I was in Indianapolis." —*Profile*

NOTICING A SHINY new car which was violating the parking rules, a Los Angeles policeman wrote out a ticket and placed it under the windshield wiper. In police court, where he was summoned to pay off, he blushingly admitted that he hadn't noticed it was his own car he'd tagged. —DORIS CHASE DOANE

AN OHIO HOUSEWIFE was offered $100 if her husband would spank her hard enough to be heard over the telephone. Thinking the call was from a "giveaway" radio program, the housewife had a neighbor administer the spanking. Then she discovered that the phone call was a hoax. —BALTIMORE *Sun*



MEN AGAINST EVEREST

Theirs was an epic onslaught on the king of mountains—but it ended in disaster

by **JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN**

IN THE EARLY afternoon of June 8, 1924, a man stood on a crag in the freezing substratosphere, 26,000 feet above the sea, raised his eyes and stared. On a ridge high overhead he saw two human figures, black and tiny against the sky. Less than 800 feet above them was the snow-plumed summit of the highest mountain on earth.

For a minute, two minutes the watcher gazed while the climbers crept upward. Then clouds swept in upon the mountaintop, blotting them from view. They were never seen again.

So ended the most splendid and tragic of many attempts to conquer Everest, king of mountains. To this day, no one knows whether George Leigh-Mallory and Andrew Irvine reached the top before death overtook them. No one probably will ever know. One thing is certain: no man has ever reached the summit and returned to tell the tale.

The story of Everest begins in 1852, when a clerk in the office of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey looked up excitedly from a page of figures and cried to his superior, "Sir, I have discovered the highest mountain in the world!" Checking proved him right. The remote Himalayan summit was found to be 29,002 feet high—almost 1,000 feet higher than its closest rival. Later observers corrected the altitude to 29,141 feet and named it for Sir George Everest, first Surveyor-General of India. But its supremacy remains unchallenged.

For half a century after its discovery, remote Everest was a mountain of mystery. Then, in the late 1890s, the full tide of mountaineering interest turned toward the Himalayas. Soon a trickle of pioneers began to penetrate into the great passes and gorges where no white man had ever been before; adventurous spirits crossed the frontiers into forbidden Tibet and Nepal, disguised as Hindu or Mohammedan traders; slowly the net closed in about the secret place where rose the highest mountain in the world.

From *High Conquest*, by James Ramsey Ullman, Copyright, 1941, by the author and published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

A lone traveler might slip into Tibet without official sanction; but not a large expedition equipped to tackle Everest. At last, in 1920, the Royal Geographical Society of London and the British Alpine Club joined forces to form the Mount Everest Committee and secured permission for an all-English party to ascend the mountain. It was planned to send out two expeditions a year apart, the first to explore, the second to climb. As it eventually turned out, there was a third expedition, and it was this final attack that was to end in mystery and tragedy.

The 1921 reconnaissance expedition was composed of the flower of English mountaineers and explorers, including George Leigh-Mallory, 35-year-old master at Charterhouse College, Cambridge. There was nothing of the conventional athlete about Mallory. Slight and slim, with a boyish face, he was anything but the popular conception of a rugged outdoor man. Climbing was to him not exercise or amusement, but passionate devotion. His explanation of why men climb remains today the simplest and most profound ever given.

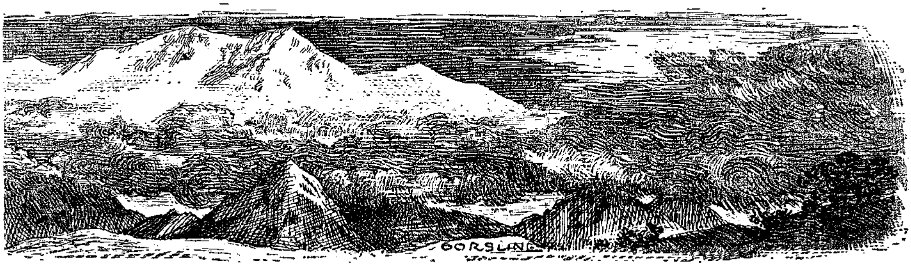
"But why," a friend asked him as he set out for a renewed assault on Everest, "why do you try to climb this mountain?"

Mallory's answer consisted of four words: "Because it is there."

"There," however, was a remote, unknown corner of the earth, and it required an arduous journey of many weeks before the Everesters of 1921 came even within sight of their goal. At the head of a vast cavalcade of Sherpa porters, Tibetan guides and helpers, ponies, donkeys, bullocks and yaks, day after day they pushed across as savage country as exists anywhere —through sandstorms and glacial torrents, across vast boulder-strewn plains and passes 20,000 feet above the sea. At night they camped under the stars or enjoyed the primitive hospitality of Buddhist monasteries and village headmen.

Their passports from Tibetan authorities in Lhassa assured them courteous treatment, but their proposed assault on Everest elicited a dubious shaking of heads. To these devout Orientals, Everest was more than a mountain. Chomolungma, they called it—Goddess-Mother-of-the-World. It was sacrilege, they believed, for mere mortals even to approach it.

LATE IN JUNE, the expedition arrived at the great Rongbuk Monastery, some 20 miles north of Everest. And from here, at last, they saw their mountain in all its titanic



majesty—the first white men ever to have a close-up view of the Summit of the World.

"We paused," wrote Mallory, "in sheer astonishment. The sight of it banished every thought; we asked no questions and made no comment, but simply looked . . ."

They were already at an altitude of 18,000 feet—far higher than the highest summit in the Alps or Rockies—and the slightest exertion set their lungs to heaving and their hearts to pounding. Working slowly around Everest's base, Mallory and a companion discovered that the peak was constructed as an almost-perfect pyramid, with three great faces built up in precipices which no man could dream of scaling. Only on the northeast did Mallory detect possibilities.

Here, bordering the 10,000-foot precipice of the north face, a jagged crest descended to a high snow saddle (called the North Col) on rock-bound Rongbuk Glacier. The first great question was whether a way could be found to reach the distant saddle.

A way was found, but it required a circuitous journey of more than 100 miles, back across the plateaus and passes which they had traversed before, and then south and west again toward the base of Everest. At last, after two months of delays and hardships, the climbers reached a wild, blizzard-racked pass, 22,000 feet above the sea. From here they could see the long-sought approach to the North Col. It appeared not impossible to scale.

A cheer went up from the lips of the frozen, exhausted men, for they knew they had found the key to the mountain.

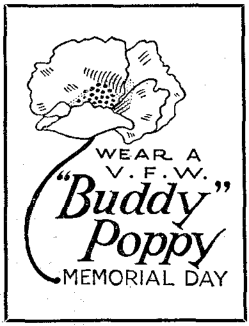
By this time it was August and the brief Himalayan summer was almost over. The work of the expedition, however, would not be done until they had reached the Col, so the three strongest climbers hacked their way up the frozen wall. At noon on August 24, they stood upon the top, at an altitude of 23,000 feet—higher than any mountaintop in the world outside the Himalayas.

The pinnacle of Everest, however, was still 6,000 feet above them and two and a half miles away. The temptation was strong to venture still higher, but they realized they could not hope to match their strength against the wild blizzards of the exposed heights. So after taking observations, they descended from the Col, rejoined their companions at base camp, and began the long journey back to India. No sooner had the party returned to England than preparations for the real assault began.

On May 1, 1922, the first Everest expedition pitched its base camp within sight of the great lamasery near Rongbuk Glacier. It was composed of 13 Englishmen, 60 hillmen, about 100 Tibetan helpers, and more than 300 pack animals—a veritable army in miniature. Isolated Tibet had not witnessed such a sight in the thousands of years of its history.

For two long weeks, climbers and porters crept back and forth along the vast glaciers, transporting food, supplies and equipment. Mallory had likened a climbing expedition to a ladder, in which the higher rungs were useless unless the rungs below were strong. It was these lower rungs which now had to be fashioned—a chain of camps, not more than an easy day's march apart, extending as high as human strength could take them.

Finally, with a huddle of tiny green tents established on the Col, the assault on Everest proper was at hand. At dawn on May 20, accompanied by a group of the strongest porters, Mallory and three companions set out for the unknown, untrodden heights. The cold was almost unendurable; the wild wind roared down upon them like an invisible avalanche; and their goal was still a mile above them, remote and tantalizing in the sky. But their hopes were high. "No end," wrote Mallory, "was visible or even conceivable to this kingdom of adventure!" Hope, however, was not sufficient to win victory over Everest in 1922. During the brief summer, three attempts were made to scale the peak, and all failed. The third attempt, launched in June, ended in disaster when an avalanche swept over the climbing party. Seven porters were lost, and, to this day, their bodies lie entombed in the snow beneath the North Col, tragic victims of the wrath of the greatest mountain.


WEAR A V.F.W. "Buddy" Poppy
MEMORIAL DAY

So the 1922 attack on Everest ended, and it was a silent, saddened band of mountaineers who began the long trek back toward India and home. Behind them—Everest loomed white and lonely in the sky, its snow-plume streaming in the wild wind.

The curtain drops for two years on Chomolungma, Goddess-Mother-of-the-World. Then, in March, 1924, a third expedition of explorers set out from Darjeeling on the high, wild trail to the heart of the Himalayas. Before it returned, this expedition was destined to write the most famous chapter in the history of mountaineering.

Several old Everesters were back in harness: the indefatigable Mallory, of course, and Andrew Irvine, young and powerful Oxford oarsman. Almost 300 men, all told, were in the party when at the end of April it set up base camp below the now-familiar Rongbuk Glacier. The preliminary moves of the campaign were carried out rapidly. The first three advance camps were established a day's march apart on the glaciers, and within two weeks the advance guard was ready to tackle the North Col. The whole organization was functioning like an oiled machine; there were no accidents or illnesses; the weather was fine. Then misfortune struck.

Scarcely had Camp III been set up than a blizzard swept down, turning camps and communication lines into a shambles. Two weeks after the vanguard had left base camp, full of strength and optimism, they were back again, frostbitten, battered and worn-out.

A major blow had been dealt, but the Everesters pulled in their belts for a second assault. Then followed days of killing labor on the great wall beneath the Col. Thousands of steps had to be chopped in ice and snow; an almost perpendicular chimney, 100 feet high, had to be negotiated;

ladders and ropes had to be installed so that the porters could come up with loads.

There were many narrow escapes from disaster, notably when Mallory, descending the wall alone, plunged through a snow-bridge into a gaping hole. Luckily his ice-ax jammed against the sides after he had fallen only ten feet, for below him was only blue-black space. As it was, his companions were too far away to hear his shouts for help, and he was barely able to claw his way upward to safety.

At last, the route up the wall was completed. But then, after several harrowing experiences, a few days' rest at lower altitudes was necessary, and for the second time in two weeks the Everesters were driven back to base camp.

Their situation could scarcely have been more discouraging. They had planned to be on the northeast ridge by the middle of May, and now it was already June, and no man had yet set foot on the mountain proper. In another ten days, the monsoon would blow in and all hope of success would be gone. They must strike hard and fast, or go down again to defeat.

The next week witnessed climbing such as the world had never seen before. The plan called for an assault in continuous waves, each climbing party consisting of two men, each attempt to begin the day after the preceding one. Mallory and Geoffrey Bruce were chosen for the first attack. They reached the North Col safely, spent the night there, and next morning struck up the ridge.

The climbers made good progress the first day and set their tents at 25,300 feet—a mere 200 feet lower than the highest camp of 1922. A night of zero cold and shrieking wind, however, was too much for the porters, and next morning no amount of persuasion would induce them to go higher. Seething with frustration, Mallory and Bruce were forced to descend.

Meanwhile, the second team of Lieut. Col. E. F. Norton and Dr. T. Howard Somervell had started up from the Col. They passed the first party on its way down, reached Camp V and spent the night there. In the morning their porters, too, refused at first to go on, but after hours of urging three agreed to make a try. The work they subsequently did that day has seldom been matched anywhere for endurance, courage and loyalty.

Step by gasping step, they struggled upward with their packs—freezing, leaden-footed, choking for air—until at last Camp VI was pitched at the amazing altitude of 26,800 feet. Their task completed, they then descended to the North Col, to be hailed as heroes.

That night, Norton and Somervell slept in a single tiny tent, higher than men had ever slept before. Their hearts now were pounding with more than mere physical strain: the long-dreamed summit loomed in the darkness only 2,300 feet above them; victory was at last within reach.

DAWN BROKE CLEAR and still. By sunrise they were on their way, creeping upward over steeply tilted, snow-powdered slabs. Both men coughed and gasped in the thin, freezing air. They could take only a dozen steps before pausing to rest. While moving, they were forced to take from four to ten breaths for each single step. Yet they kept going for five hours: to 27,000 feet—27,500—28,000—

At noon Somervell succumbed. His throat was a throbbing knot of pain, and another few minutes of the ordeal would have been the end of him. Sinking down in a paroxysm of coughing, he gestured to his companion to go on alone.

With his last ounce of strength, Norton tried. An hour's climbing brought him to a great gully which cuts the upper slopes of Everest. It was filled with soft, loose snow, and a slip would have meant a 10,000-foot plunge to death.

Norton crossed it safely, but he knew the game was up. His head and heart were pounding as if they might literally explode. In addition, he had begun to see double, and his leaden feet would not move.

For a few moments Norton stood motionless. He was at an altitude of 28,126 feet—higher than any man had ever stood before. Only a few yards above began the culminating pyramid of Everest. To his aching eyes it seemed to represent an easy slope—a mere thousand feet of almost snow-free rock. If only his body possessed the strength of his will; if only he were more than human . . .

Somehow Norton and Somervell got down the terrible slopes of Everest. That night they were back in the North Col camp, more dead than alive. Somervell was a seriously sick man. Norton was suffering the tortures of snow-blindness. Both had given all they had.

Their assault was the next-to-last in the adventure of 1924. One more was to come—and with it, mystery and tragedy.

Chagrined at the failure of his first effort, Mallory was determined to have one last fling before the monsoon struck. Everest had been his mountain, more than any other man's. He had pioneered the way to its heights; his flaming spirit had been the principal driving force behind each assault; the conquest of the summit was the great dream of his life. His companions, watching him now, realized he was preparing for his mightiest effort.

Mallory moved with characteristic speed. With young Andrew Irvine as partner, he started upward from the Col the day after Norton and Somervell descended. The pair spent the first night at Camp V, and the second at Camp VI, at 26,800 feet. Unlike Norton and Somervell, they planned to use oxygen on the final dash.

The last porters descending that night from the highest camp brought back word that both climbers were in good physical condition and full of hope.

One man only was to have another glimpse of Mallory and Irvine. On the morning of June 8—the day set for the assault on the summit—N. E. Odell, the geologist, who had spent the night alone at Camp V, set out for Camp VI with a rucksack of food. The day was warm and windless, but a thin gray mist clung to the upper reaches of the mountain, and Odell could see little of what lay above him. Presently, however, he stopped and stared.

For a moment the mist cleared. The final pyramid of Everest was unveiled and, high above him, he could see two tiny figures outlined against the sky. They appeared to be at the base of one of the great steps, not more than 800 feet below the final pinnacle. As Odell watched, the figures moved slowly upward. Then the mist closed in again, and they were gone.

The feats of endurance that Odell performed during the next 48 hours are unsurpassed by those of any mountaineer. That same day he went to Camp VI with his provisions, and then even higher, watching and waiting. But the mountaintop remained veiled in mist.

As night came on, he descended all the way to the Col, only to start off again at dawn. Camp V was empty. He spent a solitary night there in sub-zero cold and next morning ascended again to Camp VI. It was empty, too.

With sinking heart he struggled upward for another thousand feet, searching and shouting. The only answering sound was the deep moaning of the wind. The great peak above him loomed bleakly in the sky, wrapped in the desolation of the ages. All hope was gone. Odell descended to the highest camp and signaled tidings of tragedy to the watchers far below.

So ended the second attempt on Everest—and, with it, the lives of two brave men. The bodies of George Mallory and Andrew Irvine lie somewhere in the vast wilderness of rock and ice that guards the Summit of the World. Where and how death overtook them no one knows. And whether victory came before the end, no one knows either.

Our last glimpse of them is through Odell's eyes—two tiny specks against the sky, fighting upward. The rest is mystery.

Conversation Stoppers

"I TRUST YOU FOUND that novel interesting," the librarian remarked hopefully.

"No, not very," the patron replied, "but the letter someone left in it for a bookmark was a lulu!" —*Capper's Weekly*

A FATHER, angry at his daughter for being too modern in manners and appearance, stormed: "You girls of today don't mind if your hair looks like a mop!"

To which his daughter boredly replied: "What's a mop?"

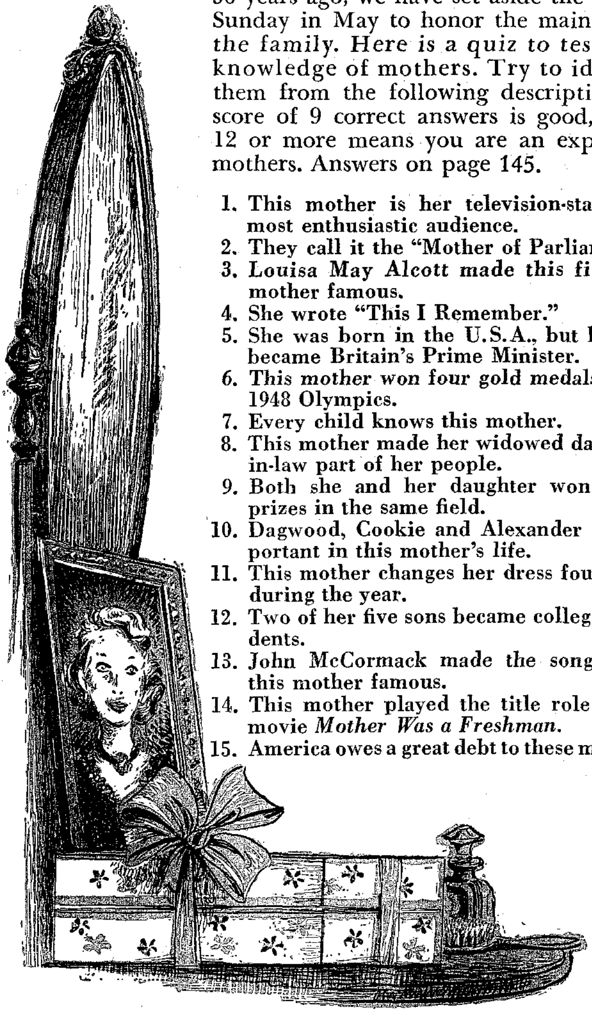
—DAVID J. THOMAS

WHILE AMBASSADOR to this country, Britain's Lord Halifax attended his first baseball game. The pitcher for the home team was extremely wild and hit the first two batters. He passed the third man, however, on four straight balls.

Halifax turned to his companion and murmured: "Oh, I say, that's really too bad. He missed him!" —E. E. EDGAR

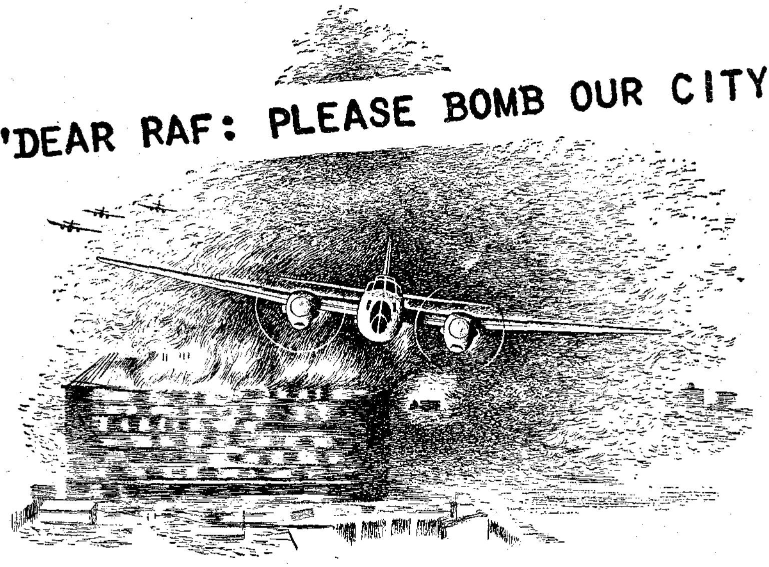
Remember These Mothers?

Ever since Mother's Day was established 36 years ago, we have set aside the second Sunday in May to honor the mainstay of the family. Here is a quiz to test your knowledge of mothers. Try to identify them from the following descriptions. A score of 9 correct answers is good, while 12 or more means you are an expert on mothers. Answers on page 145.



1. This mother is her television-star son's most enthusiastic audience.
2. They call it the "Mother of Parliaments."
3. Louisa May Alcott made this fictional mother famous.
4. She wrote "This I Remember."
5. She was born in the U.S.A., but her son became Britain's Prime Minister.
6. This mother won four gold medals at the 1948 Olympics.
7. Every child knows this mother.
8. This mother made her widowed daughter-in-law part of her people.
9. Both she and her daughter won Nobel prizes in the same field.
10. Dagwood, Cookie and Alexander are important in this mother's life.
11. This mother changes her dress four times during the year.
12. Two of her five sons became college presidents.
13. John McCormack made the song about this mother famous.
14. This mother played the title role in the movie *Mother Was a Freshman.*
15. America owes a great debt to these mothers.

"DEAR RAF: PLEASE BOMB OUR CITY"



The amazing saga of the Danish Underground is a little-known story of the war

by **HEIDI NIELSEN**
(Coronet Correspondent in Denmark)

ALL TOO OFTEN, amid the shock and confusion of war, acts of great heroism fade into history unnoticed. Such a story surrounds the bombing of Shell House in Copenhagen, Denmark, during the final phase of World War II, a feat which saved the Danish Resistance Movement from extinction.

The story—published here for the first time—begins in February, 1945, when German secret police, the dread Gestapo, succeeded in rounding up most of the leaders of Denmark's effective Underground, together with archives and secret membership rolls of the movement. Captives and loot, plus 50 other Danish patriots, were consigned to Shell House, a seven-story office building which had been taken over from the Danish affiliate of the Shell Oil Company and transformed into Gestapo headquarters.

News that the prisoners had been locked up in cell-like rooms on the top floor was permitted to leak out. For, the Nazis believed, were it generally known that the first victims of an Allied air attack on Shell House would be the captured Resistance leaders, then the possibility of such an attack would be forestalled. The prisoners, in short, were a human antiaircraft screen.

Congratulating themselves on their cleverness, the Gestapo agents went happily about the task of torturing their victims. Each day, fiendish instruments were applied to the yielding flesh of human backs, to eyes and ears and fingernails. The objective was nothing less than the annihilation of all resistance in the country. The Danes, to be sure, were stubborn, but whips and goads are great reducers of stubbornness.

Meanwhile, in the city, comrades of the tortured—those who had escaped the first dragnet—were tortured, too, as informants brought word of the horrors taking place within that innocent-looking office building. Daily, against their will, they were forced closer to a terrible decision. Should they continue to wait and hope, or should they radio a message to their Allied friends to bomb Shell House?

In another week, perhaps another day, one of the defenseless prisoners might reach the limit of endurance and babble secrets that would mean death for those outside, as well as for those inside. It was hazardous to wait, and yet—who was calloused enough to invite the bombing of innocent men—heroes, brothers, comrades-in-arms?

On a blustery mid-March evening, a Danish wire tapper overheard a conversation between General Pancke, German commander in Copenhagen, and his Berlin superiors. Evidently one of the imprisoned leaders either had reached the breaking point or was expected to reach it any minute, for, according to Pancke, the greatest raid yet staged on the Underground would begin in a few days.

Several hours later, an historic SOS was radioed from Copenhagen to Allied Headquarters in London, "Military leaders arrested and plans in German hands. Situation never before so desperate. Remaining leaders known by Nazis. Bombing of S. D. will give us breathing space. If any importance attached at all to Danish resistance, you must help at all costs."

In this first message, there was no mention of the prohibitive price the Danes had reconciled themselves to paying for the help they needed. However, the RAF learned of it in subsequent corroborative messages. No more anxious to kill off friends and supporters than were their contacts in Copenhagen, they also felt that the possible death of the band of captives was not to be weighed against the jeopardy of thousands. Nevertheless, they laid their plans as best they could to reduce the danger to the prisoners to a minimum. On the evening of March 20, 1945, all was ready.

At the Rosieres-en-Santerre airfield east of Amiens, France, mechanics checked the 18 Mosquito bombers and 31 Mustang planes entrusted with the delicate mission.

SUNNY SKIES BROKE above Copenhagen the morning of March 21. Suddenly a throbbing roar drew all eyes skyward. Sweeping in low from the North Sea, their wings still wet with spray, six Mosquitos streaked across the city at roof-top height. Close on their trail were two more waves of six bombers each.

At 11:16, a tremendous explosion shook Shell House. The first Mosquito had found its target. Plaster splattered about the heads of Germans and Danes alike. Billowing fumes from incendiary bombs mixed with dust to send choking fugitives groping for safety.

Then another hit! Shell House rocked on its foundations. Then still another bomb shrieked to its mark.

Six high-explosive missiles in all whistled down onto the smokeshrouded building—but not one struck the top floor! All were angled sharply into the lower stories, below the prisoners' cells. In a miraculous exhibition of skill and comradeship, the men of the RAF had skip-bombed Shell House!

In his roof-top cell, Paul Sorensen, member of the Danish Parliament when Denmark refused to cooperate with the Nazis, was thrown to the floor when the first bomb shattered the wing where he was imprisoned. Bleeding and bruised but still able to walk, Sorensen and three Danish comrades battered open a cupboard containing two German Army belts.

Linking them together outside the windows, the four swung down to the fifth floor. But the ground was still far below. With flames from incendiary bombs licking about them, the patriots lowered themselves painfully from red-hot window frames.

"Keep your legs away from the wall and try to land on them!" one leader shouted above the din of crackling fire. One by one, each patriot hung from the window ledge, pushed himself out, and jumped. Sorensen broke his left arm and six ribs in the fall. The others sustained minor injuries.

Meanwhile, chaos reigned throughout the brick-and-steel Shell House. Lyst Hansen, a Danish policeman, splintered his cell door with a stool and snatched a bunch of keys from a stunned Nazi guard. Dashing from one room to another, he freed prisoners. The scream from belated air-raid alarms mixed with human cries as men and women rushed to safety from the bomb-shattered inferno.

At 11:46, the raid was over. Counting planes which crashed before reaching Copenhagen, the RAF lost six aircraft. Dead in the ruins of Shell House, however, were 26 Germans and 46 Hipos, or Danish Nazis. Also, some 20 innocent Danes in and near Shell House died during the 30-minute attack.

But success was not reckoned in terms of men killed. For, reduced to ashes inside Shell House's blackened walls, were the precious membership lists and archives of the Danish Resistance movement. And 30 seemingly doomed men had escaped, to resume their dramatic fight against the Nazi conqueror!

Cartoon Quotes

Large woman to shoe clerk: "Ouch, I'll take this pair."
—*The Gas Flame*, Indianapolis

Harassed husband to florist: "I'd like something to go with a weak alibi."
—Frances Rodman

Bruised and bleeding man, to policeman: "Of course I can describe my assailant. That's why he hit me." —Kent Ruth

GRIN AND SHARE IT

A POPULAR GIRL of our town has just gone through a mad, whirlwind courtship, with her enamored swain taking her out dancing night after night, till all hours, giving her the rush of her life.

Finally she announced her engagement to the young man.

"I'm marrying him," she told her friends, "so I can stay at home once in a while." —ELEANOR CLARAGE

THE PRIM LITTLE old lady was obviously embarrassed by the presence of a man beside her at the drugstore counter. Finally a smile crossed her face, she looked the clerk in the eye, and said perkily: "Two packages of bathroom stationery, please." —*Texas Butane News*

ONE OF THOSE GENTLEMAN agriculturalists took four friends out to look over his estate. After a time the visitors entered the tenant farmer's house and were a little embarrassed when they discovered he had only two chairs. They stood around awkwardly for a few moments, and finally the owner of the farm said, "I don't believe you have enough chairs here."

The old farmer muttered, "I got plenty of chairs—just too much company." —*Atlanta Two-Bells*

A BANK PRESIDENT, extremely sensitive about his baldness, wore a hat at all times to cover up the fact.

One day while the porter, an old employee, was sweeping out his office, the president asked jokingly, "Why is it that after all these years you still don't have an account with us?"

"Because, boss," the porter answered, "you always look like you're about to go somewhere." —*Tennessee Products News*

WOMEN LIKE CASH because it is the easiest form of money to get rid of. They do not have the "respect" for it that men do; in fact, they are vague about the intrinsic values ordained for it by man and the U. S. Treasury. Instead, they assign values only in proportion to what it will bring. And so, chiefly for the benefit of husbands, here is a table of U. S. currency as most women regard it:

A Penny—What you can fob off on the children because it will still buy a piece of bubble gum.

A Nickel—What you always have to get from your husband or the drugstore clerk when you want to make a phone call.

A Dime—What the kids hold out for since the double-dip ice-cream cone was discovered. And you might as well give it to them, for it won't buy a can of anything or even a loaf of bread any more.

A Quarter—This is nice, because if you give it to a bus or streetcar conductor, you get change. In fact, almost nothing costs that, so you always get something back.

Fifty Cents—What everything costs in the ten-cent store now. So every woman's aim is getting and keeping as many half-dollars as possible. They are convenient because, unlike quarters, you can tell them from nickels without your glasses.

A Dollar—The ideal form of cash. You can buy a lot with a dollar—if you have enough of them. And, unless they stick together, they are easier to count than anything else.

Five Dollars—Much less satisfactory than a dollar because, once it's "broken," you don't have any more left than from a dollar. And, meantime, by mistake you might pay it out for a dollar anyway.

Ten Dollars—Better, because if you take it to the grocery you can usually buy enough for dinner, without adding up as you go along.

Twenty Dollars—Worse, for grocery shopping, because it makes you think you have plenty, so you stock up on staples and things for your "hostess shelf," and then it turns out never to be enough.

Fifty Dollars—Infrequent, but fun, because it is practically unexpendable. You have to go to a lot of bother and call a floorwalker and leave your name and address. So it is easier just to charge things and go on carrying it around until you find something really big to buy.

A Hundred Dollars—Do they really make bills that big?

—BJ KIDD, *Women Never Go Broke* (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

A MOTHER DECIDED to help her small son with his homework. The first arithmetic problem was: "On the seven days of a particular week, the temperatures were, respectively, 72, 94, 82, 75, 76, 80, and 81. What was the average temperature?"

Being a little rusty herself, this had her puzzled until she happily found the solution in one word: "Perfect."

—KENILWORTH H. MATHUS

JUNIOR'S FIRST train ride was just too much for him. In spite of parental admonitions he climbed on top of vacant seats, turned the aisle into a racecourse and made himself generally obnoxious.

His father finally succeeded in grabbing his shirttail and hissing in his ear, "Sit down and be quiet—or I'll bop you!"

"You hit me just once, pop," Junior screamed so all the car could hear, "and I'll tell the conductor how old I am."

—PAUL MCCABE

A YOUNG MAN dropped into a pawnshop and remarked to the proprietor: "I see you have a window full of guitars and pistols. Do you ever sell any of them?"

"Oh, yes," replied the proprietor. "Every once in a while someone buys a guitar, and it's never very long before a member of his family drops in for a revolver."

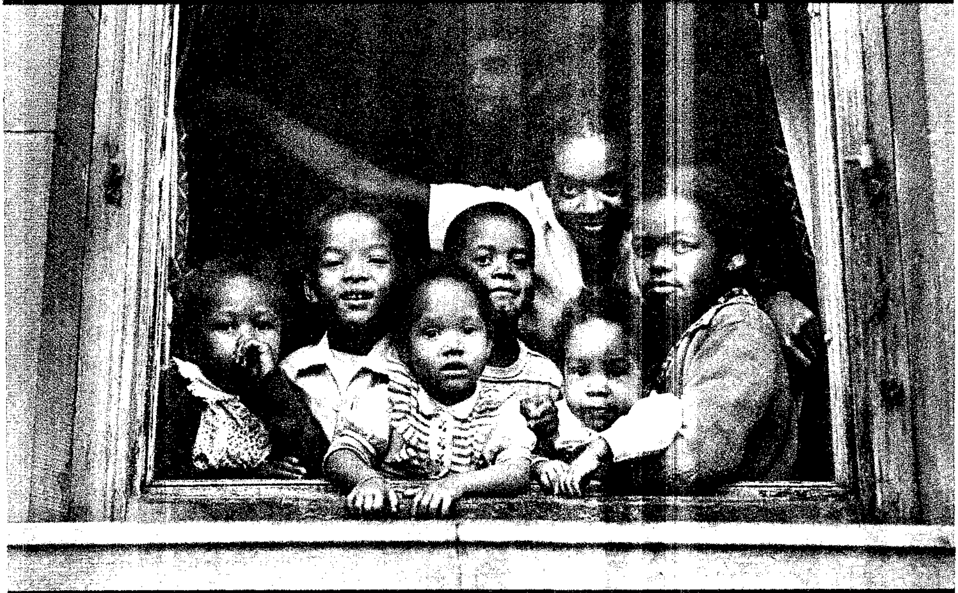
—FRANCES RODMAN

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

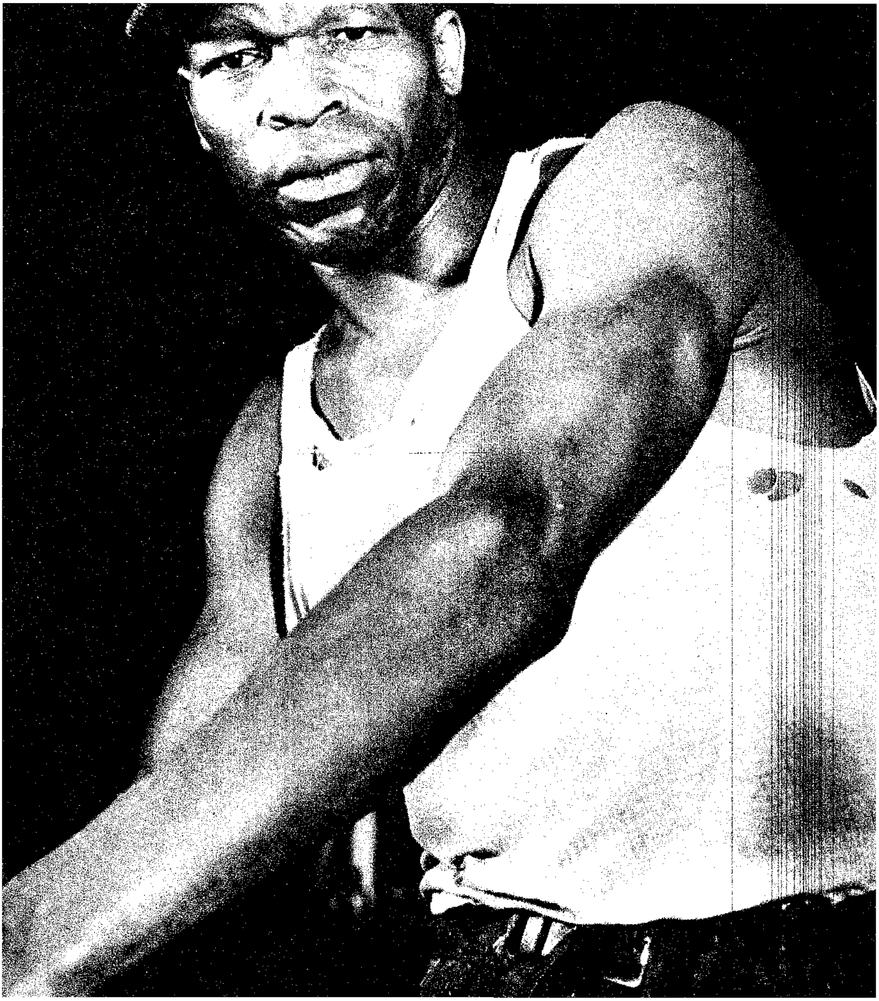
The NEGRO in America

IN AMERICA'S DEVELOPMENT as a nation, the Negro people have played an historic role. And yet, in recent years, their status in our changing land has been widely viewed. However, there is a record that transcends opinion—and our 15,000,000 Negro citizens have written it themselves. It is a record of singular achievement. More, it is a deeply human document, inscribed with dignity and pride.

Big-city living might be better. Believing this, America's colored people have undergone the greatest mass migration in history. Moving, however, does not always solve problems. Questions remain.

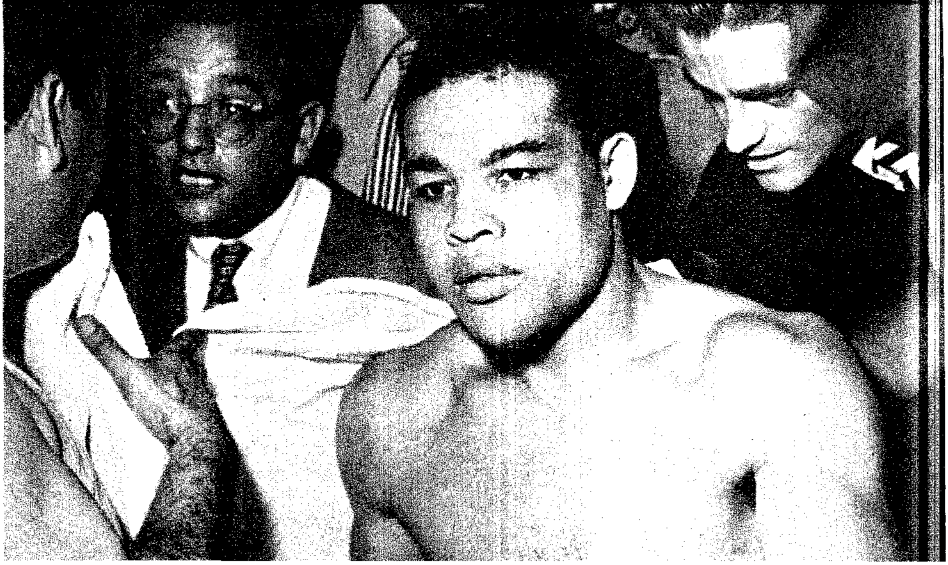


Overcrowded tenements, traffic-jammed streets as playgrounds, inequality of opportunity—these, too, are part of the record. Yet, for millions, an overwhelming faith in the future will never die.



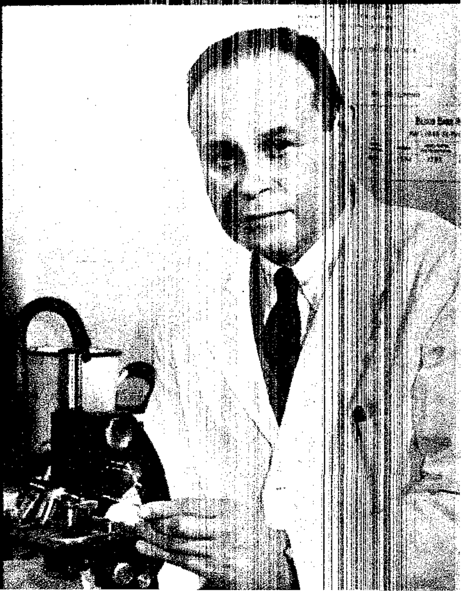
B
Dodgers

Millions of persons here and abroad have thrilled to the voice of Marian Anderson. Its lyrical beauty expresses the faith of a deeply spiritual people—a faith that is opening new worlds.

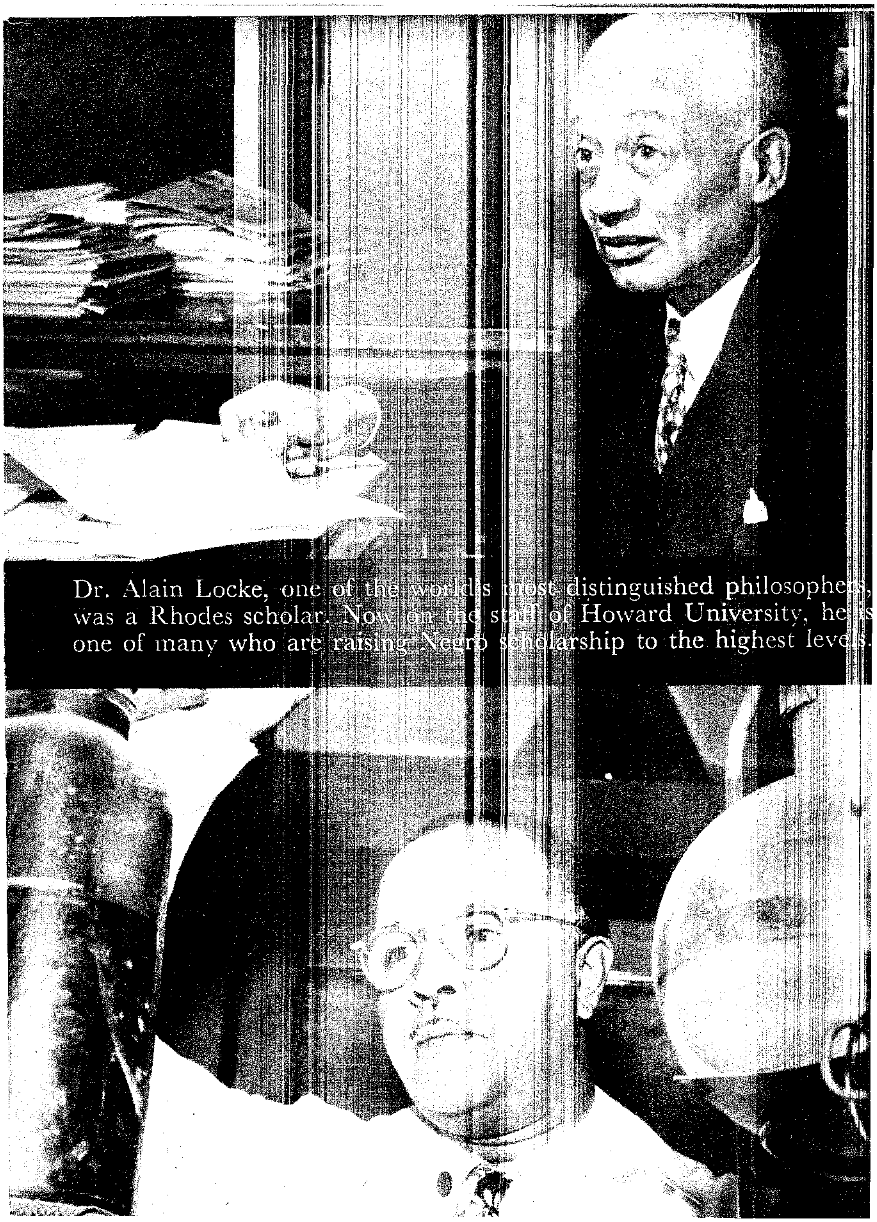


The record shines in every field. As President of Bethune-Cookman College, Mary McLeod Bethune has won the respect of educators throughout the country. Her graduates hold top jobs.

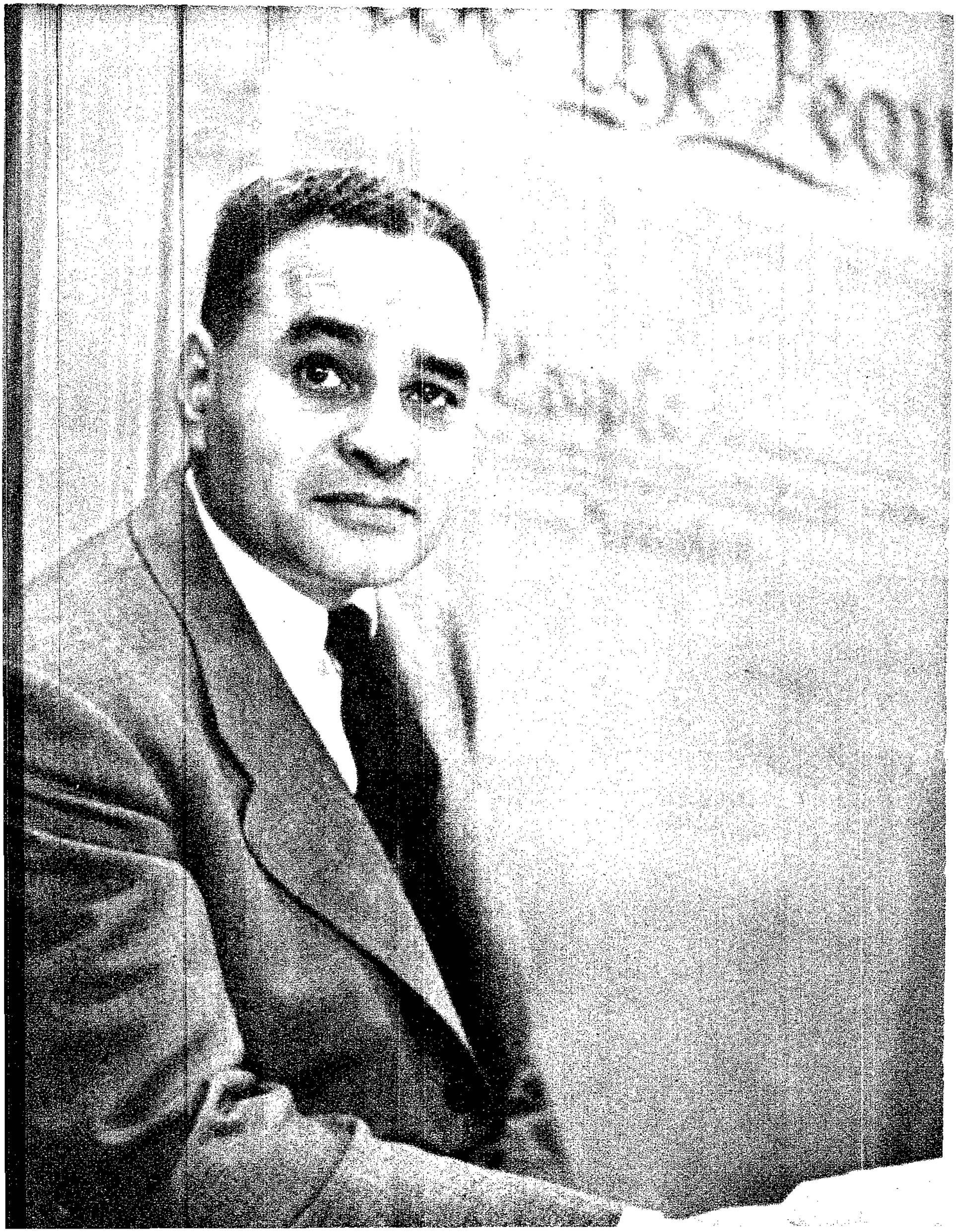
Willard Motley, author of the best-selling novel *Knock on Any Door*, and a West Point cadet symbolize the new achievement of the colored people of America. Many others will follow in their steps.



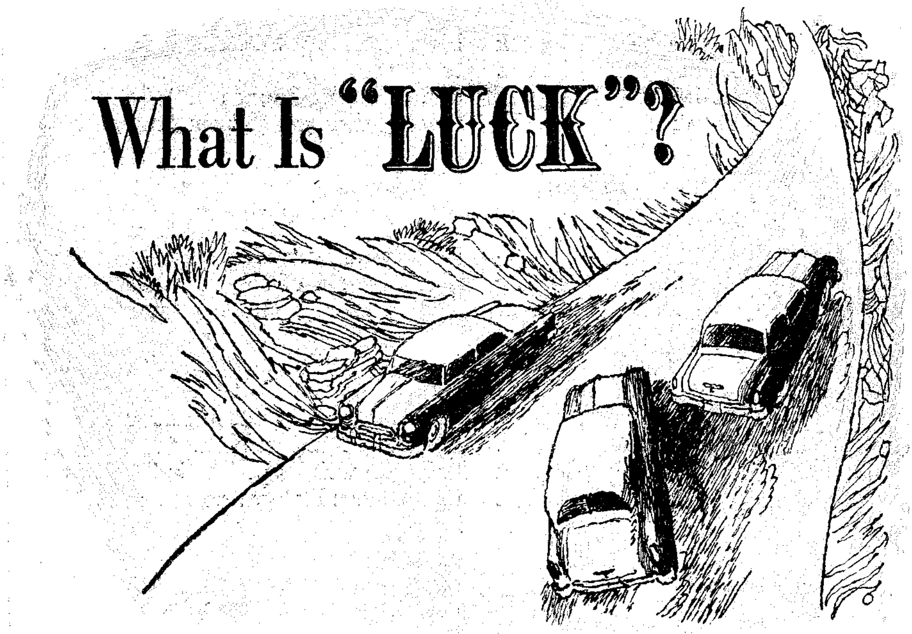
ent members of the legal profession, like Judge Francis E.
rs of the City Court of New York, and William H. Hastie,
Circuit Court Judge, hold positions of high responsibility.



Dr. Alain Locke, one of the world's most distinguished philosophers, was a Rhodes scholar. Now on the staff of Howard University, he is one of many who are raising Negro scholarship to the highest levels.



What Is "LUCK"?



by **WILL OURSLER**

There's a lot more to success and failure than just "getting the breaks" in life

PEOPLE CALL FRANK M. a "lucky driver." He is past 40 and for 20 years has been driving his car, usually at high speeds, and yet he has never had an accident. His neighbors insist that he is the luckiest driver they know.

But is it "luck" that keeps Frank out of crashes? Or is it something else? Obviously, it couldn't be sheer luck, since Frank long ago used up his "mathematical chances" of avoiding an accident. The fact is, he has never had an accident because he is a highly experienced and skillful driver.

Most of us use the term "luck" too glibly. It serves as a handy alibi whenever we need an easy explanation for what happens to ourselves or to others. "Luck is a much-abused word," says a warning reminder on the walls of a New York employment agency. "It gets the blame for all our failures—and all our competitors' successes."

This slogan sums up a "philosophy of chance" which has taken root in our postwar era, particularly among younger people. Everything is luck. Everything hangs on whether we "get the breaks."

But the men and women who deal daily with human triumphs and failures say it isn't so. Case records of psychologists, business experts, personnel directors and social workers bear out this vital fact: that most of what we call luck isn't luck at all. Usually it turns out to be the work of talents and qualities we failed to recognize in the individual.

Go back to Frank M., the "lucky driver." Talk to him and you will discover that he has made driving a fine art. He knows more about his car than does the average garage mechanic. He can quote motor-vehicle laws better than the average traffic cop. Frank isn't a lucky driver—he is an expert.

Or look at a more famous instance—the case of an unknown girl who leaped into stardom overnight on the wings of one Broadway song. The girl is Mary Martin, current star of *South Pacific*. The song was *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*.

People along Broadway called her "the luckiest girl in show business." She was just a cute youngster who happened to hit a song tailor-made to fit her personality. But examine the facts.

Mary Martin had spent years not only learning to sing and dance, but also to act. She had been turned down by every Hollywood studio, and still hadn't given up. She was singing in a Los Angeles café when a producer spotted her and landed her a bit part in a musical comedy heading for Broadway.

It was only a bit. But she was good, so good that the writers started building up her part. Eventually, they gave this fresh and exciting new girl the song with which she scored her smashing success.

WHAT ARE THE HIDDEN qualifications for luck—and how do we go about acquiring them?

Topping the list is confidence. The lucky man believes in himself and his chances. Confidence flows from his personality and transmits itself to others.

But this confidence can't be manufactured or grafted on. It must be built on the solid knowledge that you have the training and ability.

Larry Kelley, Yale's football star from 1934 through 1936, was an outstanding example of confidence in the world of sports. In his first season, Kelley made so many unbelievable plays that people began calling it "Kelley's magic." But as his "fantastic" plays continued in game after game, the public realized it couldn't be just luck.

Sports writers put their finger on the answer: Kelley's complete belief in himself. "Drop a loose ball in front of some football players and they take an hour getting over their surprise," one writer explained. "With Kelley it's different. He's waiting for the fumble or juggled pass to bounce into his hands. He acts like the ball belonged to him, right from the start."

Confidence is also a vital part of our "luck" in personal and business affairs. The sad-eyed lover who despairs of winning the lady's hand is usually the one who winds up bewailing his fate. Likewise, the businessman crying that luck is against him won't get many backers to risk their cash.

Next on the list of qualifications for luck is talent. Nothing is more tragic—or more certain of failure—than the square peg in the round hole.

All of us have some special bent in which we can excel. In the past, a man might grope for years before he found his field. Today, business and educational groups have evolved aptitude tests which—while not infallible—can indicate the roads where our best chances lie.

Consider the case of a Pennsylvania youth who wanted to be a doctor, mainly because his father was a doctor and thought his son should carry on the tradition. But six months after the youth entered medical school he flunked out.

The parents were almost in despair. But the college dean had an opposite view. "It's fortunate," he told the youth, "that you found out in time you aren't suited for medicine."

The youth was worried. Did he have any talents at all?

"Of course you have talents!" the dean replied. "Your tests show you get along well with people and win their trust. You're good at mathematics. You'd make a good broker or banker."

The boy grinned. "Funny thing, I always wanted to be in the banking business. Only I never dared mention it before."

Today, as a result of moving into his proper field, he has become, at 33, the youngest executive in one of America's greatest banks.

Many a so-called "unlucky marriage" has gone to smash because of a lack of self-knowledge. We have leanings for certain kinds of work—and certain kinds of people. Where the divorce papers read "incompatibility" it often means that one party or both entered the marriage contract without really understanding themselves or their own temperaments.

Next on the list is know-how. Here is the answer to most of the success stories of our world.

We speak of the gardener with "green thumbs" who can make anything grow. Or the "natural mechanic" who can repair any broken gadget. Or the bridge player who is so lucky "his cards are all aces."

In each instance, if you analyze it, there is very little magic involved. Like our lucky driver, these people are usually experts. The gardener and the natural mechanic gave years to learning their jobs. And the bridge player knows all there is to know about proper bidding and correct play.

Classic example of know-how is the story of the fisherman whose "luck" was famous all along the Maine coast. He brought in huge catches at times when no one else landed a minnow.

One day, neighbors ventured into the man's library. There they spotted the real answer—row after row of books about fish of all kinds. He had made a lifetime study of the art of angling. He knew the habits and habitats, the spawning seasons, the favorite diets of fish all over the globe. That was why he brought in "lucky" catches.

Another ingredient of luck is courage. Many people are kept from attaining a "big break" by their own fears. They have ability and training, even confidence, but they lack the courage to plunge ahead.

A white-collar worker in Chicago was holding down a $50-a-week job. He was worth more than that, and he had a wife and home to support. Finally, he realized he was wasting his life, so he decided to take action.

With a few hundred dollars in savings, he quit his job. Every day he pretended to go to his regular work. Every Friday he brought home money he had drawn from the bank as "salary." All the time, he was searching for the big job—the kind he knew he had the capacity and training to handle.

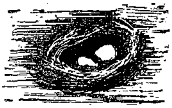
Three weeks after he quit, he announced to his wife that he had been appointed production manager of a large industrial firm. His new salary: $7,000 a year. When she had recovered sufficiently, he explained how this fabulous "lucky break" happened to come about.

And finally—the role of sheer chance. In a few activities, pure luck does play a major part. Generally, these are fields of out-and-out gambling such as betting on horse races. Yet even here luck is not the only factor. Professional gamblers know plenty about odds and systems of betting.

Of course, sheer chance does pay off occasionally. There is the sweepstakes winner who wakes up to find himself rich. Or the farmer who uncovers an oil gusher in his back yard. Or the clerk who inherits a British title from an uncle he scarcely knew existed. But these are real flukes—the kind of once-in-a-lifetime chance on which no one in his right mind would ever pin his hopes.

Admittedly, in the daily business of living, everything we try is to some extent a gamble. But never overestimate the role of sheer luck. It plays a part, of course: it can bring tragedy or triumph. But in most instances, the answers to our victories and defeats lie not in any blind system of chance, but in our own minds and hands.

No Housing Shortage Here



In Glendale, California, city fathers were amazed to find they had, quite literally, given the green light to a new kind of housing project—free rentals and every kind of modern convenience.

The uninvited tenants to whom they were playing landlord were a particularly enterprising pair of sparrows which had taken up residence in the "GO" section of a three-light traffic signal at a busy street intersection.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow could not have found a more streamlined birdhouse. Their city-owned home was complete with air conditioning—the signal arms provided cooling breezes as they went up and down; automatic heating unit—the light going on and off kept the nest properly cozy; and special lighting effects—the green light flashing intermittently supplied an exotic interior-decorating touch.

But best of all, the landlord never came around to collect the rent.

—Mrs. Lena Chase Brunn

• • •

In New Jersey, two sparrows built a nest from stainless-steel machine-shop turnings. They lined it with leaves and down. —*Steel Facts*

• • •

It is noted that, instead of holding a conference and appointing committees to relieve the housing shortage, the birds go right on building nests. —*Grit*

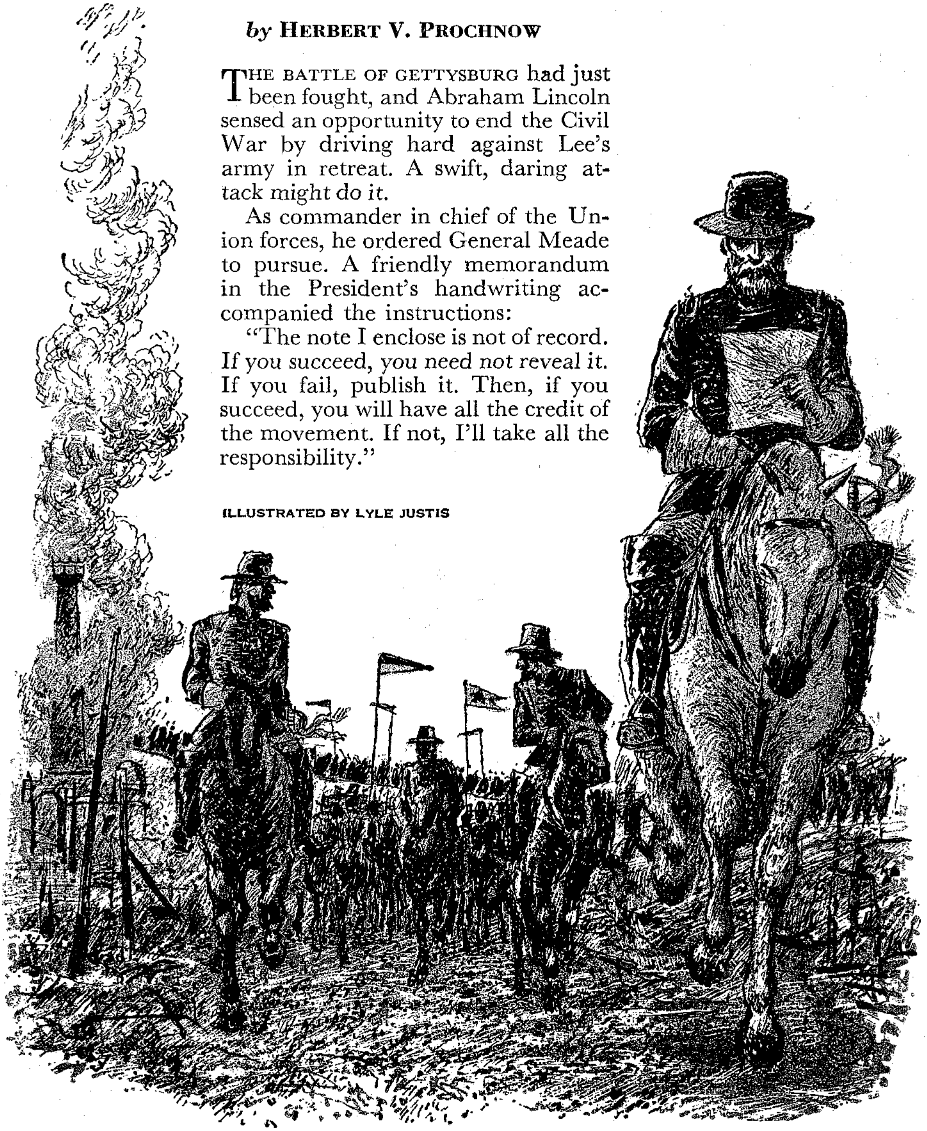
GIFT OF GREATNESS

by HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG had just been fought, and Abraham Lincoln sensed an opportunity to end the Civil War by driving hard against Lee's army in retreat. A swift, daring attack might do it.

As commander in chief of the Union forces, he ordered General Meade to pursue. A friendly memorandum in the President's handwriting accompanied the instructions:

"The note I enclose is not of record. If you succeed, you need not reveal it. If you fail, publish it. Then, if you succeed, you will have all the credit of the movement. If not, I'll take all the responsibility."



ILLUSTRATED BY LYLE JUSTIS

From *The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest.* Copyright, 1942, and published by Harper & Bros.

Feathered Funsters

by **ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE**

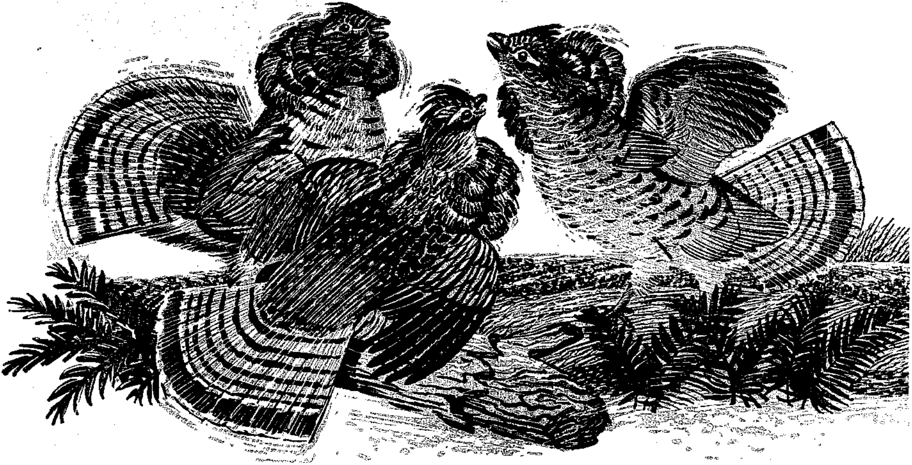
ONE DAY IN MID-OCTOBER, my natural inclination to wander took me into the shaggy wilds of a superb mountain fastness in southern Pennsylvania. Throughout its length flows a trout stream, now warbling over mossy rocks, now a brimming pool that sparkles and glistens like a huge amethyst under the swarthy hemlocks.

On a slope about a hundred yards above the stream, I paused to look downward on the breathless beauty of the wildwood, when my attention was attracted to a movement on a little sunlit arena, where the leaves had made a gorgeous carpet. I saw a male ruffed grouse, the rich brown of his plumage, now lighted by the soft suffusing glow of the October sunlight, blending perfectly with the rich colors of the fallen leaves on which he stood.

Presently another grouse walked into sight; then a third, then a fourth. From the ease of their attitude, it was apparent that they had not detected my presence. There they stood, those four princes of the woodland, as patrician as any birds in all the world.

Much of the true meaning of beauty, of grace, and of natural glamour can be learned from watching such aristocrats.

Of course, I was prepared to see them in this setting; for it has always been a favorite haunt for ruffed grouse. But what I was unprepared for was the frolicsome performance it was my privilege to see, here where the lonely forest

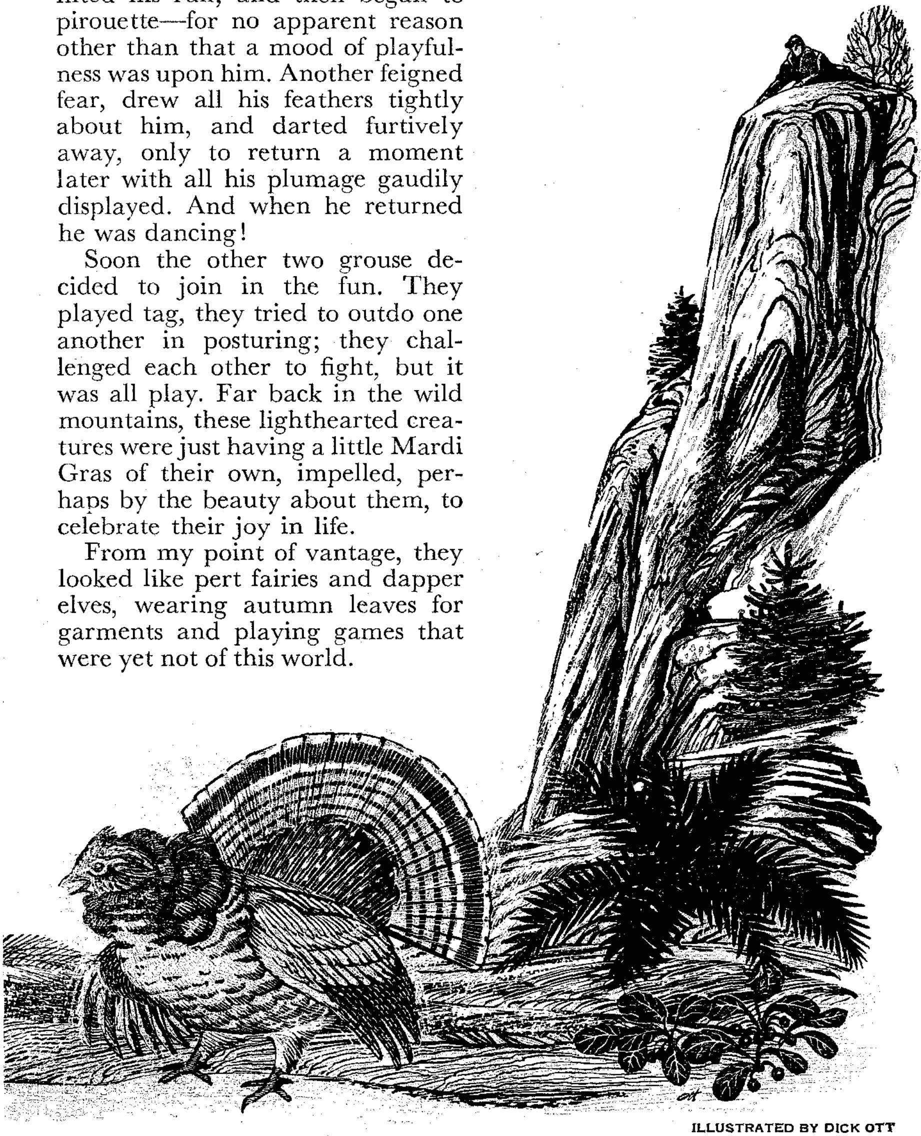


held the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

One of the grouse lowered his wings, fanned out his beautiful tail, lifted his ruff, and then began to pirouette—for no apparent reason other than that a mood of playfulness was upon him. Another feigned fear, drew all his feathers tightly about him, and darted furtively away, only to return a moment later with all his plumage gaudily displayed. And when he returned he was dancing!

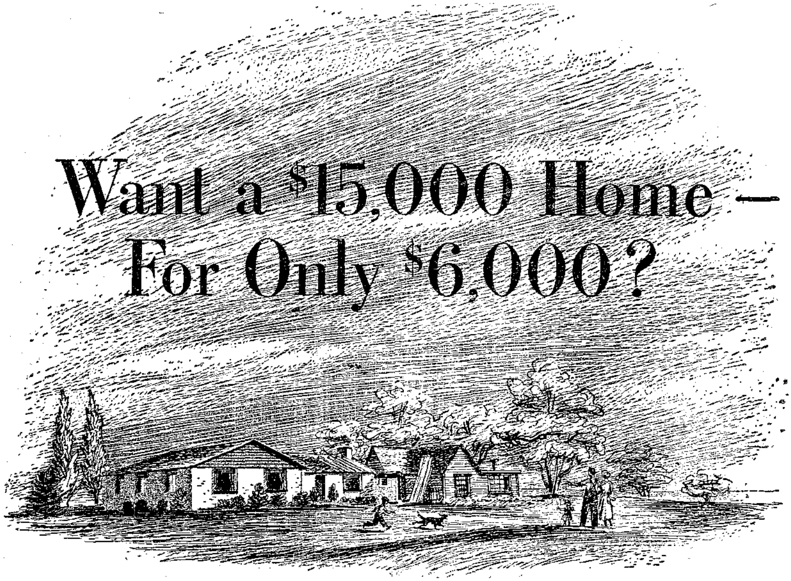
Soon the other two grouse decided to join in the fun. They played tag, they tried to outdo one another in posturing; they challenged each other to fight, but it was all play. Far back in the wild mountains, these lighthearted creatures were just having a little Mardi Gras of their own, impelled, perhaps by the beauty about them, to celebrate their joy in life.

From my point of vantage, they looked like pert fairies and dapper elves, wearing autumn leaves for garments and playing games that were yet not of this world.



ILLUSTRATED BY DICK OTT

Want a $15,000 Home — For Only $6,000?



by John O. McMeekin

Even on a modest income, you can have a house of your own; this article proves it

THIRTEEN YEARS ago, a CORONET article changed my life!

Thirteen years ago, my wife and I were hard-up, rent-paying tenants in a crowded city. Today we are independent and secure in the Pennsylvania countryside. We own, debt-free, a $15,000 home. And we did it all on a modest income.

How can I credit this independence and security to a CORONET article? It was called "Houses of Earth," and the author maintained that anybody could build his own house. All you did was erect wooden forms on a foundation, pound in four-inch layers of dirt, and you would have a rammed earth (or Pisé de Terre) wall.

Pisé, it developed, was an ancient and honorable building method, almost forgotten today. As soon as one form was full of rammed earth, you moved it and rammed another section, and so on until the wall was complete. As simple as that. Easy, cheap and permanent, the article said.

And every word was true. Our home is warm in winter, cool in summer. The foot-thick walls are proof against vermin, termites and fire, and will stand for centuries. And they were easy and cheap to erect, just as the CORONET article stated. I know, because I have built our home—*during my spare time!*

There is nothing remarkable about me. I am just an average fellow: a salesman, 37 years old, weighing 163 pounds. I am five-feet-eleven, and have the usual number of hands and legs. It just happens that I used my spare time to build a home of rammed earth.

Our house does not appear unusual. Without knowing its history, you would drive by and notice only an attractive home with clean, simple lines. It is big, but it hugs the ground with an air of belonging. And it is filled with modern appliances that we were able to afford because we saved so much by using the construction methods we did.

And if we built a home that way, you can too. Here's how we happened to get started. . . .

Betty read the CORONET article first. "Look," she exclaimed, "the author says that *anyone* can build a home of rammed earth."

"Not me, honey," I replied. "The only thing I ever built was a birdhouse, and the Scoutmaster said the corners weren't square."

But Betty was insistent, so we read the article again and then went to the library for more information. It still sounded simple. Centuries-old houses made of rammed earth were still standing, in good repair. The only objection, we found, was that the method took more time and labor than conventional techniques.

"But look, darling," I said, "suppose we do try it—you'll suffer hardships. Here in this apartment, at least we have a bathroom and running water."

"And if we stay here, that's all we'll ever have," she countered. "Building a place of our own will give us security and independence—and a place to raise a family."

Betty was right. Our budget proved it. After rent, food and clothing, there was little left. If our rent money could be used to buy some land, and my spare time to build on it, well . . .

I jotted down a list of requirements for the land: 1) It had to be cheap; 2) it had to be within commuting distance of my job; 3) it would be fine if it included a cheap, run-down house, where we could live while building; 4) it had to have the right kind of dirt for building with rammed earth.

Fruitlessly we scanned newspaper ads; vainly we haunted real-estate brokers. Finally we got a break on one of our Sunday afternoon drives into the country. Rounding a bend, we saw, half-hidden in briars, a weatherbeaten sign: FOR SALE.

A hundred feet from the road stood a decrepit shack. The walls leaned; newspapers were stuck around the windows. We made our way to the door.

"Nice place here. We see you've got it up for sale."

"Yup. Built it myself," the old man replied. "Needs a little patching, though."

"Is the ground good for farming?" I asked.

"Raises fine blackberries, but it's too sandy for corn."

My spine tingled. *Seventy-five per cent sand was ideal for rammed-earth construction!* Exactly what we wanted: five acres, a run-down house, electricity and water available, and within driving distance of my job. Anxiously we asked the price. Wonderful! We could afford it!

Next day we drove out and made a down payment of $100 on our home. Then we arranged mortgage payments the same as our rent, and two months later were ready to move.

Moving day was a bright June morning. I unloaded the truck as Betty busied herself with cleaning. When night came, we assembled our bed in what we laughingly called the bedroom. We fell asleep under our own roof—leaky, maybe, but our very own! . . .

For the next few weeks, we were busy making our little place bright, cheerful and weather-tight. Finally we knew it would weather the winter. Now we could start building!

Already on graph paper were scale drawings of our new home. Simple in design, it would be a low, one-story structure with a center section and two wings, in the form of the letter "U." We would build the center section and one wing first, move into it, then tear down the old house and construct the other wing where it stood. Our back wall called for a picture window and French doors facing the view, and since they were both large openings we started there.

First came the foundation, a 36-inch reinforced concrete footing. Narrow in the middle, it tapered out to 12 inches at the top, the width of our walls. It extends below ground two feet, the frost level in our area.

Excellent plans for building foundation forms are contained in a free bulletin, No. 277, *Rammed Earth Walls for Farm Buildings*, published by the South Dakota State College at Brookings. Not having enough money to buy new wood and cement too, I used scrap boards from our corncrib and lined the forms with waterproof building paper. I found the only precaution necessary was to be sure the top of the form was level and that the boards couldn't warp or bulge under pressure from wet concrete.

After I had filled the first section of wall with rammed earth, I took off the form and it stood there, a beautiful monolithic block of sandstone eight feet long and seven feet high, constructed by pressure as it is in nature.

"Why, anybody can do that!" commented a friend as he watched me build a section.

He was right. My forms are made from ⅝-inch plywood sheets, lined with galvanized iron and reinforced at the edges with angle iron. They are attached on the wall with bolts threaded on both ends. After the forms are tightened and made plumb, they are rammed full of earth, each four-inch layer pounded solid before the next is added. Then the bolts are removed and the form is ready for the next section. By using two-by-twelve planks for window and door frames, it is simple to leave openings in the wall.

I built the forms following directions in that South Dakota bulletin. The materials cost about $50, and the forms are still good as new.

WHEN PEOPLE first discover you are building of rammed earth, they are incredulous. What holds it down? What makes it stick together? If it's so good, why doesn't everyone build of rammed earth?

The last question is a good one. The answer is: in this age, the cost of labor would make rammed-earth construction fantastically expensive. But for the fellow who will work for himself, it is ideal. All you need is spare time.

I used two tampers. The first, about eight inches square on the bottom, firms the ground. The other, which a machinist friend made for me, does the real work.

Actual Cost Figures on a Rammed-Earth Home

Prior to publication of this article, CORONET sent a real-estate expert to Valencia, Pennsylvania, to make an appraisal of the McMeekin house. After careful study, he reported that the home is comparable to the average modern dwelling costing $15,000, exclusive of land value. The owner estimates the material cost of the residence, now 70 per cent complete, at about $2,000, with some items calculated at prewar prices. The real-estate appraiser, basing prices on 1950 levels, submitted the following cost figures:

Estimated Materials	Self-Labor	Outside Labor
Forms	$125.	$250.
Foundation	650.	950.
Doors	105.	200.
Windows	175.	300.
Electric Wiring	175.	350.
Plumbing	200.	350.
Chimney	60.	150.
Plastering	350.	700.
Floors	600.	800.
Walls, Exterior & Partitions	500.	900.
Roof	500.	750.
Heating System	175.	275.
Total	$3,615.	$5,975.

Additional Costs	Self-Labor	Outside Labor
Bathtub	$ 65.	$105.
Washbasin	19.	30.
Medicine Chest	11.	21.
Toilet and Flushometer	55.	75.
Heat in Floors	85.	175.
Ventilators (above windows)	50.	125.
Paint for Interior	100.	600.
Paint for Exterior	50.	150.
Lubricating Oil (Foundations)	15.	25.
Cement Walls	30.	50.
Cedar Gutter	70.	140.
Kitchen Sink	115.	165.
Kitchen Cabinets	125.	175.
Kitchen Dressers	100.	150.
Two Refrigerators	380.	390.
Electric Stove	250.	260.
Lighting Fixtures	75.	175.
Linoleum	250.	325.
Aluminum Fireplace Sheets	60.	90.
Well (Water)	200.	200.
Pump (Water)	100.	100.
Wire Lathe	150.	400.
Power Line	100.	100.
	$2,455.	$4,026.
Total Cost	$6,070.	$10,001.

It is a piece of iron, 4-by-3-by-2½ inches, with a hole bored on the narrow side. The hole is threaded to fit a one-inch pipe, six feet long, which forms the handle. The whole thing weighs about 12 pounds.

That first winter was rugged. Snowdrifts piled around our home for months. We would awake to find our water pump frozen, and Betty would melt snow for our coffee. If I remarked that we didn't have city conveniences, she would retort: "It's *our* home, isn't it?"

Winter finally yielded to a cold, damp spring. Fretting at delay, we waited for the summer sun to dry our dirt. Then the wall-making went on—week ends, holidays, vacations, and those golden hours between dinner and bedtime. There is a jubilant joy in creating something permanent. So much of what we do in this modern age is transitory and intangible. But as you give the final ringing stroke to a rammed-earth wall, you know it will last 100 years. That gives you a good feeling, down deep inside.

Meanwhile, you will give up some of your city friends. But new friends will appear, pioneers like yourself. They won't come around often, because they are busy with their own projects, but in case of sickness or need, they are always ready to help.

By fall, our building began to look like a house. On top of the wall were 2-by-12-inch planks, held in place by bolts imbedded in the Pisé. Tarpaper capped them for protection against weather.

Again the winter's sleet and snow beat against our rammed-earth walls, and again, to the amazement of skeptical neighbors, they showed little abuse. By the time we put on a roof, the walls had been thoroughly exposed, yet they were only slightly roughened, providing an easier surface for plastering.

There is a variety of exterior finishes for rammed earth. We applied two coats of regular cement stucco plaster, troweling the second coat smooth. The house is painted green now, and ivy is climbing the walls. It is big—78 feet long, and our living-dining room is 24 by 30—but it blends with the landscape so well that few people realize its size.

When we were ready for the roof, there was a war on. Lumber was scarce and expensive. After we looked for weeks, a near-by farmer decided to tear down his barn and sell the timbers. They were hand-hewn, strong enough to support twice the weight we required.

Then I started learning about hip rafters, valley rafters, jack rafters and just plain ordinary rafters. There are plenty of books on how to cope with rafters, but I developed my own system.

First I propped up the ridgepole. Then, with a steel tape, I carefully measured the distance between it and the wall. That *had* to be the length of the rafter, with no geometric shenanigans. Then I put up a string where the rafter would be and placed my square against it, both at top and bottom.

By holding the square against the rafter plank, with the numbers in the same position as when they were against the string, I would mark the rafter and saw it accordingly. That *had* to be the correct angle for the top and bottom cuts.

The war also caused a shortage of lots of other things, so I haunted house-wrecking places. I found all sorts of interesting materials—plumbing fixtures for a fraction of the original price, and doors practically for the taking. But what made me happiest was the second-hand lumber, salvaged from scrapped homes—wonderful roof sheathing that is hard to buy today for any money.

Roofmaking is rewarding work, for each rafter changes the world's skyline, and everyone can see what you have accomplished. It was two years before the last shingle was laid, one nippy fall day. Now we were ready to work *inside* the house.

Building a chimney was first. (As a guidebook, I used the excellent Department of Agriculture

Bulletin, No. 1889, *Fireplaces and Chimneys.*) Plastering came next. Then carpentry, wiring and plumbing followed in routine order.

I did them all, using information from free government pamphlets. None of these trades presents insoluble problems to a person who can read and follow directions. The chief difference is that a professional works faster than an amateur.

During the past few weeks, I've been out of a job. So what? I own my home, have no debts, and can afford to wait until the right thing comes along. And while I'm on "vacation," I can put in my time by adding refinements and increasing the value of our home.

If I had not read that CORONET article in 1937, I shudder to think of my life today—out of work, with nothing but a stack of worthless rent receipts or perhaps installments on a mortgage to meet. There would never be this happy household where I sit on the sunlit terrace and watch two healthy children playing on our broad acres.

Rammed earth promises anyone health, independence and security. The instructions for building are readily available, either in government pamphlets or at your public library. And all the time you invest is your own.

If I did it, you can too. So why not follow in my footsteps and find out what it means to live a fuller, richer and happier family life?

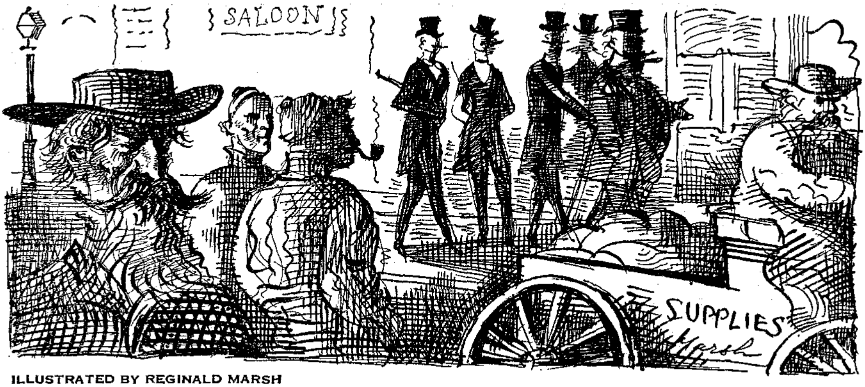
Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Kings and Lovers (Quiz on page 63)

1. King Alexander the Great—Macedonia; 2. King Nebuchadnezzar—Babylon; 3. Mark Antony—Cleopatra; 4. Robin Hood—Maid Marian; 5. King Herod the Great—Jerusalem; 6. L'il Abner—Daisy Mae; 7. President Andrew Jackson—Rachel (Robards) Jackson; 8. King Alfonso XIII—Spain; 9. Adonis—Venus; 10. King Louis XV—Madame Pompadour; 11. Napoleon Bonaparte—Empress Josephine; 12. George Washington—Martha Custis; 13. King Kamehameha—Hawaii; 14. Tom Sawyer—Becky Thatcher; 15. Emperor Haile Selassie—Ethiopia; 16. John Rolfe—Pocahontas; 17. King Arthur—England; 18. King Haakon VII—Norway; 19. Emperor Montezuma—Mexico; 20. King Christophe—Haiti.

Remember These Mothers? (Quiz on page 111)

1. Sandra Berlinger (Milton Berle's mother); 2. The British Parliament; 3. "Marmee" March; 4. Eleanor Roosevelt; 5. Lady Randolph Churchill; 6. Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen of Holland; 7. "Mother Goose"; 8. Naomi; 9. Marie Curie; 10. Chic Young's "Blondie"; 11. Mother Nature; 12. Mrs. Ida Eisenhower; 13. "Mother Machree"; 14. Loretta Young; 15. Gold Star Mothers.



ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

The Perfect Gentlemen

by **SAUL DAVID**

How early Portland's "first citizens" learned a lesson on the brotherhood of man

LATE IN THE 1870s, Portland, Oregon, was still a lusty young river-port town, feeding on the incredible richness of the Pacific Northwest. The first big pioneer rush was over, but prospectors still filled the streets, and a sack of gold dust was common currency in saloons and dance halls.

The leading citizens who had made their fortunes were ready to settle back and enjoy the fruits of their work. Portland was their home and they loved it, but the civilized graces of the East were missing. So they decided to form the "Gentleman's Club."

Only the top drawer of society would be allowed membership, and only activities which would advance the culture of Portland would be sponsored. Members would dress fittingly for every social occasion, sit only in the club box on First Nights, and at all times act in the proper "gentlemanly" manner. A Van Dyke beard was to be the distinguishing mark of a "Gentleman."

But there was one snag. The Judge, Portland's most beloved citizen, had not yet been consulted. He stood for everything the leading townspeople admired; without him, a gentleman's club would be a joke. So they decided to call on him at once.

When they reached the courthouse, the Judge was busy with a visitor. Would the gentlemen wait? The gentlemen would. But the benches were hard and their eagerness to present their plan to the Judge began to change to curiosity. Who could be keeping him so long?

At last the Judge invited them in, but no visitor was in sight. Whoever it was had gone out the back door.

So they told the Judge about the "Gentleman's Club"—the seed from which would grow a civilized and stable community in which their sons and daughters could develop.

Finally the Judge interrupted, to ask them to define a "gentleman."

"It is a man," they replied, "who does the right thing in the right way, the very best that he knows how."

The Judge nodded solemnly. Then he said thoughtfully: "I'd be ungrateful if I did not value your high praise. But I do not merit it. I know of only one man who does. He is the greatest and perhaps the only true gentleman I know. Right now he is in the garden outside this building.

"I think you gentlemen have heard of him. He is Father Damien—the Leper Priest of Molokai."

The gentlemen looked at each other. Of course they had heard of Father Damien! The story of his self-imposed martyrdom among the lepers of Molokai was on everyone's tongue. But what did all this have to do with the "Gentleman's Club"?

"It has everything to do with it," the Judge said gently. "Father Damien is here among civilized men for the last time. Because of the danger of contagion, it has been decided that when he returns to Molokai he must remain there forever.

"Father Damien is trying to raise funds for those unfortunates on Molokai. And he has a different idea of what constitutes a gentleman. Would you like to meet him?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went to the rear door and returned with Father Damien. They sat down together, the solid citizens and the priest, and talked. The gentlemen listened as Father Damien told of his lepers, of his struggles to improve their sorry condition, and of his belief in the brotherhood of man.

And then, when it was getting on towards suppertime and their wives were beginning to wonder where the gentlemen of Portland were, the talking came to an end.

Now there is some question as to who suggested it. It may have been the Judge or a lumber king, a banker or a businessman, or perhaps the idea came to all the "leading citizens of Portland" at once. But each did "the right thing in the right way, the very best he knew how."

Father Damien left Portland with renewed faith in the brotherhood of man. And we know one more thing. The "Gentleman's Club" of Portland was never formed.

Picture Sentences

The full moon pushed the clouds aside as if they were a double door.

•

The wind told its own ghost stories.

•

A sleepy fire nodded and dozed over a few chunks of hard wood.

•

Making little trinkets of sound at the piano.

•

Their eyes met as if by appointment.

•

Far off in the darkness the train mourned like a lonely dog.

—*Pipe Dreams*

16mm Film Users! Here's your Coronet Instructional Films directory of rental libraries . . . ready to serve you with more than 300 Coronet Films.

ARIZONA:

Northern Arizona Coop. Film Library
Arizona State College, Flagstaff
University Extension Division
University of Ariz., Tucson

ARKANSAS:

Department of Public Relations
State Teachers College, Conway
Audio-Visual Service
State Dept. of Education, Little Rock

CALIFORNIA:

University Extension Division
University of Calif., Berkeley
Ideal Pictures
2408 W. 7th St., Los Angeles
University Extension Division
University of Calif., Los Angeles
Ideal Pictures
4247 Piedmont Ave., Oakland
Munday & Collins
39 Edgewood Rd., Redwood City
Photo and Sound, Inc.
116 Natoma St., San Francisco

COLORADO:

University Extension Division
University of Colo., Boulder
Eastin Pictures Co.
Colorado Springs Bank Bldg.
Colorado Springs
Colorado Visual Aids Supply Co.
1118 Broadway, Denver
Ideal Pictures
714 Eighteenth St., Denver
Modern Films
1874 S. Broadway, Denver 10

CONNECTICUT:

Pix Film Service
34 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich

FLORIDA:

Ideal Pictures Corporation
1348 N. Miami Ave., Miami
Southern Photo & News
608 E. Lafayette St., Tampa

GEORGIA:

General Extension Division
University of Ga., Athens
Ideal Pictures Corporation
52 Auburn Ave., N.E. Atlanta

IDAHO:

Educational Film Library
Idaho State College, Pocatello

ILLINOIS:

Watland Bros.
13039 S. Western Ave., Blue Island
Audio-Visual Aids Service
Southern Ill. University, Carbondale
Visual Aids Service
University of Ill., Champaign
American Film Registry
28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Ideal Pictures Corporation
65 E. South Water St., Chicago
Greenwood's Camera Shop
26 W. Main St., Danville
Phil Rosene Stores
411-15th St., Moline
Lundgren's Camera Shop
419 Seventh St., Rockford
John Ott Film Library, Inc.
730 Elm St., Winnetka

INDIANA:

Audio-Visual Center
Indiana U., Bloomington
Ideal Pictures Corporation
1214 Pennsylvania, Indianapolis
Brant Visual Aids
1202 Wabash Ave., Terre Haute

IOWA:

Visual Instruction Service
Iowa State College, Ames
Eastin Pictures Co.
Putnam Bldg., Davenport
Ideal Pictures
1108 High St., Des Moines
University Extension Division
University of Iowa, Iowa City

KANSAS:

University Extension Division
University of Kansas, Lawrence
Leffingwell's Audio-Visual Service
232-A S. Santa Fe Ave., Salina

KENTUCKY:

Ideal Pictures
423 W. Liberty St., Louisville
Dept. of University Extension
University of Ky., Lexington

LOUISIANA:

Ideal Pictures Corporation
3218 Tulane Ave., New Orleans

MARYLAND:

Kunz Motion Picture Service
432 N. Calvert St., Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS:

Ideal Pictures
40 Melrose St., Boston
Visual Aids Service
Boston University, Boston
Stanley-Winthrop's, Inc.
90 Washington St., Quincy 69

MICHIGAN:

University Extension Division
University of Mich., Ann Arbor
Ideal Pictures Corporation
7338 Woodward Ave., Detroit
Locke Films, Inc.
2676 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit
Locke Films, Inc.
120 W. Lovell St., Kalamazoo

MINNESOTA:

Elliot Film Co.
1110 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis
Ideal Pictures
301 W. Lake St., Minneapolis 8
Midwest Audio-Visual Service
1504 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis
University Extension Division
University of Minn., Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI:

School of Education
University of Miss., University

MISSOURI:

University Extension Division
University of Mo., Columbia
Ideal Pictures
1020 Oak St., Kansas City
Ideal Pictures
5154 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis

Swank Motion Pictures, Inc.
614 N. Skinker Blvd., St. Louis

MONTANA:

Department of Visual Education
State Dept. of Education, Helena

NEBRASKA:

University Extension Division
University of Nebr., Lincoln

NEW JERSEY:

New Jersey State Museum
Trenton

NEW MEXICO:

Extension Division
U. of New Mexico, Albuquerque

NEW YORK:

Buffalo Museum of Science
Humbolt Park, Buffalo
Ideal Pictures Corporation
207 E. 37th St., New York City
Relin, Inc.
477 Central Ave., Rochester
Educational Film Library
Syracuse University, Syracuse

NORTH CAROLINA:

University Extension Division
University of N. Car., Chapel Hill

NORTH DAKOTA:

Division of Supervised Study
N. D. Agricultural College, Fargo

OHIO:

Ideal Pictures
127 W. 5th St., Cincinnati
Sunray Films, Inc.
2108 Payne Ave., Cleveland
Slide & Film Exchange
State Dept. of Education, Columbus
Twyman Films, Inc.
29 Central Ave., Dayton
Cousino Visual Education Service
1221 Madison Ave., Toledo

OKLAHOMA:

University Extension Division
University of Okla., Norman
Ideal Pictures
312 N. W. 2nd St., Oklahoma City
Bureau of Film Service
Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater

OREGON:

Visual Instruction Service
Oregon State College, Corvallis
Ideal Pictures Corporation
915 S. W. 10th Ave., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA:

J. P. Lilley & Son
277 Boas St., Harrisburg
Indiana Film Library
State Teachers College, Indiana
Millersville Film Library
State Teachers College, Millersville
Kunz Motion Picture Service
1319 Vine St., Philadelphia
PCW Film Library
Pa. College of Women, Pittsburgh
Kunz Motion Picture Service
1905 Sanderson Ave., Scranton
Audio-Visual Aids Library
Pennsylvania State College, State College

SOUTH CAROLINA:

University Extension Division
University of S. C., Columbia

TENNESSEE:

Eastin Pictures Co.
830 Cherry St., Chattanooga
University Extension Division
University of Tenn., Knoxville
University Extension Division
U. T. Junior College, Martin
Ideal Pictures Corporation
18 S. 3rd St., Memphis
University Extension Division
Middle Tennessee Branch
2321 West End, Nashville

TEXAS:

Department of Radio & Vis. Ed.
State Dept. of Ed., Austin
University Extension Division
University of Texas, Austin
Ideal Pictures
4000 Ross Ave., Dallas
Baylor Film Library
Baylor University, Waco

UTAH:

Bureau of Audio-Visual Inst.
Brigham Young Univ., Provo
Ideal Pictures
10 Post Office Pl., Salt Lake City 1

VIRGINIA:

Ideal Pictures
219 E. Main St., Richmond 19

WASHINGTON:

Dept. of Vis. Ed., Cent. Wash.
College of Ed., Ellensburg
Extension Division
Washington State College, Pullman

WISCONSIN:

Fond du Lac Camera Center
7 S. Main St., Fond du Lac
University Extension Division
University of Wis., Madison
Photoart Visual Service
844 N. Plankinton, Milwaukee 3

AUSTRALIA:

Precision Engineering Co.
Sydney

CANADA:

Division of Visual Instruction
University of Alberta, Edmonton
Benograph
1330 Sherbrook St., West; Montreal, Que.
Moncton, New Brunswick
1000 Adelaide St., West; Toronto, Ont.
577 Granville St.; Vancouver, B. C.
279 Fort St.; Winnipeg, Man.

HAWAII:

Ideal Pictures
1370 S. Beretania St., Honolulu

INDIA:

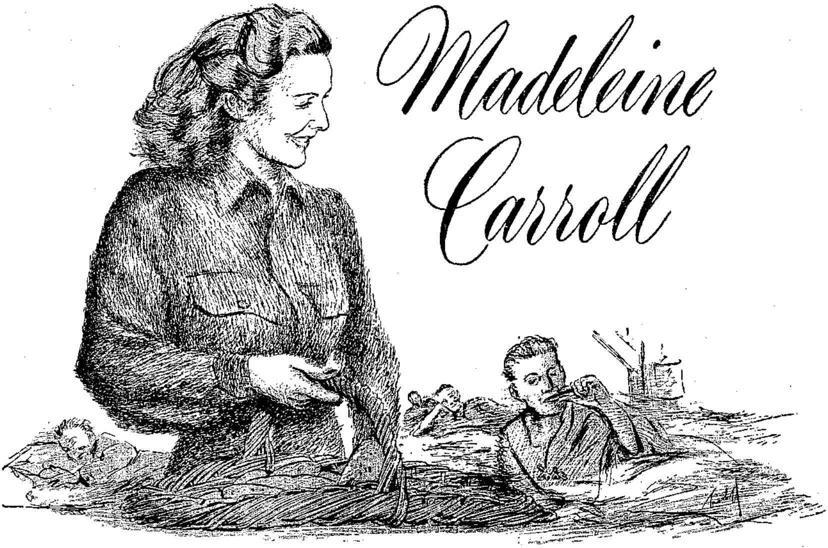
National Education & Information
Films, Bombay

PUERTO RICO:

Office of Commissioner of Education
San Juan

THE STRANGE CAREER OF

Madeleine Carroll



Known to millions as a glamorous screen star, she is also a great humanitarian

by CAROL HUGHES

MADELEINE CARROLL has been called many things by many people. Regarded by Hollywood as the finest example of a lady since Jane Austen turned up her genteel toes, she nevertheless takes it in stride that some thousands of World War II soldiers called her "The Face" or "Hi, Mad."

She is known to some film directors as "The Iceberg," but it surprised none of her intimate friends when she was also named a "Woman of the Year" for outstanding contributions to better human relations and welfare. To some 200 war orphans whom she housed and cared for in her French home, she was known as "The Angel."

All of the things she has been called and all of the titles she has been given are paradoxically suitable to her at the time and place they were called and given. For Madeleine Carroll is quite a woman—one of the very rare combinations of beauty and brains, with an A-plus on both counts.

People in general sometimes become a little afraid of Madeleine's ruthless common sense. In Hollywood, it engenders downright terror. There, the usual publicity procedure is for the star to be briefed prior to the interview on what she may or may not discuss, and then, flanked by studio publicity men, she is displayed in regal splendor while the press agents do the talking.

In the case of Madeleine's interviews, press agents consider a trip to some distant city the healthiest course. Not that the words of Miss

Carroll are so terrible in themselves, for they turn out very well. The trouble is, they are the words of the lady herself.

Since there is nothing slow about Madeleine's mental processes, the record shows that while Hollywood lost its battle for dominance, Madeleine emerged in an entirely new light. Her new dimensions as a public figure of considerable note on two continents are due solely to her own character, and throw a new light on what was formerly a flippant title, "The First Lady of Hollywood."

She holds the U. S. Medal of Freedom, awarded for service as a Red Cross worker in military hospitals in North Africa, Italy and France, and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. Her volunteer work as entertainment director of the United Seamen's Service was outstanding.

In 1949, she received the Women's National Press Club award as "Woman of the Year" in the theater. Her work with children in the war, and since, has won her a place on the U. S. Committee of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. And this year she became the first woman to fill the important chairmanship of Brotherhood Week for the New York region of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

This feminine and beauteous bundle of neat efficiency is intensely interested in things outside the glitter of Hollywood, but this in no way lessens her dynamic wit or sense of humor. However, beyond this disciplined exterior lies a complex nature. Because she is deeply concerned about the unhappiness of the world's helpless people, she cannot find complete contentment for herself. In Italy, France, England and Germany, she saw millions of hungry, ill-clad children. She walked past long hospital rows of sick and wounded soldiers.

"I would not have a single hour of it taken away from me. It was the greatest thing that ever happened, for it made me a part of the human race. For the first time, I found real people—people who loved me, people I loved."

MISS CARROLL WAS BORN in West Bromwich, England, in 1906. Her real name, Marie Madeleine Bernadette O'Carroll, was foisted upon her by her French mother, Hélène Tuaillon, and her Irish father, Professor O'Carroll, a philologist at the University of Birmingham in England. Madeleine holds a B.A. from the same university with a major in French and a minor in international relations.

While a student, Madeleine indulged her love for the theater. The delicacy of her performances in university plays led to a contract offer from Sir Barry Jackson, head of the Birmingham Repertory Theater. Her father, however, insisted that Madeleine finish school.

After doing graduate work in Paris, Miss Carroll returned home where the old-fashioned rules of family conduct dictated an immediate position as a teacher in a dignified girls' school. Reluctantly, the blonde and sweet-faced Madeleine accepted the inevitable and signed up. But her heart was never in the classroom.

The few brief turns in theatricals at the university had left Madeleine with a persistent ambition to be an actress. She was convinced that only on the stage would she find happiness. All day she taught her students with serious demeanor, but her spare time was spent on a park bench, reading plays and theatrical news. Her determination to seek a stage career increased each day.

But the young teacher lacked the $7 rail fare to London, so she resigned her position and became a tutor in a household with six children. After two weeks at $3.50 a week, she quit that job and headed for London. A producer, casting a play for a tour in the provinces, gave her a four-line part as a French maid, and sent her off happily on a six-month assignment at $15 a week. Miss Carroll, who had now broken with her family, became alarmed as the end of the tour neared. Over and over she asked the other girls: "What do we do when the show closes?"

She soon found out. She began six weeks of tramping the streets, making the depressing rounds of theatrical agencies. In an atmosphere of garrets and heartaches, she learned the price she must pay for her chosen career, but she refused to turn back. Finally, she managed to land a part in the company of Sir Seymour Hicks, a well-known producer.

After she had toured with the company, getting better and better parts, Sir Seymour urged her to try out for the leading role in a motion picture, *The Guns of Loos*. She landed the part, and also on the front page of her home-town paper with a headline that shocked her sedate parents. It read: "Loos Girl From Birmingham."

The gods continued to smile on Miss Carroll, and, from then on, she was kept busy in motion pictures and on the stage. She appeared in various London plays between 1929 and 1935; and in the latter year made the picture, *The 39 Steps*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, which brought both star and director international fame. Hollywood, of course, soon called her, and she made an impressive array of pictures with top actors. Among them were *The General Died at Dawn*, with Gary Cooper; *Lloyds of London*, with Tyrone Power; *Safari*, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and *Blockade*, with Henry Fonda.

NEXT MONTH:

Birth Control Is Not Enough

An amazingly frank article which reveals the secret of happy and successful parenthood.

Great Lovers in Opera

A series of brilliant paintings, bringing you the inspiring stories of music's immortal romances.

When England was in dire straits in 1940, Miss Carroll decided to go there and volunteer for war work. Cecil B. DeMille pleaded with her to wait long enough for the studio to insure her with Lloyds of London for $1,000,000. But she politely told him she was sailing at 10 o'clock—and sail she did, with nine cases of woolen sweaters for soldiers.

Miss Carroll was one of the first volunteers after Pearl Harbor for war duty. She went in for the duration, and took any and every job. No ministering angel in search of publicity, she refused to be interviewed, and accomplished the toil of a day laborer.

She was in the war to work. Regarded by top brass and newspapermen alike as one of the most indefatigable workers, she sloshed through mud, did any menial task required of her, served in hospitals and troop trains. Again and again, ailing men looked up in amazement to find her beside their hospital beds.

Wounded veterans of Anzio, Cassino and the Bulge asked incredulously, "Aren't you Madeleine Carroll?" To which she answered, "Now what would Madeleine Carroll be doing here?"

In France, she turned over her beautiful château to 52 orphans and a group of nuns, and finally found herself the sole support of 200 children. Her money dwindled, her career was wrecked, but still she went on. Daily, the names of Hollywood stars appeared on page one for their valiant services in making six-week tours to the war areas. But the name of Miss Carroll gradually disappeared from even the smallest gossip column.

When it was all over, Madeleine Carroll came home. She arrived at the Hollywood station and found herself alone there. No film moguls awaited her, no reporters, no picture commitments.

Hollywood's apparent disinterest convinced her that she was marked for oblivion. She accepted the verdict with the calm philosophy of a realist and quietly decided to devote herself to her new-found interest—helping the unfortunate children of Europe. Just as quietly, she headed for Washington to attend the White House Committee for the International Children's Emergency Fund.

This was the move that almost broke Madeleine's margin of endurance for the purely phony. All of a sudden, she was making the front pages of newspapers all over the country. Hollywood went into a lather of excitement. All this fabulous publicity was being devoted to one of their very own—and no mention of a *picture!*

Studios wired frantically. Hollywood begged her to come home, so Madeleine signed for a picture and returned to Hollywood.

She looked out the train window —and everybody was there. The bands were out. As the press descended upon her, Madeleine said: "But I've already been back to Hollywood—spent weeks here . . ."

A studio mogul whispered, "S-s-sh, you weren't making a picture then."

Today, Miss Carroll is very happy with the reception accorded her in her first stage appearance in America. She would still like to do many more movies, but she hoped by her appearance in *Goodbye, My Fancy* to increase her stature as an actress. She is still ironically amused by the fact that when Alfred Hitchcock was assigned to direct a movie dealing with ships in Arctic waters, he remarked: "Why I know all about icebergs! I once directed Madeleine Carroll."

Although she is currently living in a Manhattan apartment, Miss Carroll's determined fight for a permanent home goes on and on. When she was at the peak of her earnings in 1938, she owned a home in Hollywood, a château near Paris, and a castle in Spain. In a broadcast on Mary Margaret McBride's program, she discussed her castle in Spain near Barcelona, admitted she had spent only six weeks in the place, and bragged that she had had plumbing installed in the regal residence. Then she added wistfully, "Of course, it doesn't work."

Madeleine's marriages have been almost as bleak as her futile attempts to find a permanent home. Her first husband was Philip Astley, distinguished captain in the British Lifeguards. Married in 1931, they were divorced in 1938 after Madeleine had established herself as a star in Hollywood.

Her next marriage, to actor Stirling Hayden, was the result of a Bahama romance, with the wedding taking place in New Hampshire in 1942. The war separated them a few months later, with Hayden joining the Marine Corps and Madeleine taking up her work with the United Seamen's Service.

During her war work in France, she met Henri Lavorel, Resistance leader in Paris and former film producer. Immediately after the war, she and Hayden were divorced, and in 1946 she married Lavorel. Together they formed a film company and made documentary films. Now he is working in Paris and she is in New York.

Madeleine Carroll has had a full life—a Cinderella-like life. Today she is as beautiful as on the day she landed in America. A woman of patient wisdom, and a gentle but unyielding fortitude, she is still searching for the one thing she has sought most—peace for herself, and for others.

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THIS YEAR, thousands of students, housewives, teachers, office workers and others will earn enough money between now and summer to pay for a wonderful vacation. Here's how you, too, can do the same!

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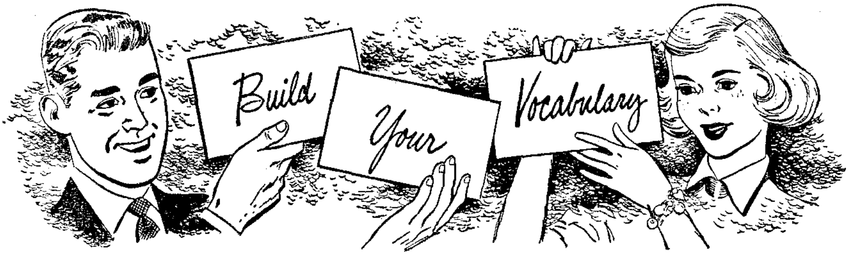


by **DAVID GUY POWERS**

YOUR VOCABULARY is an index to your thinking capacity. Give your mind an even chance by furnishing it with the proper tools of thought. If you possess a series of slipshod symbols, your thinking will be slipshod, too; and you will find great difficulty in reasoning and in speaking.

Years of teaching have taught me that the average person has many ideas, but because of a lack of the proper vocabulary he has a deep sense of inferiority in expressing his ideas. You cannot have confidence in your thoughts if you lack the skill to share those thoughts effectively.

Here is a simple method that thousands of my students have found effective and intriguing. Take a pack of three-by-five blank cards, and when you encounter a word that you are not sure of put the word on a card. At a definite time look up the word in an unabridged dictionary. On the front side of the card write the word, its pronunciation in diacritical marks, and the three main definitions. Don't do it as a chore, but as if you were a detective hunting a clue in a mystery.

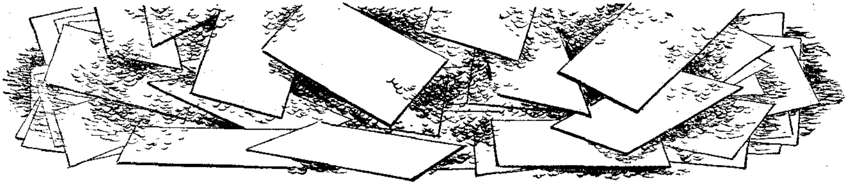
The word is not in your vocabulary yet. You merely have a nodding acquaintance with it. You must use that word, to make it part of your thinking. You can do this by using the word in three sentences. Only by making it part of an expressed judgment can you begin to acquire skill in its use.

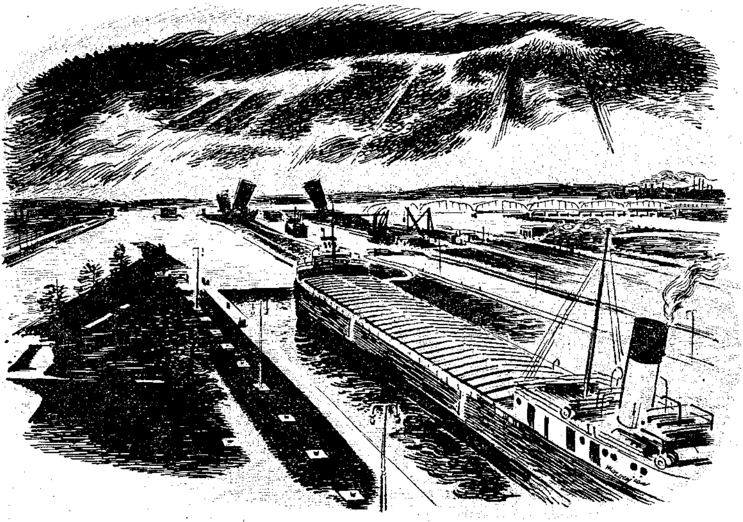
Is it now in your vocabulary? No! You have to creep before you walk. Place the card in your pocket and take a few minutes during the week to review it. For instance, how often do people keep you waiting? As you wait, take out your card and make up a few sentences, then use the word in your conversation when the opportunity presents itself.

Now you are gaining control of that symbol, thinking in terms of it, and incorporating it in your thought patterns.

Try one word a day. Soon you'll find yourself becoming interested in clear expression, then in forceful expression, and finally in words that express the fullness and richness of your thoughts.

From *Live a New Life*





MICHIGAN'S MIRACLE MILE

by **NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE**

The fabulous Soo, a marvel of engineering, is the busiest canal in the world

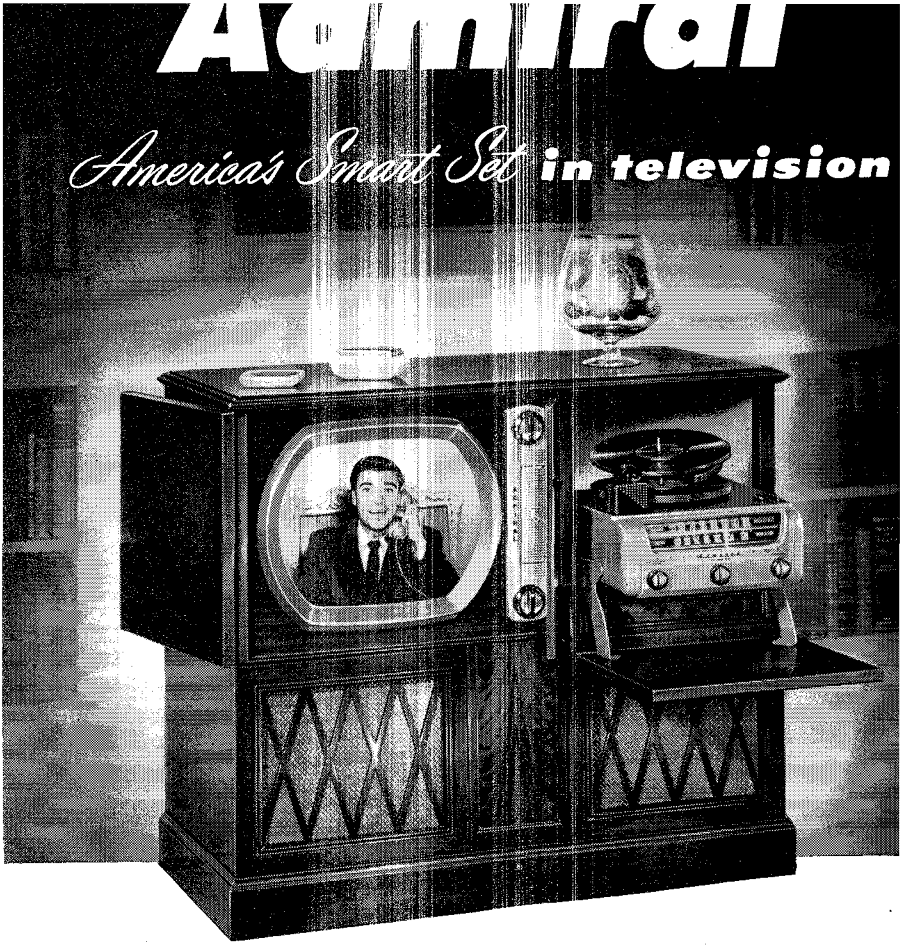
THERE IS A STRETCH of water in northern Michigan, on the U.S.-Canadian border, that provides one of the greatest nautical shows on earth. Nature designed it as a spectacular set of violent rapids in the St. Marys River, which connects Lakes Superior and Huron. Human ingenuity turned it into an engineering marvel, the world's busiest canal, through which passes more cargo than goes through the Panama, Suez and Kiel Canals combined!

Yet Michigan's miracle mile, the fabulous Sault Sainte Marie—generally known simply as "The Soo"—piles up this record in only eight months annually, while the others are open year-round.

The area occupied by the canal and its famous locks has well been called "the most important mile in America." Without the Soo, our economy would be disrupted, factories would be forced to move, great industrial centers like Pittsburgh would shrivel, the price of hundreds of products you buy would soar.

Strangely enough, the Soo is perhaps the least-known of modern engineering achievements. Spectators are astonished at the speed with which vessels are raised and lowered, so that a ship which has been towering far above them has, in a few minutes, dropped so low that they are looking onto its decks.

The Soo is really a set of gigantic



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Prices subject to change. Mahogany or blonde slightly higher. Tax extra.

ON TV!
"Stop the Music"—ABC-TV Network, Thurs
"Lights Out"—NBC-TV Stations, Mondays

water elevators which overcome the 22-foot hurdle presented by the fact that the level of Lake Superior is higher than that of Huron. Ships go through the locks on an average of one every 18 minutes, 24 hours a day—except when Old Man Weather steps in.

The Soo has a long and colorful history. Two years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, a young French explorer, Etienne Brulé, stared in amazement at the falls in the St. Marys River. Father Marquette established a mission there in 1668.

To this isolated 200-year-old town, there came in 1852 Charles Harvey, a determined young man from New England. He had no idea that his visit would help to change the history of America, for his purpose in coming was simply to sell weighing scales for the E. T. Fairbanks Company.

Young Harvey never got a chance to sell scales. Stricken with typhoid, he lay desperately ill for weeks. While he was recovering, he had time to talk to bearded prospectors who had come in from the upper peninsula wilderness with important news.

Copper and iron—huge deposits of it—had been discovered. The metal was desperately needed for America's growing industry. Yet young Harvey sensed that this mineral treasure-trove lay useless, because there was no way to transport it to civilization.

Except for one cruel joke of nature, it could come down the Great Lakes in ships. But Lake Superior was almost 22 feet higher than Huron, and the link between was the violent St. Marys River.

As soon as Harvey was able, he rushed back to his employer, Erastus Fairbanks, and audaciously proposed organizing a company to build a set of locks on the St. Marys River. He himself would direct the building. Young Harvey was so persuasive that he induced the hard-headed New England businessman to organize the St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal Company.

There were vast obstacles in the way of completing such a project in a remote wilderness. Stone for the locks had to come from far down on Lake Erie, wrought iron for the lock gates all the way from Pennsylvania. The nearest telegraph office was 450 miles away, in Detroit; letters to Harvey's financial backers in the East took six weeks for delivery.

Yet he wasted no time worrying about problems. Two days after he arrived with 400 men in June, 1853, he had shelters built for them and personally turned the first spadeful of earth.

The first winter was a white nightmare. Temperatures stayed at 35 below, day after day. The workmen grew numb with cold, in spite of huge bonfires. At each runway Harvey had a watcher whose job consisted of rubbing snow on any man whose face was turning white with frostbite.

The spring following the second winter a new and treacherous enemy struck. Cholera!

Harvey saw the whole undertaking ending in wretched failure if his men fled the dread epidemic. Calling together his most trusted workmen, he told them that the truth must be concealed from the others. Each morning his lieutenants

am I
too conservative?
am I
behind the times?
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Ask yourself why you hang back from adopting an improvement like Tampax (monthly sanitary protection) which can make so great a difference in your daily life. *Really ask yourself why.* . . . Do you want more assurance, more evidence? Remember that Tampax was invented by a doctor and millions of women now use it. Who is different from these millions?

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gathered and carried away the dead for burial deep in the forest. The rest of the crew never learned that 200 men died before the epidemic at last abated.

Somehow they kept going, driven by the lean, insatiable Harvey, who was determined that the locks should be completed before the ice broke up on the Lakes. He won his battle. In April, 1855, the waters of Lake Superior flowed into Lake Huron through the new canal, and in June the first ship was locked through. The fabulous Soo had become a reality.

HARVEY'S BURNING FAITH that the Soo canal would mean a new era for America has been vindicated. Today, to handle the more than 100,000,000 tons of cargo that move through it each year, the Soo has three great locks, in addition to the Poe Lock which replaced the original Harvey Lock in 1896. Through these great devices passes an endless parade of Great Lakes shipping, the very life-blood of American commerce.

The colorful pageant includes giant 600-foot ore boats, which may carry as much as 20,000 tons of ore; huge, bulging grain carriers, often loaded with half a million bushels of wheat; sleek, black oil tankers; trim private yachts, and sometimes even rowboats or canoes. Any craft, no matter how large or small, has the privilege of going through the locks without payment of any kind.

Although it is run by the U. S. Army Engineers, there is no sign of military activity at the Soo. The man who bosses this bustling enterprise is a soft-spoken civilian engineer, Clifford Aune. From the administration building, he directs the 325 employees who handle the job of running the locks. The enterprise costs the U.S. only $1,000,000 a year, a sum so modest that shipping experts describe the Soo as "Uncle Sam's biggest bargain."

Smooth as the operation of the locks may be, the men at the Soo never forget that as long as human beings run the ships there is always a chance of error.

They remember what happened in 1909 at the Canadian locks. Two down-bound ships, the *Crescent City* and the *Assinaboia*, had just entered the locks. Approaching from down river was the *Perry G. Walker*, which the lockmaster ordered to wait. Instead, she kept on coming, straight toward the gates which towered above her, and behind which were millions of gallons of water and two huge ships.

Spectators watched in horror as the distance between the *Walker* and the gates narrowed. There were shouts from the men on her own decks, and a frantic clanging of bells in the engine room. Still the ship kept coming on. With a rending crash her prow smashed into the gates, ripping them from their hinges. With a roar, a wild torrent of water rushed out, carrying with it the two ships which had been in the lock.

There was a melee of ships and water, from which all three craft emerged badly battered. Fortunately, no one was killed, but so great was the force of the water that both upper and lower gates of the lock were carried away.

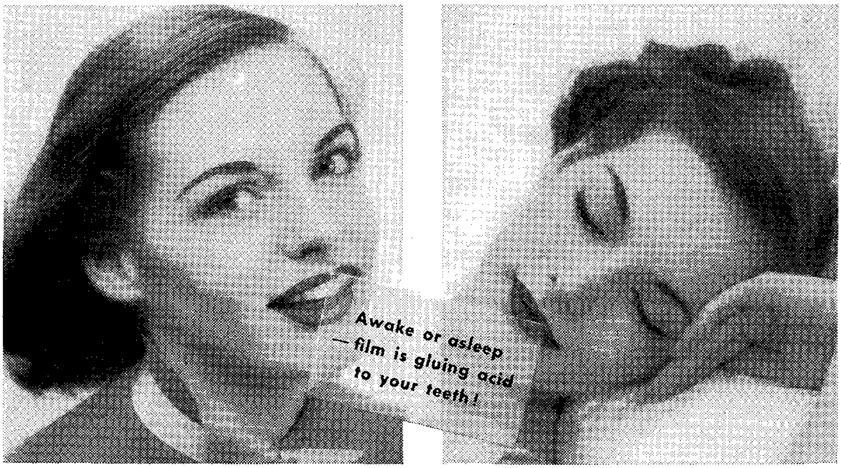
To the 10,000 Great Lakes seamen, the Soo means news from

FILM GLUES ACID TO YOUR TEETH!

Tooth decay is caused by the acid that film holds against your teeth. This acid is formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat.

PEPSODENT REMOVES FILM! HELPS STOP DECAY!

When you use film-removing Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. It also removes the dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.


Awake or asleep — film is gluing acid to your teeth!

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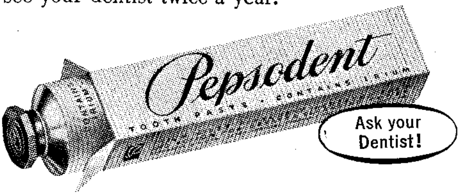

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY home, books to read, a mid-voyage contact with land in a swift seven-day round trip that takes them from Duluth to Cleveland and back.

Here at the Soo is the unique Canal Post Office that stays open 24 hours a day. When a ship enters the locks, her skipper, mate or a seaman scrambles ashore and rushes to a gray stone building that houses the post office. Here he will find a fat packet of mail awaiting him, the clerks having been informed hours in advance that this ship was coming in.

It is one of the curiosities of the Soo that the man who climbs *down* the ladder of a Huron-bound ship will also climb *down* to get back aboard! During the comparatively short time the sailor has been ashore, the ship has been lowered until it is below the ground level.

The Soo becomes a knot of tension in the long line of navigation late in November, when the ships are making their last runs, their skippers praying for a few more hours of good weather and open water. They are racing with winter, and they do not always win. Sometimes the ice closes in on scores of ships above and below the locks.

Wind, too, can be a stern enemy of ships and men. One fall afternoon in 1948, it was howling at close to 60 miles an hour with all the makings of big trouble. It came, soon enough. Through the flying spray, men at the lock level saw two ships headed straight for the same lock at an angle that indicated a disastrous crash.

From his knowledge of incoming craft, the lockmaster high in his tower knew there shouldn't be two ships there at all. Trying to pierce the black wall of flying water, he made out that what the man on the runways had seen was really just one ship, swung in *across* the lock.

Still, the situation was desperate. The ship, now discerned to be the *Ralph Watson*, was unable to overcome the force of the wind and get swung straight into the lock. Obviously she would need tugs.

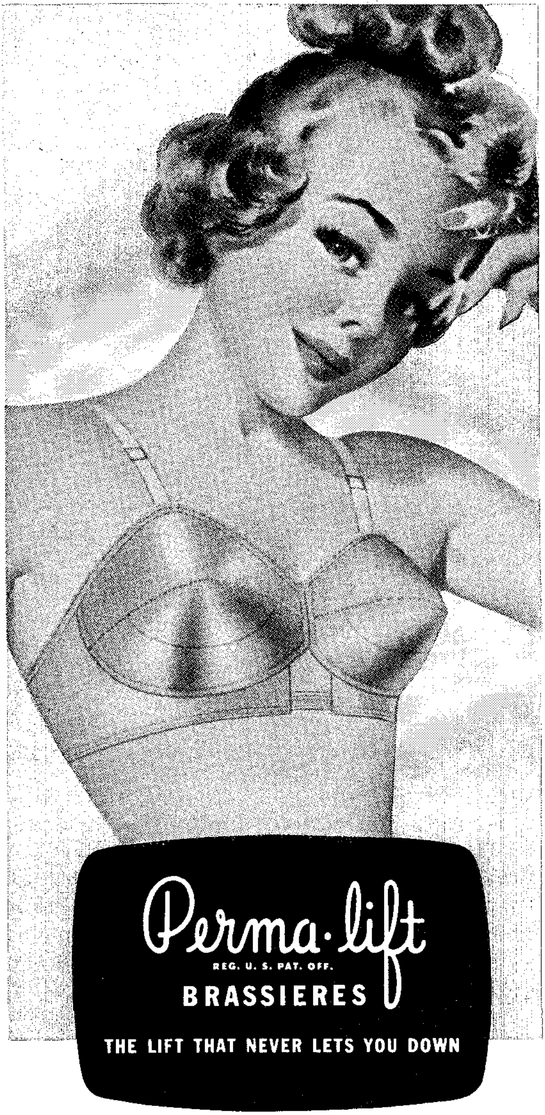
For six tense hours the great ship lay there straining, until enough tugs could come upriver and be locked through to join her in the titantic battle with the wind. Eventually they freed her and she steamed through with no damage to ship or locks.

The sturdy men of the Soo had won another victory over the elements. Once again the long ships were free to pass through the busiest water mile in America.

When Knighthood Flowered

AFTER A TOWN HALL meeting in a Midwestern city, a woman saw the late Alexander Woollcott standing alone in the lobby. Impulsively she went up to tell him of the pleasure his lecture had given her. "And," said this lady whose grandchildren were grown and who freely admitted having passed 70, "I was encouraged to speak to you because you said you loved old ladies."

"Yes," replied Woollcott gallantly, "I do. But I also like them your age." —*The Exhaust*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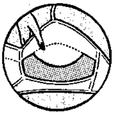

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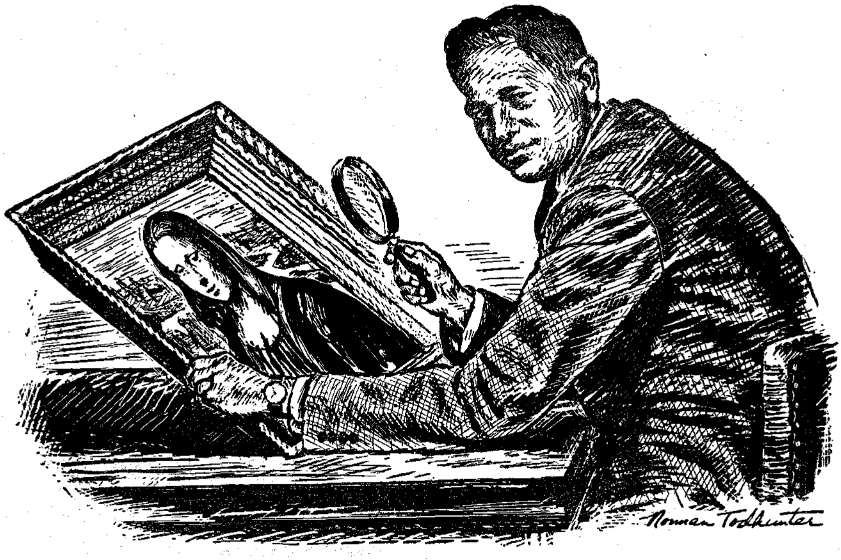

Sherlock Holmes of the Art Gallery

by MARTIN ABRAMSON

Is it an Old Master or a cheap copy? Dr. Maurice H. Goldblatt has ways of telling

A NARROW STREAK of afternoon sunlight dribbling into the darkened laboratory at Notre Dame University silhouetted a heavy-set figure against the backdrop of a spectrograph machine, an ingenious creation of science generally used by astronomers to determine the elements of stars.

Carefully, the man scraped a bit of pigment off the unrestored portion of a painting, and placed it in an electrode. Then he switched on the electric current and the electrode was brought together with another electrode above it to strike an arc. In a fraction of a second, the pigment turned to gas, and the color thus formed reflected the component parts of the tiny particle on a photographic plate.

About 30 minutes later, Dr. Maurice H. Goldblatt stepped out of the laboratory and into the office of the head of the university's art museum. "It's not authentic," he said flatly to the astounded group awaiting him.

"You've made a colossal mistake," a smartly dressed, middle-aged woman snapped. "It *must* be the original. I paid more than $30,000 for it."

But the $30,000, it developed, had been tossed down the drain for a mere copy of a painting by one

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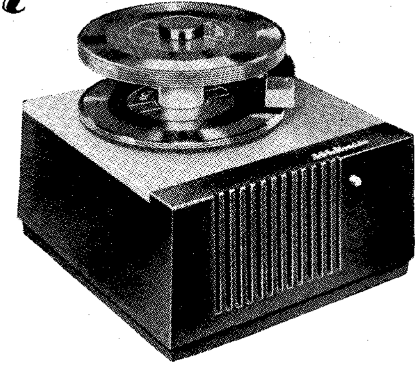

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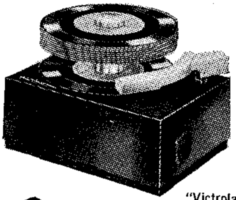

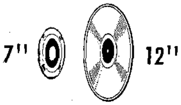

This "45" automatic record changer attachment plays the new 45 rpm records through any radio, phonograph or television set. Costs only **$12.95.**

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of the old masters of the art world. Dr. Goldblatt and the spectrograph had turned up incontrovertible proof. The white used in the paint was zinc white—a pigment that had been invented in 1787. The blue contained iron and manganese. Only Prussian blue contains iron, and Prussian blue was invented in 1704. But the great master had died more than a century before!

As an art detective with few peers anywhere in the world, Dr. Goldblatt for the past 25 years has been dabbling in exploits habitually associated with the likes of Sherlock Holmes or Dick Tracy. Art is such an elusive creation, with assets so intangible, that it is often simple for swindlers to bilk people out of great fortunes by passing off copies as the work of famous old masters.

To combat these artists in fraud, Dr. Goldblatt has put into play an elaborate series of crime-detection devices used by the top criminal investigation agencies in the country to hunt down murderers, embezzlers, counterfeiters and such ilk. Besides the spectrograph, his art laboratory includes ultraviolet rays, X rays, chemicals, fingerprint tests and the lightoscope.

To these appliances of science, the director of the Notre Dame University art gallery, who is also an official art expert for the government of France and consulting expert to many of the big galleries in this country, adds the human factor—photographic memory and an astounding eye for the kind of detail which often escapes the most elaborate scrutiny.

The art detective's outstanding success was the unraveling of the mystery surrounding the theft of the original Mona Lisa, greatest portrait ever painted. Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece was snatched from the Paris Louvre, and the hubbub created by this master-theft was matched years later when the painting was finally recovered in Florence, Italy, and returned to the Louvre. Subsequently a controversy developed as to whether the real Mona Lisa or a copy had been returned. An art expert had found a Mona Lisa which was claimed to be the original.

When the disputed painting was compared to the one in the Louvre, its similarity was so startling that the art critics were thrown into a turmoil. One faction claimed Leonardo's original painting was in the Louvre; the other swore it was not.

Finally, Edouard Jonas, art expert to the French government, was stung into unprecedented action. He asked an American critic—Dr. Goldblatt—to settle the momentous issue. The Sherlock Holmes of the gallery went to work and came up with the final solution. The Louvre painting *was* the real McCoy. The other was a copy—made not long after the original was painted.

The proof? Dr. Goldblatt had discovered that Leonardo da Vinci, a great engineer, had always used geometric formulas in plotting his paintings. The famous Mona Lisa smile had been fixed by tilting the line of the mouth (in the original painting) on the arc of a circle which when extended touched the outer corner of both eyes. The Louvre mouth was so tilted. The mouth of the other painting was not. Also, the distance from the tip of the small finger to the edge of the

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painting was the same in the Louvre painting and in a photograph taken of the original before it was stolen. In the other painting, this distance was a fraction smaller.

And there were other discrepancies. "Leonardo," Goldblatt explains, "painted left-handed. When drawing horizontal strokes, a left-hander moves his brush from right to left. A right-hander moves from left to right. The horizontal strokes on the copy, unlike the Louvre original, were from left to right."

But the clinching point was yet to come. In the background, just behind Mona Lisa's left shoulder, there appears a tiny bridge. In the original painting, as photographed, the bridge had three-and-a-half openings, each one arched at the top. But the copy showed a bridge with four openings, all the same size and rectangular in shape. This difference settled the issue.

THE ART DETECTIVE got into his field through a back door marked "stamps" when, as a boy of 14, he accompanied his father to meetings of a philatelic society in his native Chicago. At his fourth meeting, a member passed around a group of costly Italian stamps which he described as fine examples of a rare series. Young Goldblatt took one look and cried, "Phony."

"What does a kid like you know about this?" the members demanded. Goldblatt stepped briskly to the rostrum and proved his point. An enamel-like pigment had been used in all the Italian stamps in that particular series. This was lacking in the stamps displayed by the member. The society never called Goldblatt "kid" again.

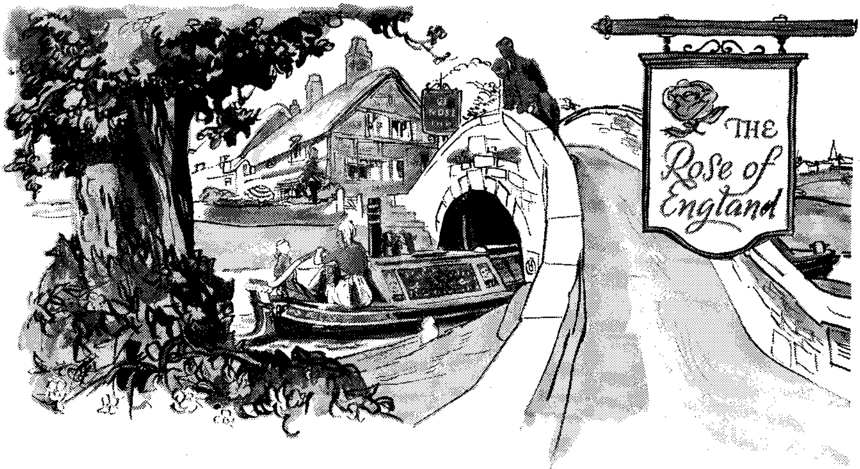
Goldblatt's first flirtation with art, in 1922, was an unhappy affair. He bought six paintings at an auction for $1,400, then found out that five were copies. Crestfallen, he decided he would learn everything he could about art, and began to haunt galleries and libraries. He continued his study in European art galleries, testing his ability to identify paintings by guessing at the artists' names before looking at the name plates.

He had his first taste of world renown when he cleared up a mystery which had plagued art circles for generations: "What happened to the paintings of Andrea Salai, called Salaino?" Salaino, said historians, had been the incomparable da Vinci's favorite pupil and was surely destined for a place among the immortals. Yet not one painting in all Europe had been definitely identified as his. What had happened to his paintings? Had he burned them all?

No arsonist was Salaino, as Dr. Goldblatt discovered. While touring Madrid, he came across a painting whose artistry impressed him. Later, in Florence, Italy, he noticed another unsigned painting with the same characteristics; the flesh tones were identical, so were the shadows, the unique lines on the fingernails. Who was the artist?

The catalogue listed its painter as "unknown" but a tablet marked "Andrea Salai" was attached to the frame. In Milan and London, the art detective found paintings ascribed to "Salaini" and "Salaino" respectively. But the one painting definitely known as the work of Leonardo's pupil was in Russia. Goldblatt was able to locate it,

Signs of Welcome everywhere



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compare its technique to the other three and to 53 other unsigned portraits, and identify them all positively as Salaino products.

When he returned to America he was besieged by galleries which wanted him to check on the authenticity of paintings offered them for sale. It was after he exposed many as copies—to the consternation of some art experts who had vouched for them—that the trade began calling him the "Sherlock Holmes of the Galleries."

One remarkable Goldblatt case which took an unusual twist was instigated recently in New York. While attending an art auction in Gotham, Bailey Stanton, Chicago attorney, bought a portrait of a military officer for $127.50. When he got home, he began to reflect on his purchase. The auctioneer had snapped up his bid too quickly, he decided. So he took the painting to Dr. Goldblatt. The final verdict floored him. The picture wasn't worth $127.50, that was true. It was worth $100,000!

From the memory of faces in art galleries and from the crackle on the paint, Goldblatt determined that it was Lafayette's portrait and was at least 150 years old. But was it the original or a copy? The lightoscope settled that. In an original painting, there are usually tentative layers of paint which the creative artist covers over when he's changing his ideas. These layers show up under the light rays. When a painting is copied, only the lines in the final product are reproduced. The Lafayette painting showed plenty of alteration marks. It was an original.

Who was the painter? To the art world's Sherlock Holmes, it looked like John Trumbull, one of America's finest artists. Goldblatt started digging for proof. Earlier Trumbull portraits showed that the lighting of the hair, the painting of the epaulettes, the brush-stroking, the high lighting on the metal buttons, and hundreds of other vital little tricks were identical to the painting methods employed in the Lafayette picture. It was Trumbull indeed—a $100,000 value.

Short of consulting an experienced art expert, there is no foolproof method by which an amateur collector can detect the difference between an original and a copy when it is offered for sale. During the period when the original Mona Lisa was stolen, for instance, a total of six Mona Lisas were sold at fabulous prices to Americans who were assured that *their* painting was Leonardo's historic original.

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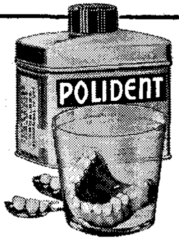

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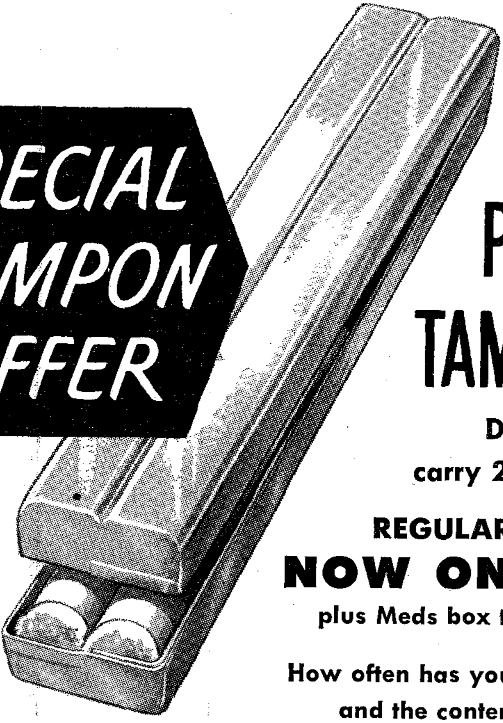

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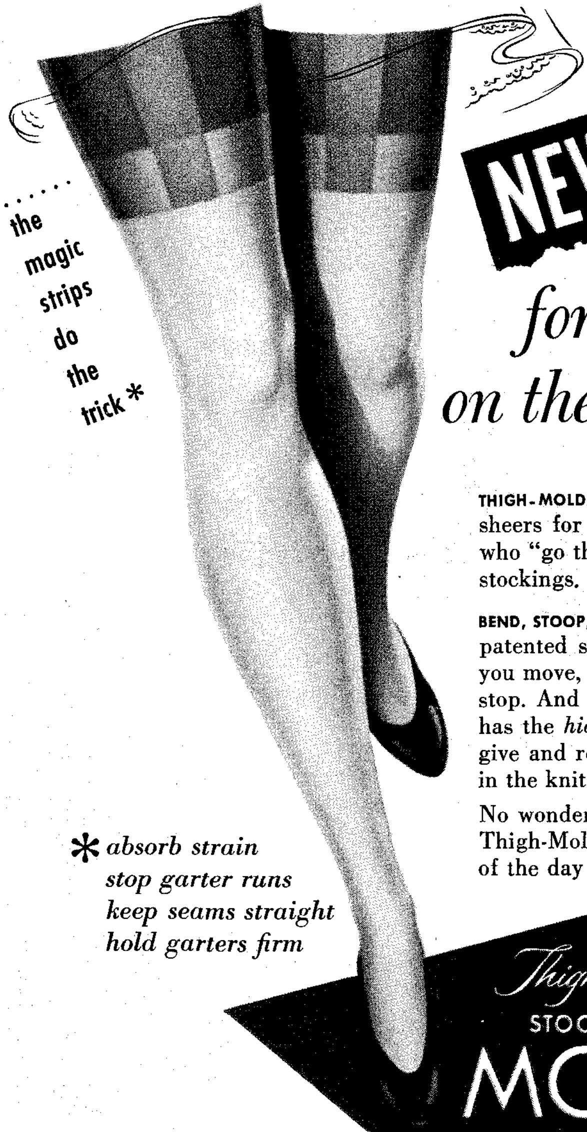

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